THE YOUTH OF FREDERICK THE GREAT

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FREDERICK THE GREAT.

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THE YOUTH

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OF

FREDERICK THE GREAT

BY

ERNEST LAVISSE

PROFESSOR AT THE SORBONNE, PARIS

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

BY

MARY BUSHNELL COLEMAN

CHICAGO

S. C. GRIGGS AND COMPANY

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By MARY BUSHNELL COLEMAN

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THIS TRANSLATION
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY
OF MY FRIEND AND INSPIRER,
MRS. CHAPMAN COLEMAN,
THE SUCCESSFUL TRANSLATOR
OF MUHLBACH'S
HISTORICAL NOVELS OF "FREDERICK THE GREAT."

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

NATURE, who has prepared certain countries and constructed birthplaces for nations, did not foresee Prussia. In fact, there does not exist a geographical Prussia either as a race or region: Germany is the daughter of nature, but Prussia was made by men.

In 1713, a man began to reign at Berlin, who was born a military monomaniac. It pleased this sovereign of eighteen hundred thousand poor subjects to have as strong an army as that of Austria, that is to say, of an empire of more than twenty million people. This passion regulated the thoughts, habits, and life of Frederick William I. As it was a morbid and restricted mania, it was sufficient unto itself, and required no exterior manifestations. The King-Sergeant loved his army as Harpagon his treasure; his eyes delighted at the sight of his battalions as the miser's hands at the fluent contact of the gold pieces. Harpagon took his gold from the coffer only to contemplate it; when the regiments of Frederick William left their garrisons it was for display at grand reviews; they returned to them immediately.

This king had, it is true, good reasons for not venturing his military capital in enterprises: besides, he had a religion, the fear of God and the fear of the devil. The desire of gaining a few "shovelfuls of sand" caused him to commit sins of cupidity, but his Christian conscience and his scruples as an honest man would have recoiled if an occasion for some bold infamy had presented itself.

This king died in 1740. Another succeeded him, at the same time alike and yet unlike!—alike in methods of governing, in making and saving his gold pieces, in regulating the increase of his army by that of his finances, and by his sedulous attention to details;—unlike in ability for decisive action, in power and genius manifested in action; in contempt for all human and Divine law, and in the serenity of this contempt.

In 1740, a conjunction was formed of a power,—the Prussian army,—of a resolute man to make use of it,—Frederick II.—and of an unforeseen event which opened the way for this power and this man: this opening was the Austrian succession. It determined the whole destiny of Prussia.

In place of Frederick William I., who created the power, put a king like Frederick I., an enjoyer of a royal dignity, that was expended in magnificent fêtes and ostentatious ceremonies: you suppress Prussia probably; assuredly you prorogue it. Place, after the King-Sergeant, an honest, mediocre man,

or, simply, an honest man: Maria Theresa inherits the paternal succession guaranteed by a number of clear and authentic treaties, and Prussia does not rise from third to first in rank. The whole course of history is changed.

Frederick William I. and Frederick II. collaborated equally in forming the character and physiognomy of Prussia. The father was an autocrat by Divine right, a priest as well as a soldier and a king, a man of order and of prayer. He bent the bodies and souls of his subjects; he moulded them, body, and soul, into an attitude, into a uniform. The son was one of the most liberal-minded men that ever existed, a soldier also, but at the same time a man of letters; an autocrat, but a philosopher. Military and intellectual Prussia — the Berlin of barracks and schools, where the university neighbors the arsenal, where the statue of Humboldt faces that of Blücher — emanated from Frederick William, the King-Sergeant, and from Frederick the Great, the King-Philosopher; and barracks, university, arsenal, statues of philosophers and marshals sprang up around and in the shadow of the king's palace.

A singular power, made up of liberty in thought and discipline in action, where the boldest conceptions are given life within line, and remain there.

The principal interest of the history of Frederick's youth, is that it points out to us the struggle of

contrary elements, the fusion of which was to constitute Prussia. From the time that Frederick reached manhood until the day, when forced into an unwilling marriage, he became master of his own household,—"far from Jupiter and his thunder."—the father and son were in continual strife. They were conscious only of their dissimilarities. Except in rare moments when they caught a glimpse of the justice they owed each to the other, they hated and despised each other. The son desired the death of his father; the father promised a munificent reward to the messenger who would bring him news of the death of his son. Neither knew the value of the other, nor that they worked, each in his own way, the one as necessary as the other, to "decide," as Frederick would say, the uncertainty of the birth of Prussia.

I have related in detail the history of Frederick's youth up to the time of his marriage, which emancipated him.[2] I have been induced to do this by reading preceding works upon this subject,[3] but principally through the study of valuable documents, letters and orders of the king, letters of the prince, official or secret correspondence, memoirs, authentic accounts by eye witnesses of the chief events, and official reports of the courts, that were permitted to relate day by day, and, during the most trying moments, hour by hour, the incidents of this strife between father and son.

I have, also, studied from other documents, the places where the drama was enacted. I imagined I could see it revived in the Palace of Berlin, at the Wusterhausen, and at the foot of the rampart at Cüstrin.

In the great mass of detail, perhaps I may have erred in some few instances; but my conscience tells me that I have searched for the truth, and I hope I have found it in the essential points, that is to say, in the character of the two principal personages, and the motives of their conduct. I have taken great pleasure in my task. At every turn, I met with words, phrases, gestures, actions, that we can hear or see repeated at the present time. I have observed, in passing, that such an order of William II., addressed to the officers of his army, such a speech pronounced by him at Königsberg, and which excited so much provocation in Russia, were mere reminiscences of Frederick William, but there must be left a part for the reader to do in the work which was written for him.

In seeing revealed the minds and morals of the two sovereigns by a hundred anecdotes,— sovereigns who have made the little Kingdom of Prussia such a great military State, to-day master of Germany and a prevailing power in Europe, — perhaps, reader, you may wonder if these minds and morals, of which the effects have developed in concentric circles, will rule enlarged Prussia, Germany, and

Europe for a long period of time. The first circle formed in the water by a stone that is thrown into it, has the clearness of a relief; the relief diminishes as the circles multiply and enlarge; at a little distance farther on the water retains its natural tranquillity. In history all power has its limits more or less contracted; the strongest is often of the shortest duration, and the most exposed — when it passes beyond the bounds of its primitive sphere — to the reactions which destroy it.

Ernest Lavisse.

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THE YOUTH

OF

FREDERICK THE GREAT

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD — BIRTH — THE GRANDFATHER — ACCESSION OF THE FATHER.

FREDERICK THE GREAT was born in Berlin, January 24, 1712, to Frederick William, Crown Prince of Prussia, and Sophia Dorothea of Hanover, during the reign of his grandfather, Frederick, the first Hohenzollern who wore the royal crown. His maternal grandfather, George, Elector of Hanover, was the heir of Queen Anne of England, whom he succeeded in 1714.

At the time of Frederick's birth, the Houses of Brandenburg and Hanover were in the enjoyment of great prosperity; to the one it had come, by the other it was with pleasure anticipated. During the eleven years that he was king, Frederick I. was unwearied in admiring and celebrating his royal dignity. He arose very early in the morning that he might have a longer time to enjoy the pleasure of being king, and officiated

until evening. There was majesty at the council, at table, in the smoking-room; majesty in the presence of the qeeen. His garments were fastened with buttons of gold and diamonds, and his perukes came from Paris. When he traveled from place to place, it was in great pomp. His journeys by land were long, slow, magnificent processions of coaches. A boat from Holland or a gondola bore him upon the water. He spoke of himself and of the queen, his wife, with circumlocutions of etiquette, enveloping in solemnity his name, as well as his person. He was not a wicked man, on the contrary, he was a good husband, and a good father to his family.[6] He kept a mistress, only to imitate Louis XIV. through a professional point of honor.

The birth of Frederick was welcomed by him with more than usual pleasure, as two of his grandsons had already died at an early age. It was rumored in Berlin that they had been victims of the contingencies of royalty, neither one being able to bear, on his baptismal day, the noise of the cannons and firecrackers, the weight of the silk mantle, the diamond insignia of the Black Eagle, and the golden crown in which he was arrayed. In reality, the poor little things died a very ordinary death from teething. So King Frederick watched with anxiety for the first tooth of little Fritz. This child appeared to him to be born to a glorious destiny, because his birth took place in January, that is to say, in the month of his own coronation, at Königsburg, eleven years before. He desired that the baptism should be celebrated before

the end of the "month of coronation," and that his grandson should be called Frederick, "the name of Frederick having always brought good fortune to his House."

January 31st, the child, crown on head, clothed in a robe of silver tissue, studded with diamonds, the train of which was held up by six countesses, was carried to the chapel of the palace, under a canopy supported by a princess and two princes. The king, also, under a canopy which was supported at the corners by four chamberlains, its silk pendants held by four knights of the Order of the Black Eagle, awaited him. The godfathers and godmothers represented were the Emperor, Czar Peter, the States-General of Holland, the Canton of Berne and the Elector of Hanover, the Empress Dowager, the Electress and the Electress-mother of Hanover, the Duchess of Brunswick and the Dowager Duchess of Mecklenburg. The States-General sent, among other baptismal presents, a gold box, containing a deed of annuity of four thousand florins. All the bells of the city, three salvos of cannon, as well as drums and trumpets, announced to the people of Berlin that the world counted one more Christian. The cortége in procession re-entered the apartments between files of Swiss and a body-guard.[7]

Fritz showed a desire to live. His grandfather saw with pleasure how bravely he drew the breast. His teeth came very quickly, six at the end of six months, and without causing him the least inconvenience. "One can see in this," wrote Frederick, "a kind of predestination. May God preserve him to us a long time yet."[8]

It was the grandfather that God did not preserve a long time to the grandson. Frederick I. died February 27, 1713. The child, who had received at birth the titles of Prince of Prussia and of Orange, became the Crown Prince.

The new king, Frederick William, had manifested from childhood a violent aversion for ceremonies and luxury. One day, when quite a small child, curled, powdered, clad in a gala costume, he hid himself in a chimney, whence he was pulled out, black as a chimney-sweep. He threw a brocaded night-robe into the fire, soon after it was tried on him. The sight of the big perukes made him furious. Finding some courtiers in his father's antechamber, warming themselves, with their heads thrown back, so as not to scorch their beautiful periwigs, which had cost them 200 thalers, he forced them to throw their wigs into the fire. Another time, they picked up at the foot of the staircase a *maître de la cour* whom he had kicked to the bottom. He was extremely parsimonious, and kept an exact account of his receipts and expenditures, in a faultless register, on the first page of which he had written: "*Rechnung über meine Ducaten*,—Account of my Ducats." "Miser," exclaimed his mother, "and at so tender an age!" But no remonstrance corrected it. Magnificence gave him nausea, and prodigality fits of rage.

After having received the last sigh of his father, Frederick William left the chamber of death, passed through the crowd of weeping chamberlains, pages and people of the Court, and shut himself up in

his own apartments. After deliberating there a short while, he requested the Grand-Marshal, Von Printzen, to bring him the "Court Register." He ran over the list of dignitaries, servitors and pensioners, seized a pen, and made a great mark from top to bottom, saying that he would do away with them all, but wished each one to remain at his post, until after the funeral ceremonies of his father. Printzen came out, saying not a word, but he had so troubled a look upon his face, that one of the courtiers, the best provided with titles and functions, Lieutenant von Tettau, Chamberlain, Chief of the Body-guard, Governor of Spandau, Knight of the Black Eagle, stopped him, and took the paper out of his hands. He saw the big mark. "Gentlemen," said he, "the king our good master is dead, and the new king sends us all to the devil."

All of the long-peruked crowd were present May 2, 1713, at the obsequies of Frederick I. The son wished to have his father interred, as he had lived, with great pomp. The ceremonies lasted more than two months. The body remained eight days in state, upon a bed of red velvet, embroidered in pearls, enriched with crowns and golden eagles; upon his head was the crown; upon his shoulders, the mantle of purple and ermine; on his chest, the Grand Cordon and Order of the Black Eagle; at right and left the scepter and the sword. The chamber, hung with violet velvet, was illuminated with a profusion of wax candles. On March 4, the body, clothed in cloth of gold, was placed in the coffin, and carried to the palace chapel, which was transformed into a *Castrum doloris*. On the second of

May, between lines of regiments — nearly all the Prussian army was there — the funeral cortége proceeded to the cathedral. Behind Count Dohna, the general who held the standard, the new king advanced, enveloped in a long mantle of mourning, the train of which was carried by the grand equerry, the entire Court following. In the church, transformed into a mausoleum, the white marble statues of the Hohenzollern Electors of Brandenburg were placed around the catafalque, as a guard of honor for the first of their descendants who had attained to the distinction of royalty. Pictures and inscriptions recalled the principal virtues of the deceased.

The solemn service ended, Frederick William himself ordered the salvos. Then he returned to his own apartments. He had given a rare proof of filial piety in prolonging the ceremonies two months. It was a great relief to him when he had interred this ceremonial life with his father, and saw dispersed the grand officials, the chamberlains, the pages, the twenty-six drummers and trumpeters, who announced all the movements of the king, the musicians of the royal chapel, and the hundred Swiss guards clothed in silk, velvet and gold. The useless ones, who did not exchange the gold key for the pistol, or pumps for the boots of a cuirassier, went "to the devil." The pearls, precious stones and diamonds were sold to pay the debts of the late king, who was always sadly in need. Then Frederick William commenced to live the life of a well-to-do civilian, economical to avarice, ordering his household himself, keeping a strict account with his cook.

Thus two months had not elapsed before he had levied two new battalions of grenadiers.[9]

THE GOVERNESS — THE FIRST MASTERS — THE PRECEPTOR AND THE SUB-PRECEPTOR.

Frederick William wished his sons and daughters to be educated, not as princes and princesses, but as children of simple folk. He intended that the inheritors of his crown should be otherwise dealt with, than the young king Louis XV., whose least gesture and act the journals related to the world, and whom the Emperor called "the child of Europe."[10] As unassuming as he was, however, the King of Prussia could not refuse to give his son a governess, and at the proper age a preceptor and a tutor.

He had been educated by a French-woman, Madame de Montbail, for whom he always had an affectionate remembrance, perhaps on account of the many bad tricks he had played her. So he wished that Madame de Montbail (she had become Madame de Rocoulle) should educate his children, and he therefore appointed her "governess of the royal prince and princesses." The royal princesses were, at that time, in 1714, Sophia Frederica Wilhelmina, two and a half years older than the prince, and Charlotte Albertina, a year and a half younger. Madame de Rocoulle was to give the children religious instruction, and teach them to read the Bible. The same year, while the King of Prussia was at the siege of Stralsund, he noticed a young cavalier who seemed pleased to place himself where there was the most dan-

ger. The king had this young officer presented, while in a trench, by Count Dohna, who was acquainted with him, for he had confided a part of the education of his own son to him; Frederick William engaged him to be, at the end of two years, the *informator* of the prince. This young man called himself Jacques Egide Duhan; like Madame de Rocoulle, he was French. Installed in his functions, in 1716, he had to "explain maps to his pupil, teach him the history of the last hundred years and no more, then the history of the Bible, but, above all, calculation." Finally, when the prince was just attaining his seventh year, the king appointed his old preceptor, General Count Fink von Finkenstein, tutor, and Colonel von Kalkstein sub-tutor.[11]

Little did the King of Prussia think that he was doing a grave thing in confiding the education of his son to these two groups of persons, whose ideas were so opposite, the French refugees and the Prussian officers.

Said Frederick the Great later, "It is rare that one takes a tutor from a trench." It is rare, in fact, and very Prussian. Frederick William had as professional masters very grave men; among them, Frederick Kramer, a learned philologist and jurisconsult, who, one day, becoming offended at a jesting discourse of Father Bouhours upon this theme: "Is it possible for a German to have wit?" replied by a dissertation entitled: "Vindication of the Germanic name against certain Gaul detractors of the Germans,—*Vindiciæ nominis Germanici contra quosdam Germanorum obtrec-*

tutores Gallos." The king, who was not a pedant, and who loved not dissertations, hastened to obtain for the *informator* of his son, a cavalier. He did not know that this cavalier was a man of more learning than his Kramer.

Jacques Egide Duhan de Jandun[12] was born at Jandun, in Champagne, the year of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His father, former secretary of Turenne and former Counselor of State, left France in 1687, and went to Berlin, where he became secretary of the Great Elector. He undertook the education of his son himself, and did not send him to the "Gymnase Français," then recently opened. He taught him the languages, classical literature, history and rhetoric. The paternal lessons were supplemented by those of La Croze and De Naudé.

Naudé left Metz in 1685, the same day that they closed the last Protestant church in that city. Arriving in Berlin in 1687, he gained a livelihood by giving lessons in mathematics; after that he gave instruction in mathematics, first, in the College of Joachimsthal, afterward, in the Academy of Arts. But his favorite study was theology, upon which he brought to bear the strength of his mind as a geometrician. He composed two volumes upon evangelical morals.[13]

La Croze had been a monk in the monastery of St. Germain-des-Prés. In 1693, tormented by conscientious scruples, he fled to Bâle and made a profession of Protestantism. Berlin attracted French refugees in great numbers: the nobles were assured of finding a place in the army or at the court; the magistrates, in the

tribunals; the men of letters, in intellectual offices, where they had but little to fear from native competition. La Croze went then to Berlin, where he was put in charge of the Electoral Library, which became the Royal Library three years afterward. He was himself a library, "a regular storehouse," said Frederick later. His memory was prodigious. One day, before Leibnitz, he recited twelve verses in a dozen different languages, after having heard them but once. No question surprised him: he had an answer for everything. Whenever he was asked for information, and referred to a book, he gave the edition and page. In addition to his native language, he spoke fluently, English, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian and German. He understood Latin, ancient and modern Greek and Hebrew. He learned the Slavic, Basque and Oriental languages, and among them, in order to please Leibnitz, Chinese. He was not a profound philologist; he had neither the taste nor the time to penetrate into the genius of the languages that he studied, because he was of an inquisitive mind, and learned, simply because he could not refrain from learning everything he saw. He knew, in the same way, philosophy and history. All his learning manifested itself in his conversation; without cessation, he discoursed, narrated, cited and recited. He told droll stories in the tone of a psalmodist, for this ungarbed monk still showed the cut of his frock.[14]

Duhan de Jandun, the father, La Croze, and Naudé, were indirectly Frederick's masters, since they educated his master. Moreover, the prince knew La Croze and Naudé, as he had often seen and heard them

when a child. These three men were autodidacts, and there is no better culture for minds born thoughtful and capable of study, than that which they give to themselves; for school, with its precise rules and hieratic customs, does not allow enough play to the intellect. It is true that all times are not propitious for the free exercise of personal education. But the eighteenth century offered such admirable facilities for the expansion of free effort! In our day, only the greatest intellects acquire an entire science, master and classify it in the concourse of knowledge: the others, in the throng, dwell painfully upon the detail, which continually increases and multiplies, hiding the science from them, like the trees that prevent one from seeing the forest. Toilsome lives serve out their time in little corners of the intellectual domain. In the eighteenth century this whole domain was exposed to view: it could be surveyed with ease. Inquiry was universal and truly philosophical. The men of that time, — to whom an extensive reading gave, together with great literary, historical, and scientific culture, the illusion of believing that they knew everything that could be known, —lived in a continual intellectual fête that the world will never see again.

The childhood of Frederick was thus confided to French people. It is true that they were exiles. The opinions that they brought with them were not those of the majority of their nation, which had, alas! welcomed with *Te Deums* the persecution of these heretics. Calvinism had marked them with its grave impress, which had frightened and rebuffed a people naturally gay.

A gentler influence was exercised over the soul of Frederick by his governess. She, too, had sacrificed her country for her religion. Widow of M. de Montbail, and still young, she took her family to a foreign country, the day after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, at a time when an exodus was not without peril. This courageous woman had also mind. She spoke her language prettily and knew how to turn a verse well. It seems that she was not afraid of an amusing joke, even if it was a little broad. She knew how to hold a *salon*, a rare thing in Berlin.[15] It was at the Court itself, that she found a refuge, near Sophia Charlotte, wife of Frederick I., who so little resembled her husband. The gazettes of the time state that nature lavished upon this princess charms of both body and mind. Sophia Charlotte was gay and artless, and she had a bewitching way of making game of her solemn husband. The day of his coronation, in all that pomp of pomps, she drew forth her snuffbox and took a pinch of snuff. And yet she was serious, and religious, with that charming restlessness of a woman philosopher, abhorring the unknown. Her religion and her philosophy enlightened each other, but neither the one nor the other, nor the two united, pretended to possess the full light. So her curiosity was never satisfied; unceasingly, she demanded of her friend Leibnitz the why of whys, that he could not answer. She loved the arts, as well as philosophy, and music above all. She had also a taste for poetry.[16]

The memory of Sophia Charlotte had that particular charm of a queen who had made herself beloved.

Her name recalled the brilliancy of the old court, and its intellectual life. It evoked a past entirely different from that uncouth, strange present, in which they lived under the reign of Frederick William I. Madame de Rocoulle kept fresh in the minds of the children of Prussia the memory and the sayings of the good queen.[17] Frederick's eldest sister would have liked to be called Charlotte, and would have desired nothing so much as to resemble her grandmother. Frederick must have often heard his governess speak of this lettered, philosophical, and musical queen.

And, finally, when one seeks to recognize all the vague world of influences which surround and penetrate the soul of a child, one should not neglect this little fact: during the thirty years that she was in Germany, Madame de Rocoulle had never learned a word of the language. She remained purely French.

General Fink and Colonel Kalkstein[18] were men of culture, the latter particularly; he was to have his part in the education of Frederick. But the king chose them both for their virtues as soldiers.

Kalkstein was thirty-six years old when he was appointed tutor to the prince. He had made his first venture at arms in the service of Hesse Cassel. Frederick William had known him in the Netherlands, when, as Heir-apparent of Prussia, he was serving his military apprenticeship under Prince Eugene.

Kalkstein distinguished himself in the battle of Malplaquet. He joined the Prussian army as volunteer, during the campaign of Pomerania, in 1714, and the king had taken him into service in the capacity of lieutenant-colonel.

General Fink was sixty years old; a veteran of the European wars. Born in Prussia, of a very old family, which was established in the time of the Teutonic Order, he was seventeen, when he entered, as volunteer, the army of the Prince of Orange. He served in the campaigns of 1676 and 1677 against France, and was wounded and taken prisoner. In order to regain his liberty, he accepted the offer of passing into the French army, and fought against the Spaniards on the Pyrenees frontier. He then became an officer of some note, and was known to Louvois. Peace concluded, he obtained permission to go into Brandenburg and make recruits. The Great Elector graciously welcomed him: "Your father," said he, "was my chamberlain, and an honest man; he broke his leg on my account. One day, at Cleves, I desired to enter the castle by passing over a plank; he wished to see if it was firm, and he broke his leg. . . Conduct yourself well, and, if it pleases you to enter my service, I will take care of you." Fink returned to France, but soon left it, as did most of his compatriots, when the war of the Coalition of Augsburg broke out. He offered himself to the Great Elector. As he had been captain in the French army, he passed to the rank of major in that of Brandenburg. Until the Peace of Ryswick, he fought in the campaigns on the Rhine, always distinguishing himself. During the War of the Spanish Succession, he almost attained renown. At Höchstedt, in August, 1704, it was he, perhaps, who assured victory to the Coalitionists by the disposition that he made of the right wing of their army. He was then a general, and the

Crown Prince Frederick William's preceptor. He took the Crown Prince with him to the Netherlands, and was one of the heroes of Malplaquet. To recompense him for his services, the Emperor, upon the proposition of Prince Eugene, named him Count of the Empire. Frederick William, on his accession, showed him all the favor of which he was capable. Fink accompanied his new master in the Pomeranian campaign.

As preceptor of Prince Frederick, he represented to this child war considered as the profession of nobles, war loved for itself, and sought for everywhere, as the chevaliers of old sought it in the crusades and in adventure. This profession of arms was not entirely confined to one nation. The royal and imperial armies and those of the United Provinces were filled with foreigners. The common soldier is a kind of workman in military corporations, who makes his tour of the world, and stops where the trade is flourishing, that is to say, where war, swooping down and fastening upon some rich country, is capable of nourishing its artisans. As soon as the country is impoverished, the news is spread abroad, and they say that war is "played out" in Flanders, or on the Rhine, or in Lombardy. It is then necessary to pay the soldier more. In this league the nobleman exercises the right of going from place to place. He has no scruples in changing camp, provided he does not fight face to face with his prince. Taken by the French in Flanders, where he fought against them, he will serve them in the Pyrenees, against the Spaniards. His prince does not become angry with him; on the contrary, he praises him for his

bravery, and, if the officer takes orders again under him, he retains the rank he acquired in the opposing camp. At that time Europe presented a strange picture of international advancement for these military noblemen. These officers were true men of war, who had served under all the illustrious chiefs, and had observed the diversity of their temper and genius. Fink had known the Prince of Orange, Luxembourg, Louvois, Prince Eugene, Marlborough,—to name only the most celebrated, and in the greatest actions of the gigantic struggle where the fortunes of Ancient France were crushed, he could say: "I was there, and such a thing happened to me."

Fink of Finkenstein and Kalkstein had been chosen from the Pleiades of Prussian warriors. The Court, if one could so call the persons around Frederick William, was full of officers, so tightly laced in their short coats that they were almost ready to suffocate. The chamberlains whom the king had retained were four generals. His dining and smoking apartments were open, through preference, to the veterans of the battles of the Rhine and Danube. A very rude, half-barbarous company, to say the least, uncouth; eating, drinking, smoking and talking with him.

The principal personage was Leopold, reigning Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, as noble as the Emperor and King of Prussia, and even of older nobility, for his ancestor, Albert the Bear, Margrave of Brandenburg, played his role in the great affairs of Christianity, in the time of Frederick Barbarossa, when the Hohenzollerns, and Hapsburgs, too, were but mites in the dust of

small dynasties that overran the Empire. Leopold's family was closely allied to the royal family of Prussia. From his palace to the Palace of Berlin was but a day's journey by post. As he was not a person to fall asleep in his peruke in some little imitative Versailles, he entered the service of Prussia. He also had learned war, by war. He had made his first venture at arms with his cousin, William of Orange; sieges, skirmishes, battles, he loved passionately. During the War of the Spanish Succession he was at Blenheim, in the right wing, under the orders of Prince Eugene. In the midst of the general confusion of the Austrian cavalry he remained firm, attacking, recoiling, maneuvering, sending forth volley after volley, until Marlborough, who was victorious on the left wing, came to his aid. He was at the Cassano bridge, "during the heaviest fighting I ever saw," said Prince Eugene; for hours he remained in the river with his infantry, which was partly destroyed.

At the attack of the lines of Turin, in 1706, he was the first to leap into the entrenchment. As the French remained steadfast at their post, and the combat was prolonged, Anhalt, dying of hunger and thirst, stepped to one side for a moment; he caught sight of a captain: "Am I wounded?" "No, Your Highness!"—"No? Then have you something to drink?" He swallowed a glass of brandy, then a piece of bread that a grenadier gave him, and returned to his post. He was also at the siege of Stralsund and at Malplaquet.

The Prince of Anhalt was skilled in the science

of war. It is said that it was he who invented the marching in step, and the iron ramrod. He constantly studied tactics, and he carried to great perfection the drill à la Prussian. He had been the principal collaborator and inspirer of Frederick William; he proposed reforms and tested them: the king renewed the experience and decided. When these two men found it impossible to be together, they corresponded in short letters like business men. Leopold was, like the king, an administrator as well as a soldier; good economist, he knew that it was through "careful management" that the soldiers were paid. He increased more than their gross value the revenues of his little principality. A peculiar person but yet agreeable, when it so pleased him, with princely manners, knowing how to speak French as well as a native, indeed even how to converse, but ordinarily disdaining to be gracious. His religion resembled that of the Reiters of the fifteenth century. He sung the Psalms to the tune of the "March of Dessau." On the field during action, he said, with head bared, a short prayer. He called Luther's hymn,—"A Mighty Fortress is Our God,"—"The March of the Dragoons of Our Lord."

Contemner of forms and established customs, this prince of the Empire married an apothecary's daughter, to the great scandal of the country at large. His fame and his victories obtained from the Emperor the recognition of Fraulein Fos as a legitimate princess. The whole personality of Anhalt was expressive. He was tall, bony, hairy, and wore a heavy mustache on his clear strong lip. He had an open eye, and a pene-

trating look like all observing people. His face, discolored by gunpowder, was framed in a solid jaw. His physiognomy was full of determination, of resolution, and seemed to say: "Let come, what will." It was that of a man of strength, a servitor to the wishes of a master who employed himself in forging this strength.[19]

Fink, Kalkstein, Anhalt, on the one side; on the other, French refugees: these are Frederick's teachers, these the environments and influences at work upon his youthful mind. The former are war veterans, the latter, martyrs to the faith, who sacrificed honors, fortune, country (and such a country!) to the service of God. The lives of all were lessons of heroism, but the officers were, according to the king's idea, his son's only instructors. Compared with them, the *informator*, Duhan, was a small personage, hardly visible. The object of the education being to make of him a chief of state, and a chief of war, the true masters should be the king's generals. The principal merit of Duhan was his brave conduct under fire of the Swedes: philosophy, science, letters, these the King of Prussia did not take into account at all.

Frederick William did not know that he was going to put Minerva and Bellona into competition in the mind of his son. This Spartan did not burn the smallest grain of incense upon the altar of the goddess of Athens. Had he seen in Duhan all this vast world of thought and learning, he would have turned his head away, instead of having this young man presented to him in the trench at Stralsund.

Without either the knowledge or the wish, he offered to his son the double education which accorded best with his nature and with the genius which slumbered within him.

INSTRUCTION TO THE PRECEPTORS.

According to custom, Frederick William remitted to the preceptors an Instruction upon the education of his son. He utilized the one that had been given to his own instructor, in 1695, by the king his father; but there were some corrections made, which were certainly from his own hand.

Frederick I. used the majestic style of language as was his custom.[20] He began by thanking God for His kindness in giving to him an heir "to so many and such great countries," "to such magnificent countries." He professed to be overpowered with the responsibilities imposed upon him, in the education of a prince, upon whom depended "the salvation and happiness of so many millions of men." He said in speaking of himself: "We"; of his wife and son, "our revered wife the Dilection, our well-beloved son." Frederick William divested the words of their flourishes. As his millions of subjects did not amount to two, he did not enumerate them. As his countries were not so magnificent, he struck out the epithet, and said "the countries," "all the countries." He wrote: "I," "My wife," "My son."

The Instruction for 1695 may be divided into five parts: Moral and religious training; intellectual training; training in deportment; physical training; pre-

scriptions relative to the prerogatives of the preceptor, to the supervision that he must exercise over the prince, to the authority with which the king invested him. Frederick William retained these divisions but, in each one of them, he left out or added something.

The chapter on intellectual training was abridged. Frederick I. had desired that his son should learn Latin, history with geography and genealogy, French and mathematics. Upon each subject he deduced his reasons. He feared, it is true, that the "Dilection of his son" would dwell too long upon themes and rules, experience having proved "that the humdrum of grammatical exercises disgusted young princes with the beautiful Latin language"; but the study of this language appeared indispensable, because the Golden Bull decreed it, because Latin was employed in diplomacy by several powers, and finally because it was a great aid in an historical or political education. The king then ordered that his son should learn the rules, "as much as possible with pleasure and while playing"; that "the ephor,"—it is thus he named the preceptor of the Dilection,—"should practice an agreeable Latin history" so that the prince would learn the history and the language at the same time. The said ephor must give his lessons in Latin, speak only Latin "in their walks or drives," and make the prince learn by heart aphorisms taken from the best authors, "which could be used on every occasion."

Through this beautiful passage, as well as through the fine "State of the Court," Frederick William drew a long mark: "As for the Latin language, my son shall

not learn it." Reasons he did not give, but as he foresaw that he might be questioned, he added: "I forbid any one whomsoever to make remarks upon this subject."

The Instruction for 1695 treated wisely of the *studium historicum*. It recommended giving the most time and attention to the history of modern times, particularly to that of Brandenburg and the Houses allied to the family of Prussia, but to commence also with an exposition of universal history, from the creation of the world. It is very complimentary to history, "that study preferable to all others, for it is both entertaining and edifying." The Instruction for 1718 cancels these compliments; it forbids the study of "ancient history" otherwise than a passing glance—(*überhin*); "but the history of our epoch, that is to say, of the last hundred and fifty years, should be pointed out in the most exact way, *auf das genaueste* . . especially that of the reigning House" . . . For this purpose, "the library and archives will be open to the prince." Frederick William greatly desired that history should serve as matter for reflection upon the cause of events, and for discerning "that which had been well and that which had been badly done." But he meant it to be, above all, a preparation for the very affairs in which one day the prince would be occupied. The pupil would find in previous history contained in the archives, exact testimonies of a true history. The king, perhaps, was hoping that his son would show a preference for the parchments wherein were inscribed the rights of the House with the largest inheritance.

The article upon mathematics pleased Frederick William: the point at issue being, principally, military mathematics which treat "of fortifications, the formation of a camp and other sciences of war." But on reading the passage again, he noticed this consideration; that a prince "must be instructed, from childhood, in the calling of a general"; he wrote "*in the calling of an officer* and general," thinking it was not exactly congruous to make a baby, all at once, a general. However, as the main idea pleased him and it was, according to his notion, the essential one, he insisted: "They must inculcate in my son the veritable love for a soldier's life, impress him with the idea, that nothing in the world is more capable of giving a prince more glory than the sword; that he would be a despicable creature, on this earth, if he did not love this sword, if he did not seek in it and through it the only glory,— *die einzige Gloire.*"

The Instruction for 1695 prescribed the study of the French language by exercises and by reading good French books. Frederick William added it was necessary "to see that his son should become accustomed to an elegant, concise style, in French as well as in German." Frederick I. had forgotten to mention German. He had also forgotten political economy and constitutional law, which Frederick William introduced in the place left vacant by Latin.

The chapter on deportment was shortened, as one might expect. Frederick William consented that his son should be taught to converse well, to turn a *gratulatio*, or harangue an army, in order to excite it

to vigorous action, to argue in Councils, to make a summary of advices, and pass judgment. But he suppressed here the word "eloquence," for it was sufficient that his son should learn to express himself "clearly and purely." He crossed out a solemn dissertation "on the decorum more suitable for a reigning prince than for any other human being," upon the proper ways of gaining obedience and love of subjects, and the necessary intermingling "of majesty and humanity." He simply said: "See that my son has good morals and befitting deportment, and agreeable manners, but no pedantry."

There is almost complete accord in regard to physical culture, requiring careful gradation, so as never to exceed the child's strength; the same as regards the "honest recreations" of the pupil; but Frederick William did not wish these precautions to go so far as to enervate the body, for it must be inured to a hard life. As there was nothing he disliked more than laziness, he ordered them to imbue the prince "with the greatest possible disgust for this vice, one of the worst of all vices."

He prescribed the most rigorous measures in regard to the "frequentations" of his son. The preceptors must never leave him alone; one of them must always be with him, even at night. They should choose with care the prince's table companions. They must submit to the king the list of persons that they propose admitting to the presence of his son. Concerning the dangers which may arise at the age of puberty, the king said – calling things by their names, which

will not bear repetition —"Have a care! for I make you both responsible with your heads."

To him, the religious and moral education was much the most important. Here he added, "Develop and form it at the same time."

He did not content himself with a commonplace phrase upon the necessity of instructing his son in the fear of God, that being the only restraint capable of controlling princes, for whom the world has neither punishment nor reward; but he commanded that his son should be educated with a horror of Atheism, Arianism, Socinianism and Catholicism, these he sturdily qualified as absurd. He defined the faith to which he wished the prince to belong. The Protestant church was troubled with the quarrels of the Lutherans and Calvinists. The ambition of a few princes and thinkers like Leibnitz was to reunite the two sects; Frederick William passionately desired this reconciliation. The chief obstacle was a grave dogmatic dissentation; the Lutherans taught that salvation was accessible to all, that Christ died for all; the Calvinists, that God predestined, from the beginning, a certain number of men to be saved, and others to be damned. The Lutherans were "Universalists," and the Calvinists, "Particularists." But there were Universalists among the Calvinists; Frederick William was of the number. He had in this, as in everything else, simple, practical reasons. He did not care about being damned in advance. He understood that the Universalist-Calvinists were nearer than the others in consenting to the wished-for union. And to sum up, the doctrine

of predestination appeared to him dangerous for the State, because it suppressed the responsibility of the subjects. He forbade these teachers to preach to the soldiers, for fear they might believe themselves predestined to desert the ranks, and desert for that reason. He wished then that the prince should be educated in the true Christian religion, of which "the principal dogma is, that Christ died for all men." "You must not make him a Particularist," said he; "he must believe in universal salvation."

The counsels on morality are also much more practical in the Instruction for 1718. The king intended that his son should be warned against certain extravagant vanities, operas, comedies and other worldly amusements: "Give him a distaste for it!" He forbade flattery, under penalty of incurring "his greatest displeasure." He commanded them to employ "every means imaginable" to combat with pride and arrogance. They must "accustom the prince to right management, economy, modesty, and have a care that he shall become a good economist, and learn by degrees all that is necessary in order to become so."

The corrections made by Frederick William in the Instruction for 1695 rank him among the pedagogues who desire to make education a direct preparation for a practical life. The problem was fixed in his mind thus: Being given a child destined to the profession of king, over a certain country, Prussia, and at a given time in the history of this country, what must the child be taught? How to be King of Prussia, at this given time. Perhaps in other countries, the sons

of kings, the Dauphins, the Princes of Wales, the Infantes, have the time to study discourses upon universal history, to learn Latin, and to seek aphorisms in the editions of classics arranged for their use. It may be the proper thing to have them drilled in fine manners; to behave with dignity at a small or grand levee is not a thing so natural that a training is not necessary for it, but, in Prussia, the king rises all alone, to the drum tap, and retires without ceremony, after having smoked his pipe. He is not a potentate like the Kings of England, France, or Spain. Being "a king in trust," as Frederick William said, he did not belong to the great in history, and had nothing in common with the Kings or Emperors of Assyria, Egypt or Rome. Herodotus, Thucydides, Titus, Livy, Tacitus, did not know the names of Pomerania, Silesia, Mecklenburg, Juliers, Berg, and other countries over which the "House" had rights. They were ignorant even of the House itself. Of what use can they be? And their language? How employ it in the army or in "economy?"

A regiment is a regiment, not a legion; a gun is a gun, not a pike; a captain is a captain, not a centurion; there is no word for colonel, and neither these Greeks nor these Romans knew anything about field-marshals. All this antique form is, then, cumbersome in its useless ceremony; it weighs down and burdens the mind, as the big peruke the movements of the head it overheats and fatigues. A King of Prussia has need of a free mind and head. The late Frederick I. made a mistake in wishing to have his crown prince educated like

the son of a classic king. He had not meditated upon the fable of the frog who burst himself trying to get bigger. Hardly seated in his royal chair, than he showed in every way that he was entirely satisfied with himself. He did wrong; he should have descended from his throne, walked, ridden, and worked in real life. The honor of being king creates the duty of possessing a true kingdom, and it is a very weak presumption to believe that the name suffices, and that one has the right, because one is titled like Louis XIV., to wear the same peruke as he. Then down with the peruke, majesty, ceremony, universal history and Latin discourse.

The reform of the Instruction for 1695 emanates from the same source as the Court reform, and leads to the same end. All that the king judged useless he suppressed. He prescribed for his son's mind the simple tenor of work, which should be that of the king, the Court and all that old monarchy born but yesterday, and which has its fortune to make.

For these same reasons the king took away all ceremony from the life of the pupil. He himself had been overwhelmed with pedagogical ceremony.[21] In 1695, the day that his preceptor, Count Dohna, was installed, the Court assembled to listen to a lengthy discourse by Fuchs, the Minister of State: "The swaddling clothes of an infant born in the purple," said he, "inspire us always with a secret veneration, but oftentimes they cover a cruel Busiris instead of a magnanimous Hercules; a bloody Domitian instead of a humane and clement Titus." But Fuchs quickly modified this:

"There can only come from the glorious blood of Brandenburg and Brunswick a worthy successor of so many illustrious heroes, whose virtues have dazzled the whole universe." Then, pointing to the young prince: "These sparkling eyes, full of fire, this majestic and graceful bearing, do they not tell us in advance that a body so well formed must be animated by a mind better still? This union of body and mind will combine in this prince, some day, the valor of a David, the wisdom of a Solomon, the clemency of an Augustus, the complaisance of a Titus, so that he may be in his turn the delight of mankind." . . . Frederick William, no doubt, had yawned during this fête of the inauguration of his studies. He hated metaphors. This realist had often spoken of the blue cloth of his soldiers, but never of the purple.

He had been constrained to submit, from time to time, when he was a student, to examinations before the assembled Court, with the king sitting upon his throne.

We have the ritual of one of these ceremonies, which lasted two days. "The first day," according to the program arranged by the ephors, "His Royal Highness will read from the printed and written German, write from dictation, solve a few arithmetical problems, read a French book selected by His Majesty, and relate in French the moral and the sense of a few fables. He will translate, from Latin into German, passages from the *Orbis pictus*, and from German into Latin, verses from the Bible. He will show what he knows of geography, confining himself to the map of Germany. The second day the prince will recite Latin sentences,

until His Majesty bids him cease. He will be questioned upon an abridgment of profane and sacred history, upon the history of Brandenburg, and the geography of Germany in its minutest details; area of the country, latitude and longitude, rivers, provinces, principal cities; the immediate States of the Empire, with the extent of their territories; division of the Empire into circles, with their governors, etc." The program furthermore added that it was not necessary to mention the prayers, passages of Holy Scripture, Psalms and sacred hymns, as well as much other knowledge that had nourished the soul and formed the heart of His Royal Highness. They likewise made no mention of the military exercises, horsemanship, dancing, the harpsichord, the flute, everyone knowing that in these things His Highness was very proficient.

These examinations had, doubtless, been insupportable to the prince. He acquitted himself well enough, it seems, since the king rewarded him several times, counting out to him some bright ducats; but it is probable that the ephors added some of their own, and contrived to make His Highness shine. They had an eye to their own fame and interest. At the end of the program, in *post-scriptum*, they implored the blessing of God and the gracious continuation of the confidence of their Majesties. They give themselves the credit of the success attained, in saying that "His Royal Highness, following the ordinary run of minds which promise much of judgment and solidity, had difficulty in learning." All this savored strong of the Court comedy. Frederick William replaced this ceremonial by weekly recapit-

ulations. Saturday morning the prince was questioned upon the work of the week. If he had "profited," he was at liberty for the afternoon. If not, he had to go over again, during a study of four hours, that which he did not know.

The King of Prussia was accustomed to leave nothing to chance, and had the gift of seeing in everything the detail in its exact order; his greatest pleasure was to draw up regulations. Thus he methodized, minute by minute, the occupation of his son's days.[22]

Sundays the prince must rise at 7 a. m. As soon as he puts his slippers on he must kneel by his bed and recite this prayer aloud: "Lord God, Holy Father, I heartily thank Thee for having mercifully preserved me through this night. In the name of Jesus, my Savior, make me obedient to Thy Holy Will, and keep me from committing, either to-day or ever, an action that will separate me from Thee. Amen." The prayer said, the prince, quickly, hurriedly (*geschwind*, *hurtig*) must bathe, powder and dress himself. For the prayer and toilet he must employ an exact quarter of an hour. He must breakfast in seven minutes. Then the preceptor and all the domestics shall enter. All must kneel and recite the Lord's Prayer; they must listen to a reading from the Bible and sing a hymn. For this, twenty-three minutes. The preceptor must read, immediately after, the Gospel for Sunday, discourse upon it, and make the prince recite the Catechism. The prince must then be conducted to the king, with whom he will attend church and dine. The rest of the day is at his own disposal. At 9:30 p. m. he must bid his father

good-night, enter his own apartments, undress hastily (*geschwind*), and wash his hands. The preceptor shall read a prayer and sing a hymn; the prince must be in bed by 10:30 p. m.

During the week, rise at 6 o'clock. The prince must not turn over in bed. He shall rise immediately (*sogleich*), kneel and say the little prayer; then quickly (*geschwind*) put on his shoes, and bathe his face and hands, but without using soap; he shall dress in his jacket and have his hair combed, but not powdered. While they comb his hair, he must drink his tea or coffee. At 6:30 o'clock the preceptor and domestics shall enter; reading of the Lord's Prayer and a chapter in the Bible; then the singing of a hymn. Afterward shall follow the lessons, to be continued from seven until a quarter to eleven. Then the prince must hurriedly (*geschwind*) bathe his face and hands, using soap for the hands only. He must be powdered and put on his coat, then enter the king's presence, there to remain from eleven until two o'clock. After this, the lessons must be resumed to be continued until 5 o'clock. The prince may then dispose of his time as he pleases until the hour for retiring, "provided he does nothing contrary to the will of God." The program ends with a last injunction to dress quickly, and always keep himself clean,— "*dass er propre und reinlich werde.*"

Thus, the king had foreseen everything, ordered everything, from the manner of washing his hands, to the form of his belief, disregarding entirely the method of cultivating the mind. He desired that his son

should be like him in everything,—exact, diligent, prompt, practical, devout, and soldierly. He loved his boy. He used familiar expressions in speaking of him: "The rest of the day shall be for Fritz,—*vor Fritzen.*" He wished his son to love him. He, himself, as a child, unquestionably had suffered much from the ceremonious reserve by which he was separated from his father, whom he greatly feared. He forbade them to inspire Fritz with any feeling of fear in regard to him. Of course, his son must be submissive, but not servile—*(sklavisch)*. The most important thing was, that the child should have confidence in his father, and look upon him as his best friend. In a first correction of the Instruction for 1718, the king had written, in order to define the kind of affection he desired, the words "Fraternal love."[23] He consented to have his son stand in awe of his mother, but not of him: "Make him fear his mother but not me." And he was convinced that all was for the best, in the best of possible educations. In all good faith, he believed that a mind could be maneuvered like a regiment, and that a soul would yield itself to cultivation at will, just as an estate is worked for its products.

THE GERMS OF CONFLICT BETWEEN FATHER AND SON.

Those who had known Frederick William as a child, Mme. de Rocoulle, for instance, must have been surprised to find how slight was the resemblance between Fritz and his father. When Frederick William came into the world he was very robust. His grandmother, the Electress of Hanover, who was in Berlin at the

time of his birth, admired the strong structure of his limbs. From the age of four, he was a formidable youngster. One day, while they were dressing him, he tore a buckle from his shoe, and put it into his mouth. When they wished to take it away from him, he swallowed it. His mother uttered cries that would have "melted rocks"; his father, majestic as he was, came near losing his senses. The physicians, however, prescribed a purgative and the buckle is on exhibition in a glass case, at the Hohenzollern Museum, in Berlin. In growing up, he acquired a taste for malicious pranks, some of which I have already related. He was extremely brutal. They had to bring him back from his grandparents of Hanover, where he had been visiting, for while there he had unmercifully beaten his cousin, the future George II. of England. He detested this cousin all his life. One day, they had to tear him away by force from the Prince of Courlande, whom he held by the hair. He did not have one good quality, nor the least coquetry of a child who desired to please. He fled from ladies, blushed, when out of respect they kissed his hands, and, when he had to speak to them, he never said anything agreeable, to the great despair of Sophia Charlotte, who had found that "affection refines the mind and polishes the manners." He was a coarse little savage.[24]

"Little Fritz," said his sister Wilhelmina, "had a very weak constitution. His taciturn humor and lack of animation gave just cause of fear for his life." He had several diseases during his infancy; he became stronger as he grew up, but always looked very delicate,

with an air of sadness about him, thinking a long while before answering. He was moreover, an amiable child, earnestly beloved by the household, and, with the exception of some little temper, had an "angelic disposition." Wilhelmina tells us that he learned slowly, but that signified unquestionably that certain things were distasteful to him, or that he had the distractions of a youthful mind that regarded other things through natural preference. Other witnesses eulogized his good qualities, and the incredible facility he had of learning everything he wished to learn. He adored his sister Wilhelmina, his elder by nearly three years, whose precocity everybody praised, for she had all the manners of a full-grown young lady; she was lively and sensible, and loved her brother. "My only diversion was to see my brother. No attachment ever equaled ours."[25] They were both pretty; Pesne has painted them together: Fritz (who was about five years old) is in a low-necked velvet dress, with the Grand Cordon and Star of the Black Eagle; he wears a hat with a long plume. His right hand holds a drumstick, and is raised with a gesture which signifies: Forward! He looks at his sister as though to urge her to advance. Wilhelmina wears over her dress of a Marchioness à la Watteau, a velvet mantle with a long train. She looks you in the face; one hand gathers up a loose bunch of flowers in the fold of her mantle; the other, resting upon the drum, stays the hand of Fritz from beating it. She is truly the big sister who guides the little brother. From both heads fall blonde curls. Fritz has a firmer chin, but if their clothes were

exchanged, it would be difficult to tell the boy from the girl.

There was then in Fritz a delicacy, a fine distinction of nature, which his father did not foresee, and which he never saw, perhaps. However, the Crown Prince only gave at first, cause for contentment to the king. He played soldier very well. He was barely six years old when his father organized for him a "company of Crown Prince Cadets," composed of one hundred and thirty-one children, selected from several cadet schools. The effective force was increased little by little; the company became the "Crown-Prince-Royal-Battalion of Cadets." This was a nursery of future heroes for the wars of the great reign; they had sowed in it nothing but the best grain; squires, sons of squires; soldiers, sons of soldiers. These pigmies composed, in miniature, a model troop. They learned the art of renouncing all personal movement, to assimilate themselves into this toy machine accurately and neatly, and to make their little maneuvers in perfect unison. Fritz first drilled in the ranks, commanded by Instructor Rentzell, a big boy of seventeen. Afterward he himself commanded. He had the honor of being reviewed by Czar Peter and by his grandfather, the King of England, who admired him very much. In 1721 the king gave him for his birthday present a little arsenal, installed in one of the rooms of the palace at Berlin.

> "Dites que mon berceau fut environné d' armes"
> (Say that my cradle was surrounded by arms),

wrote Frederick later. The father, in fact, had placed them everywhere.

It seemed that Fritz had made an effort to be agreeable in everything to his father. We have the letters that he wrote then: For the first, which was in 1717, his hand was guided; he wrote the second all alone, for which reason he begs the king to keep it as a souvenir.

It is a pretty communication of a little officer. The prince submits "the list" of his company of cadets. He returns thanks for a new cadet who has been sent to him; he hopes that this recruit will soon grow up and take a place one day in the famous battalion, in which Frederick William admitted none but giants. He gives a report of his company, which had executed the maneuvers so well and "made such good shots that it was impossible to do better"; for this success he gave them a tun of beer. That must have gone straight to the king's heart.[26] The "dear papa," who was a great hunter, was to learn also with joy that his son had killed a hare and shot his first partridge. But the following must have given him more pleasure than all. In 1720 Fritz composed in French a little piece entitled: "The Way the Prince of a Great House Should Live."[27]

"He must be noble-hearted, belong to the Reformed religion, fear God in a certain way, not like people who do it for money, or for the world. He must love his father and mother; he must be grateful.

"He must love God with all his heart, for, when one loves Him, one does everything to please Him. . . . He must not make long prayers, like the Pharisees, but (*un petit*) a little one. He must thank Jesus Christ for His kindness in crucifying Himself for us, poor sinners. He must never renounce the Reformed religion, and in his

illnesses consider that God has sent them to us, to remind us that we are sinners; and we must not think, I am not sick, I can vanquish God, for it is necessary always to think, I am a sinner. He must not love a thing too much, he must be obliging, civil, speak with all men. When one knows how to do well and does not do so, this is a sin. He must act as it is in the Ten Commandments, not to steal, to keep one's self pure, and to think always, all that I do well comes from God. He must never think evil; all evil that comes into the mind comes from the devil. He must think of the passage of Scripture that says: 'Be sober, be vigilant: because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour; whom resist steadfast in the faith.'

"Oct. 4, 1720. FRIEDRICH."

"Note well," said Kalkstein, concerning this composition, of which he had made a copy from the original, "that H. R. H. the Crown Prince of Prussia, wrote this on the morning of the 4th of October, according to his own impulse and without having communicated this design to anyone whomsoever, at the age of eight years, eight months and eleven days."[28] He assures us that he had "neither added to nor taken out a single letter." However, he must have at least corrected the orthography, for the prince, a long time after this date, spelled in such a way that it was difficult, at first reading, to comprehend his meaning. It is evident, besides, that the child only repeated his lessons of religious instruction, and probably word for word. It is a curious thing, however, that the first writing of Frederick the Great should have been this: "The Way the Prince of

a Great House Should Live." "May God," said Kalkstein, "confirm him in these pious sentiments, that are truly beyond his age." This also was the cherished wish of King Frederick William.

Meanwhile, during the daily lessons, in the tête-à-têtes with Duhan, little by little, without anyone perceiving it, a work was going on, entirely different from these exercises of the little soldier and young Christian. The education of the prince overstepped the limits the king prescribed. Duhan did not deliberately disobey the instructions that he received; but, in spite of himself, he amended, retrenched, and added. He corrected the letter by the spirit. The king, as soon as he perceived this, tried to bring Duhan back to the letter. He had ordered that Fritz should learn history from the *Theatrum Europæum*, a collection of volumes *in folio*, with maps, plans, illustrations, where the facts were enumerated year by year, from 1617. This was a repertory enormous and indigestible. Duhan arranged it so that the prince should not lose himself in it. "I purpose," said he in a note to the king, "to spare His Royal Highness the trouble of reading this long work, by gathering up for him *the most remarkable events*, according to the exact order of the book." The king wrote on the margin, "*All the events.*" Duhan added that he would put the prince "in a way to reason upon the events every time the king would notify him to do so. However, His Highness had no need of *learning anything by heart*, unless it was the names of the most celebrated persons, the principal battles, sieges and summaries of the treaties of peace." In a marginal note the king re-

plied: "He must *learn by heart*, for that will form his memory." [29]

Propositions and responses show the conflict of the two minds; the king did not care about general considerations; the philosophy of history was not to his taste. He desired facts, facts, and facts only. But, if the preceptor had obeyed the king, the prince would have had to learn two or three volumes *in folio* each year. Duhan certainly did not put him to this torture.

The preceptor ended his note by saying that it would be well to repeat from time to time an outline of the history of Brandenburg. "Good," wrote the king: "but the history of the Greeks and Romans must be abolished; they serve no purpose." Here it was in vain for the master to desire not to disobey the king; the sacrifice of antiquity was beyond his strength. To-day, we who have lived a century longer, a century surcharged with events, ideas and sentiments, more potent than all, a century which has regenerated the opinions of man upon himself and upon all matter; we who feel clearly that one destiny ends and another begins, that the present gives birth to the future, have no longer the leisure to look into the past. Antiquity will keep the graces of its arts and the charm of its eternal and simple wisdom some time yet for the initiated, then it will vanish into oblivion. A hundred years ago it was the light of the world. All cultivated men fed their intellect upon it. It was there they found the perfection of form and thought, the types of virtue and vice, the expressions of joy and sorrow; the *morale* of the "honest man," as they said, was a reminiscence; a maxim, a citation.

The envious was called Zoilus; the ugly, Thersites; the triumphant hero, Achilles; the unsuccessful hero, Hector. Marathon and Zama were the combats of yesterday; Pythagoras, Solon, Numa, inimitable models of lawmakers. Classical Mythology was reduced to one of a thousand human ways of expressing the thoughts and dreams of men; not the best, nor yet the most profound. Scholars as well as poets reveled in it, familiar with all its ideality and its pretty *détours*.

Not to make his prince acquainted with the Greeks and Romans was, of course, impossible to Duhan, utterly impossible. The classics, consequently, often became the topic of conversation between tutor and pupil. Duhan's most plausible pretext was, perhaps, the reading of Telemachus.[20] Frederick William had no objection to this. When a child, he had read this book with his mother, who explained it to him. Sophia Charlotte thought to find in the study of this calm work, so deeply imprinted with Hellenic serenity, a means of polishing her savage boy. She would walk with her son, in the park at Charlottenburg, Telemachus in hand; read, explain, and question. She even wrote out her questions and Frederick William's answers. He spoke like a sage of Sesostris, of Pygmalion, the good Minister Narbas, the bad Minister Metophis, and expressed his admiration for Telemachus' strength in fleeing from the beautiful Eucharis. This edifying dialogue between mother and son prefaced the edition of Fénelon that Duhan and Frederick read together. Now Telemachus is a hero, exalted to virtue and glory, according to the maxims of ancient wisdom. This reading must

have transported the imagination of Fritz far from the Spree and Havel, his company of cadets, giant recruits, and the history of Brandenburg, Brunswick and Hesse.

It is very difficult to study antiquity without knowing the ancient languages. Duhan tried, they say, to scheme. A royal prince, heir to an electorate, must read the Golden Bull, which was one of the constitutions of the Holy Roman Empire of the Germanic nation. It showed the privileges of the Seignior Electors; the places assigned to them in the imperial cortége; in the imperial sittings; in the festive hall, where the Emperor dined, crown on head; and, upon this basis of ceremonies, was painted in relief the anarchy of old Germany. Duhan contrived to have this venerable document explained to the prince. He imposed this duty upon an assistant teacher, but as ill luck would have it, the king entered his son's apartments, during the course of one of the lessons: "What are you doing, there, you rascal?" he demanded of the teacher. "Your Majesty," responded the poor man, "I am explaining to his Highness the Golden Bull." "Just wait," replied Frederick William, "I will Golden Bull you," and he raised his cane. Thus ended the instruction in Latin. Fritz however secretly learned a few of the elementary principles, which enabled him later to make some very queer citations, it is true; for, by the side of: *O tempora! O mores!* and *Dominus vobiscum*, which are correct, we find, in his collection of aphorisms, a *Beatus pauperes spiritus*, a *Compille intrare*, a *De gustibus non est disputandus*,

which proves, according to Frederick William, that in order to learn how to reign and conquer, Latin is not necessary.

Frederick read in translations the masterpieces of classic antiquity, for he was a great reader. He said later that, his sister Wilhelmina having made him "ashamed to neglect his talents, he set himself to reading." He commenced with romances: "I obtained *Pierre de Provence* (this was a Provençal romance translated into French). They would not have consented for me to read it; I hid the book, and, when my preceptor, General Fink, and my valet slept, I went into another room, where I found a lamp in the chimney. I crouched down, and read."[31] Behold a pretty scene of a child reader, wherein is revealed one of Frederick's ruling passions which gave him so much pleasure, and even whiled away his greatest hours of tribulation. But in this way the child learned to taste forbidden fruit. At the hour when he was reading, the order was to sleep. The king would not have permitted this infraction of discipline, no matter if the secret reading had been that of the *Theatrum Europæum*.

He would have forbidden many other things besides, if he had known of them. He did not see expanding in his son's mind an ideal totally different from the "practical" that he intended to impose, neither the growing pleasure of secret disobedience, contradiction and opposition. One fine day however, all kinds of vague indications of a manner of living, displeasing to him, will open up before his eyes. He will ask himself, "What is going on in this little brain?"

Accordingly as he divines what is "going on," he will become disturbed, enraged; — in the end, he will rejoice.

Before relating the quarrel between father and son, we must become well acquainted with the personality of Frederick William, of which we have just caught a glimpse. Let us see him in the State, in his family, and in the familiarity of daily intercourse. In this wise, we shall begin to discover the cause and character of a conflict, where the Crown Prince, vanquished by his father, learned that he was born, not for letters, but for action and command.

CHAPTER II.

THE FATHER OF FREDERICK THE GREAT — THE IDEAS AND MODES OF GOVERNMENT OF FREDERICK WILLIAM.

FREDERICK WILLIAM had but few ideas, and so simple were they that nothing more could be added; to wit: "A king needs to be strong; in order to be strong, he must have a good army; in order to maintain a good army, he must pay it; in order to pay it, he must raise the money." Outside of this he had a unique and original conception of his functions; he considered the King of Prussia an ideal and perpetual being, of whom he, Frederick William, was but the servant: "I am," said he, "the General-in-Chief and the Minister of Finance of the King of Prussia." This mystic conception of his office had this very practical result; viz.: he did not believe himself authorized to enjoy royalty; he administered it in his master's behalf. All his life he worked under the eye of this master, whom he knew to be redoubtable.

Prussia was not a nation. It was a union of territories, separated from one another, spreading from the Rhine to the Vistula, from the Baltic toward the mountains of Bohemia, having neither the same memorials nor the same customs, united by the result of a few marriages and the fortuity of a few deaths. It is true that this union had been in existence and these countries

under a common ruler for a century. The predecessors of Frederick William had destroyed provincial liberties in the Rhine countries, as well as in Brandenburg and Prussia. There remained very little for him to do in order to establish his sovereignty (the word is his) "like a rock of bronze,— *wie einen Rocher von Bronce.*" But he ruled over a species of inert matter. His subjects had no zeal for any public undertaking, of which they had not even a conception; that rested in the king alone. The future of Prussia was in the mind and will of the Sovereign.

Frederick William made this mind and this will felt everywhere. It is always in action, on the scene, to the front. It is not an institution that operates; it is a person in flesh and blood, fashioned in a certain mold, whose voice we hear and whose hand we feel, a hand armed with the sword of justice on great occasions, and a stick on minor ones. This character, so "personnel," lives not in the abstract. For him, the ministry, the administration, the army, are definite individuals, ministers, counselors, officers, that go by such and such names, and must do such and such things. The royal domain is composed of estates of such a quality or of such a defect, situated in such a place, for which the farmer, Jack or Peter, pays or does not pay his rent. Without interposition of general ideas, of acquired customs, of wheel-work that turns for the pleasure of turning, of means to produce ends; without restraint of *decorum*, of majesty, of velvet, of silk gloves that prevent the hand from touching the pie, Frederick William attacks the practical and manipulates the concrete.

His father left him an army of some thirty odd thousand men. It was a suitable number, rather large even, for a kingdom that had only two million subjects. He wished to have at least eighty thousand soldiers. His father, his grandfather, all his predecessors had received foreign subsidies; they had taken money of all effigies, louis, sterlings, and florins: he, however, made it a point of honor to pay his expenses, only in money duly and rightfully gained by him. So it became necessary to improve the kingdom in such a way that it would bring forth more each year. To produce "a surplus," as he said again and again,—*ein Plus machen*, everything depends upon that: "Whoever has the disposal of ready cash commands both the civil and military service, and by augmentation gains the respect and the admiration of the world."

His whole principle of government,[32] his whole manner of living is shown in a decree, which should be placed among the great documents of history, for it has produced results, or rather, a single result- the power of Prussia. He composed this decree about the last of December, 1722, after a retreat to a hunting lodge. For a long time the king was discontented with the general system of administration. The State had, at that time, her chief revenues from two different sources: First, revenues domanial, which comprised tillable lands belonging to the crown, products of the forests, mines, salt-works, posts, customs, rights of transit and stamp-duty; second, war revenues, of which the principal ones were the contribution, direct impost levied upon the low countries, and the excise, indirect

impost, collected in the cities. The war revenues were controlled in the provinces by assemblies called War Commissariats, which reported to the General Commissariat of War; and it reported to the Chamber of Administration which was controlled by the General Directory of Finances. These two Administrations had a hundred occasions of contradicting each other, and they never allowed a single one to pass. They were constantly at law; a press of affairs was suspended, and the king, in the confusion of these chicaneries, could not find out the exact state of his finances, by which he wished to regulate the expense of his army. He resolved to unite these opposing bodies, and to teach them, in clear terms, their duty.

For several days, he reflected, in his retreat at Schönebeck: then, taking up a pen, he wrote a first plan of instruction. He applied himself vigorously, taking a pride in doing it so well, that no one could counsel him to add the least thing. He then set out for Potsdam, where he had one of his secretaries, Thulemeier, called, and ordered him to make a copy of his manuscript: "Come to-morrow," said he, "with some strong paper, and some black cord mixed with silver. We will have two days work on it." But the two days did not suffice; the king dictated, then had that read to him, corrected it, then had it read again and corrected. At last the 19th of January, 1723, the members of the General Commissariat of War and those of the General Directory of Finance were called to the palace.

Not one of them knew for what purpose. Ilgen, a

minister, began by reading a royal mandate, in which they were rebuked for their follies and errors: "The two assemblies know how to do nothing but oppose each other, as if the Commissariat General and Chamber of Administration do not likewise belong to the King of Prussia. The Commissariat has lawyers paid from my purse, to plead against the Finance, consequently against me. The Finance, to defend itself, has lawyers also paid from my purse. It is time to put an end to this work of confusion." Consequently, the members of the two bodies were informed that they were united into a single body, "the General Superior Directory of Finance, War and Administration,—*General-ober-Finanz-Kriegs-und-Domänen-Directorium.*" They were then led into a hall prepared for them; Ilgen indicated to each one his place, and, standing before the portrait of His Majesty, read the Instruction. After that he conducted them to the king, who received their oath "to work, as much as it was humanly possible, in the service and for the welfare of His Royal Majesty, particularly in the augmentation and improvement of all kinds of revenues, and at the same time for the preservation of the subjects, in the low countries as well as in the cities, and, per contra, to avoid and foresee all that might be injurious to his said Majesty and to the Royal House, to the country and the faithful subjects." [33]

Here are the two principles: Increase of revenue, and preservation of subjects. The king insists upon this in the Instruction. "Every one knows the formidable consequences of badly taken measures and too heavy taxes, which enervate the people and render them incapable of

furnishing integrally to the sovereign the customary prestations." It is necessary, then, to watch over the preservation and prosperity of the cities, villages, and the low countries, and to impose no tax too heavy for the people to bear. Third principle: The public taxation shall be equally distributed among all; the contribution shall be taxed "after the cadastre of which they shall always keep themselves thoroughly informed." From the excise no one shall be exempt: "We will pay it, we and our Royal House. All conveyances from ours to the lowliest peasant shall be taxed;" for the burdens of State "must fall equally upon all shoulders."

These are about the only general ideas to be found in this document. They are worth the trouble of repetition, for they express a whole philosophy of State. It was not a fiscal ordinance that Frederick William wrote in his hunting lodge; it was a chart, a great chart of a monarchy, of a particular kind in which the monarch is coalescent with State, like the God of Spinoza with nature. Understand well that these are not empty formulas that Frederick William has written: they are truths. He had a horror of vain declarations and principles "that are lost in wind and blue vapor."

With great conciseness he described the new organization. The Directory was divided into Departments, each one of which was presided over by a minister. The Departments had no special function to perform; the monarchical territories were distributed among them; the affairs of these territories, of whatever nature they might be, were referred to them. The king wished that the counselors should understand all about these affairs.

"Some will say: 'We are only competent for affairs of commerce and manufacture, and know nothing of agricultural economy.' Others will say: 'We comprehend agricultural economy, and know nothing about the rest.' . . . To these we respond: 'We have chosen men intelligent enough to speedily inform themselves upon all these subjects. They have but to work zealously to direct their attention to all the affairs, to gain information and enlightenment; one will be a school for the other. A clever, zealous man, who, after God, esteems nothing more than the favor of his king, whom he serves through love and honor, not for recompense, and who has a horror of all intrigue, will soon render himself skillful enough to serve us in all things. Nevertheless, we are going to put you to the test. We will take advantage of this opportunity to send a counselor, competent in agricultural matters, to establish manufactures and control the excise; if he does not administer these affairs with address it will fare badly with him.'" . . .

The work of the Directory, the apportionment of the duties, the methods of decision were regulated with the greatest care; the responsibilities were pointed out in strong terms. The king stated who should be responsible, according to the case in question, and, as he called the ministers and counselors by name, these Instructions had the character of a very curt menace: "For example, if there is any negligence in the first Department, Von Herold, Manitius and Von Thiele will be held responsible. As 'a word to the wise is sufficient' there is no reason to believe that they will act differently."

The first duty was promptness. All ministers and counselors, without a written permission from the king, who arrived an hour late, should forfeit a hundred ducats; if they missed an entire sitting they forfeited six months' salary; in case of a second offense, they were to be dismissed *cum infamia*, for, "if we pay our counselors, they must work." The sittings were to convene at 8 o'clock in winter, at 7 in summer, and continue until the order for the day was exhausted. If the business was not finished by 2 o'clock, half of the members should dine, while the other half continued to work; those who had dined should return to their places immediately and the others should replace them at table; "for it is necessary that our service shall be done with zeal and fidelity." Every day at 11 o'clock, the steward must ask the usher of the Directory if the members were going to dine. "At 2 o'clock, he shall serve a good soup, a good dish of fish, a good roast of beef, mutton or veal, and a quart bottle of good Rhine wine, to each person. The bill of fare shall not always be the same. It must be varied, having a care, that each time there shall be four good dishes as well prepared as those of His Majesty. For serving this, there shall be but one lackey, for it is not necessary to have the room filled with lackeys. Each guest shall immediately receive four plates and a glass; he must put the soiled plates in a basket placed near him." [34]

Behold these practical sentiments! These are real people in flesh and blood, like the king, who are there under his surveillance, and who are going to work at once without any preamble or ceremony.

Nothing simpler, moreover, than the work prescribed for them to do: increase the power of the production of the kingdom, so as to increase the revenues of the king. The country does not yield all that it can. All the losses incurred during the Thirty Years' War have not yet been repaired. The king found, in the old registers which he consulted, the names of villages that had entirely disappeared. Since then, war again, and other scourges had made other depredations. During the last years of the preceding reign a pestilence had carried off a third of the inhabitants of Prussia, and three-fourths of the population of Lithuania. These vacancies — these *Wüste Stellen*, the sight of which made Frederick William ill — must be filled. They must build up the villages of the 17th century and repeople the deserted cantons. The peace that the kingdom was then enjoying insured a superaddition of births; but this natural repeopling was slow, and Frederick William was very impatient. They must, then, make subjects of foreigners; his Prussia was the asylum for all who fled from religious persecution, or who came to seek their fortunes through labor. He did not content himself with merely receiving them; he summoned, cared for and humored them. To put some one where there never had been any one before, was to create; the king thus applied himself to ameliorate. He did not refuse his farmers any "repairs"; if it was necessary to build, he built; to make a clearing, he made a clearing; to drain a marsh, he did that. This work of increasing the value of his kingdom, upon which he expended an incredible amount of energy, he recommended to the Directory, but

he took the precaution not to be deceived. He could not bear the idea that a thaler, a pfennig even, should be stolen from him or misused.

He exacted absolute regularity in the accounts, for money escaped through the slightest disorder. Neither did he wish that the farmers to whom a new building was granted should build it themselves, then retain out of the rent of the lands the sum expended. "For instance," said he — he loved to exemplify and give precision to his thought by examples — "Farmer Lürsten, of Köpenick, owes a rent of 500 thalers. They ask him why he does not pay it. He answers that his expense for building counterbalances it, and that the Chamber of Administration is indebted to him. Answers like this arrive from all the countries. This must be changed; the farmers must not be occupied in anything but cultivating the soil. They will pay their quarter's rent without deducting a farthing, for we will not receive accounts and paper for money. Each Chamber of Administration shall have a master architect, who shall have charge of constructions, and a superintendent of the building, who shall pay the workmen. The master shall watch over the superintendent; one of the counselors of the Chamber will keep an eye on both of these; the whole Chamber shall look after all three. If, notwithstanding these precautions, they secretly blow in the same horn, then they are a lot of rascals."

The founding of the colonies cost very dear; the king who "swallowed" this expense, as he said, "spoonful by spoonful," felt the bitterness of it, but he realized its necessity. So he resolved to continue

this colonization, but he varied it from year to year. There was in the arrangement of it something unique and extraordinary. The king did not like these "*Flic Flac* expenses." He wished to regulate them even to the minutest detail. He set aside a certain sum, that must not be exceeded by a farthing. Besides, he did not approve of making any but good investments; the propositions for opening of credits should be very cautiously dealt with: "Not to build farms or villages, unless 10 per cent. on the capital employed, could be realized."

Frederick William put his old and new subjects in a condition to work: this was his duty. Make the present subjects do theirs, by working well, that is to say, in obtaining from the ground all that it can produce by proper cultivation, without uselessly spending a farthing. "They have but to take example from the king" said he: "Upon our little estate of Schenken, which we cultivate ourselves, and where we have learned things by experience, not from books."

Thus the population of the kingdom will increase from day to day; agricultural implements will be improved; new territories will be brought under cultivation; the peasant subjects of the King of Prussia will produce more each year. Then, they will pay the farm rents and the contributions. The citizens, as well, must pay their excise, and, in order to do that, industry must be promoted in the cities, like agriculture in the country. Here again, fill up the *Wüste Stellen*, which are numerous, make and remake, construct and reconstruct. "My cities of Prussia are

in a bad state": the General Directory must neglect nothing to remedy this evil. There are not enough cities in Lithuania: the General Directory must build some. This must be taken hold of "earnestly and vigorously,—*mit Ernst und Vigueur*,—in such a way that our desire may be gratified as soon as possible. They know of what great importance the establishment of manufactures is to us and to our country. They must apply themselves with extreme zeal in promoting all kinds of industries, wool, leather, iron, wood, that do not exist in our country, and establish as many of them as possible." Foreign workmen must be imported. The king indicates to them where will be found woolen drapers and stocking manufacturers. If they have need of a master-draper, let them seek one at Görlitz, at Lissa or in Holland. They must promise and give him a situation; they must marry him to "a girl of our country"; they must advance the wool to him: "And this is the way the master-draper will earn his bread, found a family, and become independent." Nothing easier: "You cannot make me believe that it will be much trouble to engage such people and attract them to our country."

The industrial production would then increase like the agricultural; but the sale and consumption of the products should be assured. Here, the rule was very simple: "Not to buy of foreign countries, or buy as little as possible; to sell them as much as possible. As to the imports of the kingdom, absolute prohibition or diminution by heavy duties; as to the exports a slight tax, which will not prevent exportation. Only

there are exceptions to this rule. The ideal of the King of Prussia was that Prussia should be self-supporting, as if she were alone in the world. He established between his cities and countries an exchange of relations and services. He bound together agriculture and commerce, so that they complimented each other. For example, one of the great agricultural products was wool. The peasants wished to export it; but then, it would be necessary for the drapers, who would not be able to find enough wool in the country, to buy it outside, and behold the Prussian money going out of the country. The king then forbade the exportation of wool. The consequence was that all the wool had to be consumed in the country; otherwise, "our provincial Chambers will not fail to say that our farmers will not be able to dispose of their wool, that it will no longer be worth anything, and so forth . . ." The king also prescribed to the Chambers of Administration and the Commissariats of War an exact estimate, on the one hand, of the quantity and quality of the wool produced in each province; on the other, of the manufactories that worked the wool. "The General Directory," said he, "shall compare the total of the wool manufactured with the total of the wool produced. Let us suppose the first total to be inferior to the second, and that 2,000 pounds of the wool of first quality and 1,000 of medium quality will not find buyers. The General Directory shall establish in a city nine drapers, each of which will use 300 pounds of good wool, and employ one hundred operatives in the stocking manufactories, each of which

will work up at least 10 pounds of medium wool. The evil is remedied. All this will be profit to the kingdom, for the Prussian peasant will sell his wool; Prussia will manufacture cloth and stockings in sufficient quantities for the consumption of the country and for exportation." The king was so sure of being in the right, that to prohibit the exportation of wool, he ordered as the penalty "strangulation."

Since every one else was attending to his own business, the king would attend to his also. He admitted no tardiness in the payment of his revenues. For the excise, which was an indirect impost, there was no difficulty, but the rural affairs had to await the contributions and the farm rents. The king spoke clearly on this subject: "The payment must be made punctually at a fixed time, without even the smallest deduction, and we admit of no excuse, from any one whomsoever." He knew all the tricks of the peasants. They would not fail to say that the commodities were sold too low. "Reply to them, that they cannot have only dear commodities. If it were thus, we would have the rentals too low. The lease has been calculated on a mean average, so that a good year will cover the losses of a bad year. We have not promised our farmers that they would have none but profitable years. They have signed the lease without condition,—*ohne zu conditionniren.* The farm rents have been justly imposed so that the proprietor may draw profit from his lands, and receive the rental, —the ready money,— without entering into complicated accounts. Then, away with all weakness, no 'humanitarianism.' If

the money is delayed, if it is 'tied up' somewhere, employ means of untying it. If these methods do not appear as clear as the sun in the sky, send without losing a moment's time to the place where this default and confusion is rife, and there apply the remedy."

The General Directory shall exercise its authority over all the Administration of the monarchy. The Commissariats of War and the Chamber of Administration of the provinces emanate from it. When there are vacancies the Directory shall fill them again. It shall place in the Commissariats worthy, diligent men, provided with a healthy, natural understanding, versed in manufacture, excise and all affairs pertaining to the Commissariats; and in the Chamber of Administration strong, healthy, vigilant men, who are experienced in farming, whether as overseers of estates or as practical farmers, and proficient in bookkeeping. The king desires the members of the Directory to have the highest attributes. The ministers, after making diligent search, shall propose the most competent persons, faithful and honest, whether Lutherans or Calvinists, such as comprehend practical economy and are acquainted with commerce and manufacture, capable of writing well, that is to say, of stating a subject properly, having "clear heads."

Frederick William made of this a kind of portrait of the Prussian bureaucracy which he created – a kind of *noblesse civile*, drilled to service, vigorously disciplined, exact, hardworking, the mainspring of a State where the subjects who had lost the last vestiges of feudal

liberty, obeyed the royal order: *Nicht raisonniren*,— here, no reasoning. The time will come when this body will take the form of a caste; the "clear heads" will be heard no more; exactitude will become a mania; zeal, pedantry, and all that fine organization will be nothing but a machine. Then it will be seen that a nation cannot live in the air of a bureau, that it is dead, in fact, and the machine turns in a vacuum. But the danger of the morrow was, the day before, a necessary state of existence.

The Prussian bureaucracy was the first organ of the nation of Prussia. The king, after having enumerated the virtues that he exacted from his functionaries, adds: "And, above all, they must be our born subjects." He reserves to himself the right of calling one or two foreigners into the Chambers and Commissariats, but they must be very proficient in order to counteract the defect of not being born subjects of the king; for he wishes to create the idea that a chance visitor is not able to comprehend the sentiment of a country. This country will be no longer a Brandenburg for the Brandenburgers, a Pomerania for the Pomeranians, or a Prussia for the Prussians; it will be, without distinction of territories, the whole extent of his domination. He orders recruiting the Chambers and Commissariats of one province with men born in another. For example, if there are vacancies in Prussia, men must be called from Cleves, Brandenburg or Pomerania, not from Prussia. And the same with the other countries; the king will send the people of his provinces away from their homes; he will remove the barriers of these small countries, so as

to blend them into the one great country. A peculiar country, which is neither the product of nature nor of history, the true definition of it being: The Prussian country; that is, the service of the King of Prussia.

Between the Directory and the Chambers and Commissariats the intercourse shall be regular and frequent. A report from the provinces will arrive each week. In order that these reports may be exact and circumstantial, the Presidents of the Chambers must inspect the estates, villages and farms with the greatest care; the Presidents of the Commissariats must visit the cities under their jurisdiction, and keep themselves informed of the commerce and the manufactures, the citizens and the residents, that they may know the cities of their department as well as a captain of our army knows his company, when he understands all of the innate qualities as well as exterior characteristics of his soldiers." An abridgement of these reports was transmitted to the king, who, in this way, knew regularly all that transpired in his kingdom, and whether or not each one was doing "his duty.'

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE KING.

The king, in order to give the Directory "more lustre and authority, in order to show the particular attention that he proposes to pay constantly and indefatigably to the affairs appealable to the Directory, and as its extreme importance demands," reserved for himself the presidency. He was not a man to give an order once, so as to remain ever after inactive. Every evening the Directory sent him a *procés verbal* of the sitting for the

day, which he read the following morning. He did not admit of any decision to be taken, involving some innovation, without his approval. This great council had but little consultative voice. Not one expense for improvement was authorized except by the king himself; no lease was confirmed until after it had received his signature. The plan was presented to him with a brief but clear note, which permitted him "to see the nature of the thing immediately." The authority that he gave to the Directory to address questions to him "every time they may deem it necessary, notably, in all extraordinary cases," comprised an order to refer everything to him, of whatever import. This is certainly the way that he wished it to be understood. "The questions," said he, "must be brief and forcible — (*in wenig Worten und nerveus*). . . ." To each one should be appended the advice of the General Directory. For example: There is a horse to be sold for a hundred thalers. "We think that Y. M. will do well to buy it, but only for eighty thalers; otherwise Y. M. would lose for such a reason."

The example proves that the king wished to be instructed in the minutest detail. He received questions by the thousands and thousands, to which he responded in short marginal notes. We can scarcely understand why he was not drowned in this inundation of diverse *minutiæ* for the most part unimportant, and how he was able to give so concisely and very often with spirit a like number of instructions. It was because he loved to command. Frederick, his father, delighted at all times and in all places to display the majesty

of the King of Prussia; Frederick William, to make this majesty felt. "You must each time," said he to the Directory, "and for each affair, add your advice with the reasons upon which you establish it, but we will remain the Seignior and King and will do as we will. *Wir bleiben doch der Herr und König und thun was wir wollen.*" A few lines farther on, after having declared that he intended always to know the truth, that he wished no flattery of any kind, he repeats the same words, "We are the Seignior and King, and do as we will."

The mind of a king who thus comprehends and practices his duties has not a moment of repose. There was in Frederick William's dominions, as in all the States of Europe, administrative machinery of different dates, mixed together, which disappeared after the reorganization of the Chambers and Commissariats. The conflict of privileges that the king suppressed in finance, continued between the administrative and judicial authorities. There were also habits formed, resistance of routine; no rebellion, but inertia, unwillingness, and, in all grades of society, from the noble to the peasant, the murmur of a people from whom an effort was demanded. Frederick William knew well that he was not fully obeyed except when he was there in *propria persona*. He could not be, and was truly, never at rest. He would have liked to see all the world at work: farmers on their farms, workmen at their trade, counselors in council. He recommended to the Directory to watch over the Chambers and Commissariats, to inspect them and not to rely on their word. He enjoined it to em-

ploy spies. Each of the counselors must have one, which he must choose from among all kinds of people: farmers, tradesmen, and peasants. He will obtain, in this way, false as well as true information; with good judgment, he will discern the true from the false. This espionage will enlighten the Directory, even upon the *minutissima*. The king took the trouble to give a model of these secret reports: "For example, in Prussia, there have been good winters and hard winters. The commodities arrive in the cities. The wood for building is carted. The building goes on. There are indications of a good crop. Commerce, navigation and manufactures begin to prosper. . . . Such or such a village is burned. The nobility conspire secretly against a certain impost. A certain regiment buys its provisions from a foreign country. The Chamber of Administrations will turn over its exact amount of rentals or not. There may be good reasons or not for the delay. This must be corrected. There have been twenty houses built in the city.. . . ."

Frederick William would never have finished if he had enumerated all the objects of his curiosity and anxiety: he shows in the ordinance that he had his head full of doubt at all times upon the most diverse matters.—The Directory proposes to him an augmentation of such and such a revenue. But would there not be an equal or greater loss in such and such another revenue? Then what they propose to him is not an amelioration, it is wind: *Keine Besserung, ergo, Wind.*—Do not the Chambers of Administration and the Commissariats of War continue to quarrel among

themselves on the subject of the distribution of such and such funds or imposts? "They must find another way to amuse themselves; then the poor devils of lawyers and jurists will become as useless as a fifth wheel to a coach." — Do the farmers fertilize well their lands? They are capable of impoverishing them. They must be prevented from selling their straw. — Certain officers, for example, of the hunt are thieves, but still they do not take advantage of everything that their right of office permits. The whole thing must be changed. — Are there not too many officers? Could not several duties be included in one? Let us see then if a certain number of officials cannot be cut off — (*retrangirt*). — Why is beer not as good elsewhere as at Potsdam? — To have wool, we must have sheep; now, in Prussia, there are nearly as many wolves as sheep. Quick, an order for hunting wolves. — How is it that the impost on salt is less this year than the preceding in the Halberstadt? The number of inhabitants has not diminished. They have eaten as much salt as last year. There is some fraud, some leakage. You must then give warning to the principal manufacturer of salt to manage otherwise than the way he has been doing up to this time. Perhaps also the subjects buy their salt in Hanover or Poland. All of these importers of salt must be hung, etc., etc.

Let us admit an impossible thing, that all the world, without exception, does its duty. Country and town are well populated; the former furnishing food and material for industry, the latter working up this material in such a manner that not a particle of it is lost. Prus-

sia is fed, clothed, supplied with implements, armed. Not only is she sufficient unto herself, but "she produces a surplus — *ein Plus*," which is sold to foreign countries. Will the king remain inactive? He cannot, for the least accident will put this machine out of order, every movement of which is calculated with mathematical accuracy. For example, the budget of receipts and expenses is made out for each provincial fund. One foresees that such a regiment will consume, per head, so much, including man and beast, and that the excise will deduct beforehand such a sum for this consumption; but war breaks out, or perhaps the regiment is called to Potsdam or elsewhere to maneuver or to go into camp. The receipt of the excise becomes less; the peasant no longer sells his provisions: "When my army leaves the country, the excise does not bring in more than a third; the *pretium rerum* diminishes; the domains no longer pay the rent charge." It is very difficult to avoid a fire taking place somewhere. Each year houses, villages, and even towns, are burned. This makes new "empty places." Nothing more deplorable. —Again, can one not remedy these various evils? Move the regiments as little as possible, order every village to have its engine and firemen, and have the thatched roofs replaced everywhere "inside of five years" by tiled roofs. But what is to be done to prevent bad crops, and pestilence of man and beast? Frederick William prayed God "in His mercy" to spare him these scourges, but God's mercy is uncertain. It required all the King of Prussia's religion to admit without blasphemy, the possibility that God might take

away from him a man or a beast, each one of which was so precious, and counted for such and such a sum in the exactitude of his calculations.

Submitting himself to the Divine Will, the king at least meant to have all his subjects obey him. "We will extend our favor and our protection to all those who will observe all the points of this order, and use all our power against those who will not. As for the others, who insist on returning to the old routine, we will chastise them exemplarily, Russian fashion,—*exemplarisch und auf gut Russisch.*" [35]

THE CREATION OF PRUSSIAN POWER.

The remarkable result of this order, made, as the king said, "for the strengthening of our crown and army," was the advancement of the Prussian army. This is the wonder of this reign, and one of the great events of history.

If Frederick William had required military service from all the population of his kingdom he would not have been able to form out of it that powerful army that he wished to give to his little Prussia; but he was careful not to exhaust the productive forces of his territories. In the very simple system that he had conceived, he must, first of all, make money, and afterward increase his troops in proportion to his new resources, from which he deducted a portion to constitute a reserve fund of the monarchy. There must be a helping-hand extended to industry and agriculture. However, there was in the reasoning of all his work the creation of a national army. This difficult problem was made

still more complex by the incoherence of the military institutions, where modern customs were grafted upon the remains of feudalism. In seeking the solution, Frederick William ended by arriving, after many attempts and much groping about, at a mixed régime, of which certain parts had an entirely modern spirit. [36]

From the Middle Ages proceeded the militia, that is to say, the troops of occasion, so that military service was an exceptionally easy occupation. The king, good trooper that he was, had such a horror of this national guard that he desired to abolish even its name. The principal mode of recruiting was through voluntary enlistment obtained by crimping. Frederick William was one of the most extraordinary enlisters of soldiers ever known in military history.

His mania for tall men is famous. He attempted to propagate them in his own country; he commanded giants to marry giantesses. When he learned that from one of these unions there was born a child with large hands and feet, he rejoiced and ordered mother and child to be sent for immediately; even in the cold of midwinter, and when necessary for the mother to make the trip from Cleves to Berlin.[37] This giant-rearing producing but slight results, he sought for them in countries where they naturally thrived, Sweden, the Ukraine, Ireland, Lower Hungary, and wherever they could be found. And this king, so economical otherwise, dispensed his thalers by the millions to satisfy this caprice. His recruiters respected no laws of peoples, and he had to undergo more than one diplomatic scene in regard to their acts of brigandage. He was extremely sensitive to

incidents of this kind, would fly into a passion and be much troubled over it: "They will dishonor me," said he, for he believed it was to his honor to have only giants, at least in his first regiment of Potsdam Grenadiers. Once he came near having a war with Hanover, who had maltreated his recruiters. The best way of paying court to him was to furnish him with giants; his ministers and his son Frederick went so far as to say that his fidelity to Austria was explained by the care the Emperor took to flatter this passion. He, himself said: "To win the most beautiful girl or woman in the world would be a matter of indifference to me; but I have one weak point, a mania for soldiers, and in gratifying it, one can lead me wherever one wills."[38] This "weak point" cost him so much money, fatigue, and danger, that this giant mania of the King of Prussia was regarded as a maniacal freak in the full sense of the word, "and one which cannot be solved," said a foreign Minister, "unless by some future anatomy."

This idiosyncrasy ought not to obscure the rest of the work. Frederick William recruited and enrolled, outside of his States, more than forty thousand men, and from his own people an equal number. It is here that he hit upon a future idea. For a long time, each regiment had an assigned district for recruiting, where the crimps of the colonel and captains had alone the right to exercise their trade, but the regiments encroached upon each other, and the institution, badly regulated, produced conflicts and disorder. Frederick William sketched out through the whole extent of his territory these military boundaries, which were determined by

the number of arms; five thousand arms for a regiment of infantry, fifteen hundred for cavalry: the district was subdivided into cantons, one for each company. Voluntary enlisting was abolished. Some classes of persons were exempt from military service and reserved for trades and husbandry, which were also, according to Frederick William, public service; these exemptions, however, did not interfere with the principle thus expressed: "All subjects are born to carry arms, — *für die Waffen geboren*, — and bound to serve in the regiment, — *dem Regiment obligat*, — in the district where they are born."[39]

It made no difference to Frederick William about arriving little by little and by indirect ways to the expression of this idea of military duty. Ideas follow their course, through many obstacles. Besides, they never spring from nullity. There was in Frederick William, who was a zealous servant of the State, and prided himself upon being, in his way, a true republican, *ein wahrer Republikaner*, — a predisposition to establish the idea of the obligation of military service toward the *Civitas*. The effects of such a declaration of principle must have been considerable. . . . Behold a people who are given notice that they are born to carry arms; every child at the same time that he learns the name of his village learns that of the regiment "to which he is bound." This obligation raises up and ennobles the most humble subjects. The peasant, whose condition was, in Frederick William's country, that of a beast of burden, becomes a member of the State, and of a State where the soldier's coat was held in high

esteem: the king's son, when the paternal displeasure fell upon him, asked as a favor from "the majesty of his father," to reinstate him by giving him back his uniform of the Grenadiers.

Frederick William desired to make the framework of the Prussian army out of the nobility of Prussia. Up to his time, numerous foreigners had attained the highest ranks in Prussia, and Prussian nobles went elsewhere to seek their fortunes: he resolved to reserve his nobles for his service, and his service for his nobles. . . He not only commenced this great reform, but he recommended it to his successors: "My successor must have all the nobles of all the provinces employed in the army and placed among the cadets. This will render him *formidable*. . . . If you have officers taken from among *the children of your country*, you have a true, permanent army, a body of permanent officers, and this no other potentate possesses, *und Kein Potentat hat das*."[30] The man who wrote these lines saw the future of the Prussian army, and ended by establishing the character of the Prussian State. All commonalty subjects born to serve, all noble subjects born to command under the orders of the king; the social hierarchy transferred to the State; the nobility utilized and disciplined; the vanity of the country squire transformed into the pride of an officer, all this, which is so much to be commended and not to be found "in the realms of any potentate," proceeded in great part from Frederick William.

The cohesion of the army, enclosed in this royal frame, was assured, through discipline and careful attention, of all in the service. For the King of Prussia

there were no *minutiæ* in soldiery. When he sent his son, in 1734, to the Army of the Rhine, he prescribed that he should be instructed "fully and carefully in detail, not only of the regular service, but in all detail; he shall learn how the soldiers' shoes are made, and how long a time they can be worn. . . . The prince shall go thus from the smallest detail concerning the soldier to the greatest,— from the shoe to the cannon of the heavy artillery. He shall pass immediately into the regular service, in order to train himself up to the *dispositiones generalissimini*."[41] All the detail — to use an expression that he repeated so many times,— Frederick William regulated, from the length of the sleeve, and the width of the collar, to the number of buttons on the boot. He really created the Prussian uniform, stiff, clean, shining, which once provoked a smile, but which is now one of the many expressions of the obedience of thousands of men to a single will, which foresaw everything.

Frederick William was not contented to command and watch over his army from a high elevation; he assigned himself a place there, and daily duties. He, himself, was a colonel to the King of Prussia, the one who had the honor to command the tall Grenadiers of Potsdam. Every day he attended the parade and drills. He submitted to all the regulations. Once, in the spring, he ordered all the regiments, company by company, to be bled; he was bled first, in the open air, and in weather cold enough to snow. Another time, he was at Berlin, very ill; a colonel said by chance before him, "that to-morrow is the day that all the colonels

on leave of absence must rejoin their regiments." The following day, notwithstanding the entreaties of the physicians, he would set out. He was seen to pass through the city, his body wrapped up, and his head covered with a nightcap, over which he had placed a fur cap. Arriving at the gates, he was lifted into a chaise, in which they had spread out a mattress.[42]

It is at Potsdam that the Prussian drill is carried to perfection. The new movements, the reforms in the maneuvers, are tested there before being adopted. From the whole army delegations of officers are sent to be instructed, as the Crown Prince said later, at "The University of Potsdam." It is there that they see how the infantry, through extreme care given to every detail and untiring patience, is so well-trained "that it charges with the greatest rapidity, advances in serried ranks, presents arms well, sees everything as well under fire as in the most profound silence." To bring the army to this perfection the king employed grand reviews and inspections. He was the Inspector General of the Prussian army. Every year, in the month of May, he reviewed the garrison of Berlin, that is to say, six regiments of infantry, a regiment of dragoons and six squadrons of hussars. Each regiment or each squadron had its day. Each one of the companies was ranged in four files, between which the king passed. He examined the men, one by one, addressing a few words to most of them: "My son, dost thou receive exactly what is due thee?" Or perhaps: "How dost thou like our service?" And he listened courteously to complaints, particularly when he found things in

order, and that no one had made a mistake in the fifty-four movements that comprised the drill. The last day, after all these special reviews, came the general review. The king mounted his horse at 2 o'clock in the morning, and, except for a few moments of repose at the breakfast hour, he remained in the saddle until evening. The inspections were repeated in the provinces and thus ended these great military examinations. The reviews were frequent and unexpected. By them the king ascertained what was passing everywhere, "as if I were present," said he,— "*als Ich beständig wäre*," and the garrisons were always in the condition of a troop that had an enemy at hand or were expecting one.

He watched assiduously his corps of officers. In the reviews and inspections, wherever he met them, they had to be presented, or he accosted them; he talked with them, requiring that they should look at him as he looked at them, straight in the eyes. He consulted their conduct list, the *Conduiten Liste*, which kept an exact account of their virtues and vices, of their good and bad qualities. He was the censor of their morals and habits; he forbade them "to bedeck the livery of their domestics with gold and silver," and ordered them always to wear their uniform. He was very severe upon those who "kept no account of their purse" and ran into debt. He prohibited the luxuries of the table: "Of what use is so much ceremony? . . . A glass of beer ought to be just as acceptable as a glass of wine." He inquired into their religious sentiments, for he wished his officers to be just as good Christians as good soldiers.[43] In a word, he recommended as a model

the Colonel of the 1st Regiment of the Potsdam Grenadiers. He centered upon himself all their attention. He gave such a good tone to this corps of officers and to all the army, that his successors, even to-day, repeat his commands word for word.

Let us now consider that the army of the King of Prussia was augmented from 38,459 men to 44,792 during the year of the accession, in 1713; to 53,999 in 1719; to 69,892 in 1729; to 83,486 in 1739. Now, France had 160,000 soldiers, Austria hardly 100,000; the French army was divided into numerous garrisons; the Austrian army scattered over its vast provinces. Neither the Austrian nor even the French army was so well organized, armed, equipped as that of the King of Prussia; finally, in Prussia, the service of the few fortresses required not more than 10,000 men. Thus 70,000 men, at a low estimate, were always ready for the march,—*marschbereit*, ready for battle,—*schlagfertig*.

THE INACTION OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

Here lies the explanation of the future, for Frederick William did not make use of this power, and that is one of the incomprehensible things of his history. Twice he took up arms; at the beginning of his reign, against Sweden; near the end, against France, in the controversy about the Polish Succession. Still, he did not enter into any engagement without anguish of heart.

It is true that he reigned in a period of peace, and that the great occasion for testing the metal of his army did not arise; but all Europe, at that time, was thought to be every day on the eve of war. They fought in nego-

tiations, they grouped themselves in leagues and counter-leagues. Scarcely had the great question of the Spanish Succession been settled by the Treaties of Utrecht, Rastadt and Baden, when Spain, in order to regain her lost territories, attacked Austria: France, England, Holland and Austria coalesced against the aggressor.

While Europe sought to reconcile Spain and Austria, in the interest of the latter, Austria, violating her allegiance, came to a direct understanding with Spain against her mediators. Then France and England, up to that time allied to Austria against Spain, entered into a league against Spain and Austria. After some hostilities, Europe began to negotiate. This time Spain abandoned her ally, Austria, who was obliged to yield to the will of Europe. At last, when Stanislas Leczinski had been driven from Poland by the Russians, France declared war against Austria, who was the accomplice of Russia: this Polish affair was terminated by a treaty which gave to the King of Poland a duchy in France, to the Duke of Lorraine a duchy in Italy, and to the Infante of Spain the Kingdom of Naples. There was then such a strange *chassé-croisé* of negotiations and intrigues that one would think, as Lord Chesterfield said, "that all Europe was going crazy."

Frederick William, who was often solicited by these makers of leagues and counter-leagues, did not know how to figure gracefully in their quadrilles. To take into consideration only his great political intrigues, one sees him, in 1725, adhering to the union concluded at Hanover, of France and England against Austria; then hardly a year elapses before he is united with Austria;

he persists long enough in this alliance; but finally he treats with France, and always wishes to undo what he has done, after he has given his word.

Then followed the uprising of Europe. Epigrams from all sides rained down upon him. "The King of Prussia," said the English, "is only a wolf in his own sheepfold;" one after the other, the French ambassadors residing at his Court "affirmed that he would not make war." They wrote: "The insatiable desire that he has for soldiery will make him always keep up a large army; but his timidity will constantly oppose the execution of all engagements that he could undertake to put this army into action. These are two principles upon which one can rely." "He will be brave enough up to holding the sword," but will be always restrained from going farther by "the love which he has for his big men, that are only for parades, and whom he will never expose to danger." Then follow reproaches of inconstancy and changeableness. "He is" (according to his own servitors), "a prince without plan, without system, who goes by fits and starts, passing from one extreme to another." A French Minister, obliged to transmit to his government these contradictory statements week after week, wondered "how any faith could be placed in these dispatches." "The variable moods of the King of Prussia and his profound dissimulation," wrote the ambassador to Louis XV., "are infinitely above all that Your Majesty can imagine." This same official, who at that time was the most favored by the king, and charged by him to express the most affectionate sentiments toward his country, added: "The faith that I

owe to my country and king obliges me to repeat that one can never count upon the King of Prussia in any important matter." After which he quoted the words of Peter the Great in regard to Frederick William: "He likes to fish well enough, but without wetting his feet."

Facts seem to justify these accusations. Scarcely does Frederick William put his foot in camp before he becomes restless, and evinces a strong desire to retire. He hardly enters the league of Hanover with France and England before he becomes "worn out with these engagements." He goes over to the Emperor's side; he regrets it, wavers, favors the Minister of France, tries to extenuate himself in the eyes of his former allies for the gravity of the new treaty, and cavils with the Emperor in every way: "My God!" he cried, "I will not go so far,—*Mein Gott! So weit will ich nicht gehen.*"

He liked to see all Europe on fire; to have it break out some place, and spread over the whole continent. In 1727 Spain, allied to Austria, attacks Gibraltar: this is the beginning of a conflagration. The king exults, but diplomacy deluges with water the brazier: he becomes very much distressed "at the appearances of a settlement," which will prevent him from "fishing in the troubled waters." When he learns of the signing of the preliminaries at Paris he humiliates and mortifies the imperial ambassador, saying that his master "should have kept him from bragging in that way, and should have consented to everything, and that he would always be Charles the Stammerer." He has ever the appearance of being ready to set out on a war expedition: "Let us grease our boots," he writes in 1729. "I am

persuaded that there is no other means to end all this but to give them a good whipping."

However, if he saw war approaching him, he would be in mortal terror. At the time that he was allied to France and England he feared that these two powers would abandon him, "so that upon my head alone would fall the wrath of the Emperor and Empire, and destroy me and my family." Allied to Austria against France, he feared being burned and pillaged by the French and Swedes. One moment, to settle divers quarrels, he seemed ready to throw himself like mad upon Hanover, but he learned this country was in a good state of defense. Then he became uneasy, hesitated, finally had a fit of anger, and, to calm himself, got on a "spree" of several days' duration, with the "officers who participated in his debaucheries."[45] Why would not Europe at last believe that he loved his soldiers only for parade? At last, in 1734, when he sent his troops to join the imperial army on the Rhine, he prescribed that they were to make but two miles per day, three at the most; that they were to rest the fourth day; never to break up, never to be inclosed in fortresses, and that after each campaign they were to go into winter quarters,—good winter quarters, of six months' duration.

However, it would be absurd to accuse Frederick William of cowardice, for they certainly meant to say cowardice when they wrote *timidity*. He liked to recall that he had tested his bravery, under the eye of God, at Malplaquet, "where he had seen hundreds fall at right and left." He expressed his true thought when he added that he "loved nothing in the world better than

war," and that "his feet burned when doing nothing."[46] As to his dissimulation and duplicity, they were infantile in comparison with that of the other Courts of Europe, particularly Austria.

The explanation of his conduct is a curious chapter of political psychology.

Frederick William is both Elector in the Empire and King of Prussia, which is not a country of the Empire. He belongs to Germany, where he has duties, and he is a sovereign of Europe, like the King of France and the King of England. He finds within himself two personages, who will necessarily conflict with each other.

One of his refrains was, that an Emperor was necessary to Germany: *ein deutscher Kaiser solle und müsse bleiben*, and that he himself was a good imperialist, *gut Kaiserlich gesinnt*. "All of my blue coats are at the service of the Emperor," said he. . . . "All of the German princes must be of the *canaille* if they do not profess good sentiments toward the Emperor and Empire; I would be of the *canaille* myself if I did not. We must have an Emperor; let us then be faithful to the House of Austria, it is the duty of every honest German. . . ." He expressed his fidelity in the strongest terms: "For his Imperial Majesty, for his House, and for his interest, I would sacrifice with pleasure, my blood, my possessions, my country. Before I sever my connection with the Emperor, he must repulse me with his foot."[47] But, let us listen to the other side of the story. If he wished to sustain a German Emperor, it was on condition that his sovereignty to such an Emperor should remain intact. He was the only one who could

maintain power and he did not permit the Emperor to exercise over him the authority of a supreme judge. The appeals of his subjects carried before His Imperial Majesty, although they may have been perfectly constitutional and legal, put him beside himself. He wished to break this latter tie that connected him with the Empire: "Our interest, as well as that of France," said his ministers, "is that there may not be any Emperor after this one; but, if it is necessary to have one, let him be a weak prince, incapable of having his commands executed, and one with no more authority than the Doge of Venice." [48]

These two personages, the German Prince and the King of Prussia, agreed then to the contract that the first should never thwart the second, who was a very sensible man. There was the same play in foreign policy, but still more complicated, for Frederick William recognized in the Emperor Charles VI., as in himself, two personages: the Chief of the Holy Empire, and the Head of the House of Hapsburg, to whom European treaties gave possessions outside of Germany, in the Netherlands and in Italy. If the Chief of the Empire were attacked within the Empire, Frederick William owed him aid and rescue, and he would fulfill that duty. He did not wish foreigners to mix in German affairs, nor to touch German soil. "No Frenchman or Englishman must command us Germans. I will place pistols and swords in the cradle of my children to aid them in ridding Germany of foreign nations." Or, again: "If the French attack a German village, the German prince who would not pour out his blood to the last drop in defending it, would be a

Kujon." In milder but very firm tones he called to mind his patriotism on all occasions before the Ministers of France: "I cannot suffer them to carry the torch into my Empire. I must, and my conscience obliges me to do so, employ all my strength *to defend the country.* . . As Prince of the Empire, and good patriot, I could not prevent you Frenchmen from trying, if you wished, to overthrow Germany. . . . Leave our Holy Empire in peace, I pray you." "Frenchman," (it was to La Chétardie he spoke), "do not be astonished to see the king fall again into the Germanism from which he can never be withdrawn." One of Frederick William's ministers, Grumbkow, then about to allow himself to be bought over by France, deplored this mania of his master: "We have to do with a prince who, with much mind and ability in certain directions, in others, absorbs himself in ideas of Germanism, whence the devil cannot withdraw him." This was, in fact, one of this prince's traits of character: he was a German, a good German, and it was with all his heart that he cried out at table: "*Long live the Germany of the German Nation,— Vivat Germania deutscher Nation!*" But this German saw nothing in the affairs of the Emperor outside of Germany; that was why, at the same time that he prayed the Frenchman to leave his Holy Empire in peace, he added: "Run down the Emperor and Imperialists of Italy, if you will; the devil take me, if I send a man there." He even advised the conquest of the Netherlands and Italy: "You will render a service to His Imperial Majesty, to whom these countries are a heavy burden."[49]

In virtue of these *distinguo*, which were things that appertained to the Germany of former times, it happened that Frederick William could be at one and the same time, for and against the Emperor. When he became allied to France and England, in 1725, he reserved to himself the right to furnish to the Emperor the contingent that he owed, in his quality of Elector, at the same time that he assisted the King of France with the number of troops fixed by the treaty. It certainly is to be regretted that this clause had not been put into action, and that Europe had not witnessed this spectacle of the King of Prussia fighting the Elector of Brandenburg.

Let us suppose the engagement of this combat. To which one will Frederick William keep his vows? Evidently to the King of Prussia. If the issue depends upon him, the Elector of Brandenburg will be beaten in company with the Emperor, while the King of Prussia and his allies will come off victorious. Here is shown the contradiction in which Frederick William was embroiled all his life. It was not so easy to distinguish the Emperor from the Empire. To say nothing of Frederick William waiting, hoping, as everybody did, for the death of his "very dear friend," the Emperor Charles VI., and that he was amused and laughed beforehand at the embarrassment that would befall the illustrious Archducal House. Charles VI. dead, Germany would elect the Emperor that she wished, and the House of Hapsburg would cease to be more sacred than any other in the eyes of the King of Prussia! But when the latter said to the Minister of France:

"We will inter the Emperor in great pomp, *in pontificalibus*. . . We will see a fine charivari; the material will be ample, and there will be enough for each one to cut himself out a jacket."[50] He ought to have known that the foreign powers would try to cut into the material, and that there would be a great probability of their attacking at least "a village of Germany." Frederick William thus forgot more than once his Germanism. One day, while at parade, as the French Minister, on horseback near him, congratulated him upon the fine condition of his troops, and upon the "skillful, warlike air that they had," he replied: "I am charmed that you find them so good, since they are absolutely at the service of the King of France. Be so kind as to inform him of it. . . . When it so pleases France I am ready to beat the drum."[51] Twice he repeated this expression. Finally he allowed himself to recall, in the treaty of 1725, "that France is guarantee for the treaty of Westphalia," and that "she interests herself particularly in the Germanic liberty," and it was as a guarantee for this peace, as protectress of this liberty, that France had maintained anarchy in Germany in order to assure herself tranquillity, and hold her pre-eminence in Europe.

However, would Frederick William have imitated the German princes of former times, who were the slaves of French policy, and the enemies of their own country? Not at all. One can affirm that, if the Coalitionists of Hanover had made war on the Emperor, he would have left the alliance at the first German village burned. He treated with the Emperor's enemies; but said: "It was only to annoy and force him to make propositions to

me." If the House of Austria had had the wisdom of paying his blue coats by giving him some of the satisfaction he desired, Frederick William would have still remained the faithful ally of Charles VI. The King of Prussia being *contented*, the Elector of Brandenburg would have done his duty. But Austria had no more regard for him than if he had been "a prince of *Zipfel Zerbst*." The King of Prussia being *discontented*, however, the Elector of Brandenburg[52] would have been compelled to keep quiet, and Frederick would have sacrificed everything in order to bring down upon the Emperor a terrible vengeance.

He surely must have been faithless, since he makes engagements with the intention of never keeping them. He prides himself upon having put in his treaty with the Emperor "more than sixty restrictions and equivocations to get out of it:" but it must not be forgotten, if one wishes to be just toward him, that his duplicity came, in part, from his being double.[53]

As King of Prussia, his policy was entirely simple and connected: he wished to enlarge Prussia. He had, or believed he had, rights over the Duchies of Berg and Juliers: he demanded these rights to be recognized. Without shame, he sold himself to the highest bidder: "I will not give myself for pears and apples." He had a charming way of accepting offers. When France proposed Elbing to him, on condition that he recognized Stanislas Leczinski as King of Poland, he wrote on the margin of the French dispatch: "Finally, I will say, like the late Queen Anne of Austria: 'Cardinal, you are so persuasive that I am obliged to succumb to your

wishes.'" If he regretted engagements as soon as he made them, it was because he believed that, being free, he would find the occasion for a better scheme. At the time of the commencement of the War of the Polish Succession, he confessed his chagrin at being united to the Emperor: "My position should be to-day, such as would give me the most realistic advantages." This was not duplicity; there was nothing simpler in the world.

Frederick William had such a guileless heart that he understood nothing of the affairs of diplomacy. In it, he brought to play passion and childish caprice. He had the good fortune to be Elector and King at the same time: he did not like others to have the same privileges. It displeased him that the Elector of Saxony was scheming to be King of Poland, and the Elector of Hanover King of England. Literally, it made him jealous to see the Hanoverians "cut such a fine figure in the world," and he was grieved at their prosperous condition.[54] He knew George II. at the time when he was but the grandson of an Elector of Hanover; he played with him, he even beat him: he could not bear that this gamin should become so great a prince, and lord it over him. He called him "my dear brother, the comedian," or "my dear brother, the red-cabbage." He used such abusive language toward him that it will not bear repetition. As to Augustus of Poland, he never called him anything but "the clothes-peg." His manner of venting his ill humor on these princes was strictly infantile. He broke up a service of china with a cane, because it was Saxony-ware, and came from the King of

Poland. Sick, and angrily rehearsing again and again his trials with England, he remembered that he had in his stable a horse that had been given him by the King of England; he ordered this animal to be turned out. He was advised to give it, instead, to Prince Anhalt, "the enemy of everything English." He consented, and thought that he would in this way be well revenged. At another time, he refused passports for wood destined for England.[55]

One cannot, without placing in it some restrictions, call a man treacherous who so freely published his sentiments. Europe knew what he thought; he cried it out. Upon each and every thing, he expressed himself with absolute freedom. At his Imperial Majesty he laughed "immoderately," and said: "He has not a sou, he is poor as a painter. This is the . . . . economy of the Court of Vienna." In the smoking-room, at table, he was never without pipe or glass. If he was content with the Emperor, he drank three consecutive times to His Majesty, draining it to the last drop. And he tired the Imperial Minister with these healths, and this before the French Minister, although he did not drink to the King of France for an hour and a half, nor honor poor La Chétardie with the shortest toast. Another day, he would drink to the King of France, and omit the health of the Emperor. He gave France more than one caress, and always took care to treat her circumspectly, but he hated her, and could not hide it. The first time he received La Chétardie, as was his custom, he interviewed him upon everything,— the French troops, French game, the wine of Champagne, the marshals, the

weak points of Magdeburg, Molinism, Jansenism, Parliament, and then, suddenly beginning to talk through his nose, "Why," asked he of La Chétardie, "were the Frenchmen of the olden times so grave and stately, and to-day, they are nearly all comedians?"[56]

In foreign politics, as in government, the King of Prussia acted with the easy-going fashion of a free individual. He was not a Chief of State who had intercourse with other States; he was a disagreeable, foul-mouthed person, who carried on his business with other persons. One of his ministers has well defined his manner: "To have a correct idea of his sentiments in regard to England, consider him as an individual who takes his revenge at the risk of being hung." Frederick William knew well his own infirmity. One day he acknowledged it to his son: "Follow the example of thy father," said he to the Crown Prince, "in finance and in military affairs; do better still when thou shalt be master . . .;" then, giving him a little friendly slap: "Take care not to imitate him in what is called ministerial affairs, for he understands nothing about that."[57] For this reason he did not like to negotiate himself. He could not help saying what he thought: "It is stronger than I," said he. He was so incapable of diplomatic politeness that he reproached the Ministers of France and Austria at his Court for not disputing like "street arabs." One day, in an audience given to an Envoy Extraordinary from England, he threw upon the ground a paper that this personage presented to him, and turned his back. Another day he received the Minister of Holland, whose propositions displeased him; he

left the room as if in sudden haste for something. The Holland Minister waited respectfully, but at the end of half an hour he descended into the court-yard, where he learned His Majesty had gone off on horseback.

His conversation disconcerted the diplomats. He led his interlocutor from Muscovia to Gibraltar, "from Gibraltar to the Netherlands, then back finally to Port-Mahon, so as to pass suddenly to Constantinople, and return to Vienna." He had no fixed ideas except in the care of his own interests.

He interrupted dissertations by one of his refrains: "Good for a few shovelfuls of sand," meaning to say that he "loved to acquire new territories for the aggrandizement of his estates." To attain them, he would never do anything that was necessary; but, to gratify him in this respect, the others had to run all the risks, he alone drawing out the profit. It was thus that his accredited Ministers, when near him, were the most unhappy diplomats. Berlin was their purgatory, their hell. Rottenburg would rather have become a "Carthusian" than remain longer at this Court. The Austrian Seckendorff, himself, the favorite, the indispensable companion at table and in the smoking-room, did not relish it either. Someone met him on the street in Berlin, and, surprised to see him there while the King was at Potsdam, asked him what he was doing: "Alas!" said he, "I am like the servants in the Gospel. I remain when they tell me to remain; I depart when they tell me to depart. . . If the Emperor would give me a province for another year's service, the devil take me if I would accept."[58]

The king returned the sentiments that the diplomats expressed toward him. He did not like to see them, and would oftener send them to his ministers, who would receive them in conference, four around a table, and one of them holding a pen. You would think it was "a tribunal of the Inquisition, where a secretary reduced *ad protocolum*, on the instant, the most insignificant speech." The report was forwarded to the king, with the counsel, which he accepted or not, as it pleased him. He distrusted his ministers, and he had reason; nearly every one of them betrayed him; some sold themselves to France, and others to Austria. He did not know just how far they betrayed him; but, of their treachery, which exceeded almost the improbable, he did not doubt. One of the most extraordinary traits of this prince was his absolute indifference to the infidelity of his agents, in foreign political matters. He wrote upon the report of one minister: "You are too fond of guineas;" on the report of another: "You are too fond of louis'," but he dismissed neither the one nor the other. It even pleased him that these "Mazarins," as he said, received from foreign sovereigns, what La Chétardie called "tokens of sentiment and essential proofs of gratitude." "I am aware," said he, "that many of my people are bribed by France, and I know them all. Well and good! If France wishes to be so foolish as to give them pensions, they have but to accept. The money will remain in the country, and they and their children will spend it . . . but they deceive themselves if they think they can lead me by the nose." One would suppose that he saw in these treach-

eries but a means of importing hard cash. Besides, he arranged to have always two parties in his Ministry. One day he received, very gruffly, the Imperialists, who asked to have an Anglo-French colleague dismissed. He would listen to first one party and then the other, and reserve to himself the decision, which was, in substance, always this: not to risk anything, nor to act.[59]

What were the true reasons for this? There seem to have been several. It certainly must have cost the King of Prussia very much to expose to peril such fine soldiers, so well clothed and well equipped, and so perfect in the drill à la Prussian. We also know that the least displacing of troops interfered with the computations of his receivers and the exact proportion of receipts and expenses; the surplus that he had to make each year was endangered, lost perhaps, replaced really by a deficit. But, on the same conditions that he would have risked a capital, when he had the hope of drawing from it a fine interest, Frederick William would have risked his soldiers, if he had seen a way of gaining a province. Now, he knew that no one was sincerely disposed to come to his aid, and he would, at the decisive hour, find himself alone against all. The inheritance of Juliers and Berg was the principal object of his ambition; but France did not care about seeing Prussia at Dusseldorf; Holland dreaded still more this neighbor, so powerfully armed; neither did the King of England, Elector of Hanover, one who laid claim to grand roles in Germany, wish the growth of the power of Prussia. The Emperor had been watching for a long time, with uneasiness, the progress of the Hohenzollern, and he had

personal motives for not displeasing the competitors of the king to the succession to the duchies. Frederick William had then to do with a very strong opposing party. When he thought of the dangers he might have to encounter, he was as if taken with vertigo. Prussia was not yet solid; he knew it well. He felt that she lived and moved in him; he nourished her; he fortified and animated her with his mind; his prodigious activity started the inertia of his incongruous subjects; his bureaux and his army organized a State and made a country, but the work was not yet finished. This Frederick William was the first true Prussian of Prussia, there are millions, to-day, of these Prussians: but he was the only one of his time, and if, a century after his epoch, it appeared possible, as Heinrich Heine said, "that Napoleon could whistle and Prussia would exist no longer," it would have been sufficient for Frederick William to take a false step, and Prussia would never have been born.

Thus he did not dare to act alone, and, at the same time, he had too much pride to figure as a nonentity, in a combination. The ways of the great powers irritated him. France, England, Austria, Holland, held a high head with him, accustomed as they were to rule the world. He called them the "quadrille dancers," and yet he feared them while he mocked them. If he entered into treaties it was to be as equal with equal. He explained himself very frankly, at the time of the negotiations of the Hanoverian League. "I will not enter into war," said he, "for the benefit of the Hollanders, so that they may

be able to sell at a higher price tea, coffee, cheese and china! I wish to know about the *pot aux roses* (the secret). . . . " This *pot aux roses* was that they were going to make war on the Emperor, and take some provinces away from him; "but to whom will fall, in the division, the provinces taken from the Emperor? . . . If I make conquests will I retain them or will it be necessary to give them all up? And if I give them up who will pay my war expenses? I mean to know all the secrets, as well as the Very Christian King and the King of Great Britain, and to regulate with all of them whatever comes up, as an equal party, not as a subaltern and an inferior. . . . If I am going to accede to this Hanover alliance, I will not enter into it as an errand-boy."[60] He had very explicit reasons for speaking in this way; he remembered the affronts received by his grandfather, the Great Elector, and his father, Frederick I.; the conquests that they had to surrender, treaties signed, after they fought in the wars, without even allowing them to consult their own interests.

He did not wish to act alone, and yet was discontented with all other company: what then remained for him to do? First to storm against all the other powers; and he lent himself to it with a right good will. One day, during a dinner, he was speaking, in a desultory way, of the affairs of the continent, "and ended the repast by making everybody drink a bumper to the approaching confusion of all Europe."[61] This confusion he expected, hoped and prepared for,

in husbanding all his strength. Already he was "respectable," and saw very well that they held him to be of some account, and he was proud of it. "All the most imposing powers seek me, and emulate each other in fondling me, as they would a bride. . . . They will always be obliged to seek a prince who has a hundred thousand men ready for action and twenty-five million crowns to sustain them." He had now gained that point where he had no need of anyone. Like his father and grandfather, he could have found subsidy in foreign countries if he had wished, but it was "a thing he had never done and would never do." He intended to remain his own master, and gloried "in following his own impulse," that is to say, "his momentary caprice." The representatives of the older powers had to take the greatest precautions with him: "I would rather eat bread and cheese all my life," said he, "than to suffer them to impose upon me the law of talking, when I do not wish to do so."[62]

From time to time, he liked to make himself believe that he would act some day. He spoke of possible "revolutions" at the death of the Czarina, or of the King and Queen of Sweden, the King of Poland or of the Emperor: "All these successions are disputed," said he, "and even if the King of England should be missing, the Pretender would find followers enough to support him, to give perhaps occasion for some trouble." He survived the most of these events, which did not turn out as he expected, or he did not know how to profit by them; he re-

served himself perhaps for the "trouble" that would follow the death of the Emperor. He preferred however to leave to his son, with an account of the wrongs done him, the care of action and revenge. He pronounced more than one prophetic word, among others this one, as he pointed to the Crown Prince: "Here is one who will avenge me some day—*Da steht einer der mich rächen wird.*" It seems that he accepted philosophically the role that would be assigned to him in Prussian history.

He wrote as early as 1722, in an Instruction for his successor, these remarkable words: "The Elector Frederick William has given to our House development and prosperity; my father has acquired royal dignity; *I have made a State of the army and country.* Upon you, my dear successor, is devolved the maintenance of what there is and the gaining of those countries which belong to us through God and our right."

THE INDIVIDUALITY OF FREDERICK WILLIAM.

Frederick William was constantly occupied with his affairs. As they were never completed, and never went together, his mind knew no repose. He was born restless and turbulent, predisposed to misuse life and the practicality of life, forcing and aggravating it out of the natural, making of himself one of the most tortured beings ever known to history.

He suffered in body as well as mind. His frame showed strength during the first years of his reign. His limbs were strong and well proportioned. From

out his serious, cold, oval face with its high forehead, sparkled a mobile eye that saw everything. It could become, at will, intensely set on an object that it wished to scrutinize or on a soul that it wished to read. The lips seemed always ready to speak, not to say amiable things, but to interrogate, with an expression of disdain, as if they were sure that the speaker was a liar or a knave. Frederick William[63] was a blonde in spite of himself: as a child, he exposed himself to the sun so as to brown his girl skin. As soon as he commenced to wear the short perruque à queue, he chose a brown one. He feared no fatigue, and exhausted himself and those around him. The horse, the carriage, the cart, the hunt, the table, the wine, the tobacco, were all too strong for him. Early in life, he was seized with the gout, then shaken by apoplexy, and swollen by dropsy. He grew so large that his waist measured four ells. The attacks of these maladies became more and more frequent; he became deaf from the effects "of an inflammation of the ears;" he would suddenly become drowsy, or again, he would swoon away; and his face would be streaked blue and red. It is said that, at times, the skin under his thighs would become detached and look like a bladder of fresh pork.[64] We have the detail of one of his maladies: the sufferings he endured were horrible. He said that a king should know how to suffer better than any other mortal, but his stoicism was interrupted by fits of anger, and his natural endurance gave way to fury. It must never be forgotten, in judging Frederick William, that he lived in constant torture.

It is not true that he was naturally wicked, and that he did not love even his own family. He assuredly loved his wife. He was but eighteen years old when he married, and had, up to the time of his marriage, so much modesty that he would blush when a lady would kiss his hand through respect. His disposition showed itself in his conjugal love. At twenty-five, when he became king, he already had five children; the queen bore him nine more. He was to the last a faithful husband. He came forth conqueror from the strong temptations put upon his virtue, while on a trip to the Court of Dresden. He wrote: "I have returned, after this trial, as I departed." One day, while traveling, he took pleasure in talking to a pretty woman; General Grumbkow offered himself as negotiator; the king repulsed him sharply. He did not intend to be untrue to his *Fiekchen*, or *Fifi*, as he called Sophia Dorothea. Another time, he met one of the Queen's ladies-in-waiting, on a stairway, caught her by the waist and began cajoling her. He received a slap. "Oh! the wicked little devil!" he cried. This was all his complaint.

These two anecdotes, which are perhaps not authentic, compose his history as a gallant, and in what a century!

He esteemed his wife, and gave her a proof of it when he set out on his campaign for Pomerania. "If anything of importance happens," writes he to his secret counsel, "tell my wife and take her advice, *Soll an meine Frau gesagt werden . . .*" Frederick William was, perhaps, the only Hohenzollern that ever gave an order of this kind, for the principal function of queens in Prus-

sia is maternity. He asked nothing more than to love his children. His first Instruction for the education of the Crown Prince was of a father who wished to be cherished by his son. It would seem that he had the qualities of a good husband and father. But he meant to rule in household as well as in state, without arguments, and he intended that his wife and children should have no other tastes than his, that they should bear with his ill-humor, even when it was execrable, and whenever it pleased him to bring it down upon those around him. The slightest resistance, the least hesitation irritated him. It was not necessary for the queen to oppose him long, before he would hurl at her words like these: "The loss of a woman is not more than the loss of a hollow tooth, which pains one while it is being pulled, but which one is delighted to be rid of the moment after."[65] If the opposition became worse, if it took the character of a rebellion, the good husband, the good father, gave himself up to extreme anger. Then, too, he lived very little with his family; the drill at Potsdam, the hunt, the trips of inspection, his solitary rides, separated him from them. He saw them around him at table, in the general confusion of a large company, and in the perpetual tumult of his thoughts.

To live a sedative life, and, above all, to hold a court he had neither the taste nor the time. He passed four or five hours each day[66] in his cabinet, listening to reports, having the ministers' questions read, writing his answers, or designing them, for he responded as well by a rebus, and often in a very clear way; all comprehended what was meant by a gibbet on the margin of a question.

He passed, on an average, two hours at his principal reports and all evening in drinking and smoking. Before dinner, he would go to the parade; afterward take a walk, or ride in a carriage or on horseback; but upon the road or in the street, he worked. He talked of his affairs with those who accompanied him. He had oftener some object in these promenades: to surprise a sentinel, to watch over the work of the peasants and workmen, the buildings particularly, for he had the ambition to enlarge and embellish Berlin. It was one of his great pleasures to watch a house going up, and to enter into a conversation with the architects and builders. On his way he would stop to receive petitions, to ask people their names, or question the couriers as to where they were going; he would give information to those seeking a street or a house. Once he entered a lodging where he heard a great uproar, and forced a couple who were quarreling to embrace. He was the terror of loungers, and dispersed with blows of his cane those that lingered to play at bowls. His subjects dreaded to meet him, and evaded the meeting at need by flight. It is said that one day he carried on the following dialogue with one of these runaways: "Why are you running?" "Because I am afraid." "You must not be afraid, you must love me." And, to make the poor devil more sensible of his duty of loving, he gave him a good flogging.

Very laborious were his inspections in the provinces. For these journeys no gilded carriages, nor outriders, nor lackeys, as in the time of his father, who seemed to be always posing before some Van der Meulen; no

ladies, whose gowns feared the dust, who retarded the departure in the morning, and had to be entertained all along the route with frivolities. Not even an escort, except along the frontier of the "anarchy" of Poland. Four or five post carriages, well equipped, the relay awaiting them at the hour appointed, were sufficient to transport the king, generals and counselors that had to travel with him. They worked while on the journey. It took two weeks for Frederick I. to go from Berlin to Königsburg; four days was enough for his son; in three days Frederick William went from Berlin to Cleves. His visit was not expected: everywhere he desired to surprise the colonels, the Chambers of Administration, the farmers, judges, foresters. All appearance of a reception was forbidden; the king dined at an inn, as well at one as at another, and contented himself with a chicken and soup, cabbage with salt meat, a roast of veal with butter, and cheese for a finish. He had not a minute to lose; he examined the regiments, the funds, the accounts, he counted the vacant places in the fields and in the cities. Between times he exercised his justice. He discovered the proof of malpractice in the accounts of the Domain of Lithuania, and ordered an inquest: the Counselor of the Domains, Von Schlabuth, found guilty of embezzlement of a sum destined for the establishment of colonies, was condemned to several years' imprisonment. The king did not confirm the judgment. He reserved his supreme decision for his next journey through Prussia. On arriving at Königsburg he summoned Schlabuth, reproached him for his crime, and declared he deserved to be hung. Schlabuth

exclaimed: "It is not customary to hang noblemen;" furthermore, he had returned the embezzled funds. "I do not want your dirty money," cried the king, who gave the order to take him away. He had a gallows erected in the night, under the windows of the Chamber of Administration. There was great excitement in the city. An unprecedented action this, a condemnation, without trial, contrary to a judgment! The family did everything to save the unfortunate man. The next day being Sunday, they had twenty-four hours to attempt to bend the judge. At divine service the preacher took for the text of his sermon the words: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." The king wept, but the day following he convoked a meeting of the Chamber of Administration, and, under the eyes of the counselors, had their colleague hung.

THE PLEASURES OF FREDERICK WILLIAM.

Frederick William had also his hours of relaxation and pleasure, and some enjoyment of life. It was not at the door of philosophy he knocked, nor of science. He had a horror of all speculation that did not produce immediate practical application. When a child he had too often heard, at the court of his mother, who was the great friend of Leibnitz, about monads, infinitely great and infinitely small, and pre-established harmony. He understood nothing of these profound doctrines, and called bluntly all philosophy a *Windmacherei*, wind-making. As the wind did not pay the excises, the king was ready to prohibit the manufacture of it as useless. He readily believed the counselors who repre-

sented it to be dangerous. One day he committed a barbarous act against the most celebrated philosopher of his day. Wolf, a disciple of Leibnitz, taught the doctrines of his master at Halle. His rivals of the University and his adversaries, the bigots, organized a cabal against him. It is said they represented to the king that, according to the theories of Wolf, a Potsdam Grenadier could desert unscrupulously, alleging that he was, from creation, predisposed to the desertion in virtue of pre-established harmony. The king considering "that the letters and lessons of Professor Wolf were contrary to the religion revealed by the word of God," ordered the said professor to leave the city and kingdom in forty-eight hours, "under penalty of strangulation." Four years after, he interdicted the reading of Wolf's writings, filled with "atheistical principles," under penalty of hard labor for life. It is true that toward the latter part of his reign he saw his error. To make reparation, he did all that could be expected of him; he wrote to Wolf, offered his excuses, made brilliant overtures to him, and, in the most persuasive way,[67] urged him to return, but Wolf was not to be won; he put off his entrance into Prussia until the accession of Frederick II., the King-Philosopher.

Through the advice of Leibnitz, Frederick I. had founded a "society of scientists." He had given them a magnificent role: to glorify German Science, to purify the German Language, to study the History of Germany and the Church, Physics, Mathematics, Astronomy, Mechanics, ways of propagating the faith and preserving the Kingdom of Prussia from inundations and fire.

From this repertory several articles must have pleased Frederick William, notably the last. He did not withdraw the royal donation from the society. He even showed them marks of favor when they asked permission to open an anatomical lecture hall, but, as they were thanking him, he said: "Work with more zeal than you have done heretofore. . . Your society must apply itself to inventions capable of advancing arts and sciences, but in a way that they may be generally useful; no wind-manufacturing; none of those lying dreams in which so many worthy men lose themselves."

He expressed his contempt for science in a most peculiar manner. He had in his own service a man by the name of Gundling, a great savant, a polygraph, whose very extended knowledge he used in matters of law and politics. He made him his commensal and the indispensable habitué of his "tabagie." Among other favors he gave him the entire use of his wine-cellar, knowing well that the doctor would abuse this privilege. He made him drunk every day; he enjoyed it, and desired others to be amused at the poor man's expense, by dirty, dishonoring jokes. He called him the "Court Jester," so as to heap upon him all the dignities he could think of that were ridiculous. He made him Grand Master of Ceremonies, Grand Chamberlain, a baron with grotesque armorial bearings, and President of the Society of Sciences, President — after Leibnitz! In the same manner he treated Dr. Fassmann and Dr. Bartholdi, Professor of Law in the University of Frankfort-on-the-Oder, whom he called "Mr. Pandects," and the astronomer

Graben zum Stein, whom he surnamed "Mr. Astralicus." Graben was also nominated President of the Academy of Sciences. The king took the trouble to reject the nomination.

He boasted of Graben's knowledge of antiquities, new and old coins, physics, mechanics, botany, hydraulics, pneumatics, statics, and cabal, of his art of knowing how to examine evil spirits, with the use and abuse that could be made of it, of the wonderful preadamite doctrine, history, physics, logic, the combinatory art of algebra, etc., etc. Graben had, among other duties, the arrangement of the calendar. He had to be circumspect in his predictions, to announce the fewest possible bad days, and the greatest number of good days. He had the charge of watching over spirits. The incredulity of men had, of course, passed the bounds of hobgoblins, ghosts, etc., but there were still dwarfs, wehr-wolves; they could be found in the lakes, marshes, caverns, and hollows of old trees: Graben had to work out their destruction. For each one of these wicked spirits that he captured, dead or alive, he was to receive a prize of six thalers. And, lastly, according to an ancient tradition, the soil of Brandenburg, principally around the old monasteries, was sown with treasures. Every ten years, to assure herself that these treasures were undisturbed, Rome sent Jesuits and other vermin there. Graben must try to catch these rascals, but the most important of all was to find the treasures, by the means that were used then; the king put at his disposition the books on magic that he found in the archives, with the *speculum Salomonis*. . . "In witness of which we have signed

this ordinance with our own hand, and appended thereto our royal seal. . ."[68]

Frederick William was not insensible to the charm of the arts. He was a natural musician, and loved music. From the "*Chapelle*" of his father he had kept an artist whom he had made Master of the "*Chapelle des Haut-bois*" of his Grenadier Guard. From time to time, in the evening, he had them play the choruses and airs of two of Handel's operas that were his favorites. Sometimes he would drop off to sleep, or seem to do so, and the leader would skip a few measures. The king would always notice it: "You have not played such an air," he would say, and then sing the first notes; they had to recommence. He thus heard, hundreds and hundreds of times, the same arias. He did not wish to be disturbed by an audience: in the long hall where the musicians were stationed at one end with their music-stands and candles, he would place himself at the other, all alone, in the dark. It was evident, then, that he had a taste for this fine heroic music, but, as he could not keep from mixing irony with the serious things of life, and turning everything to coarse comicality, he was delighted the day that the Master surprised him with a pig sextet that he had composed from a story told in the smoking-room. The king had him repeat the piece twenty times, while he held his sides and laughed until the tears streamed down his face.

He was a painter, as well as a musician, during his leisure moments. When the bad weather or gout confined him to his apartments, as he could not "remain doing nothing," he painted. Pictures by him, exe-

cuted during these fits of the gout, bore the signature: *In tormentis pinxit.* F. W. He preferred caricature sketching. He liked droll beasts, bears and monkeys. It is told that at the principal post of Potsdam was an old bear who understood the military commands. At the cry: *Heraus!* he would go out, raise himself up on his hind legs, and fall in line with the company; he recognized, it appears, the voice of the king, who was very proud of it. The king had at the palace, among other animals, cubs and monkeys, that he used for low farces at the "Tobacco Club." These animals were the principal inspirers of his pencil. He would dress them up as men, and make them play the human comedy, like the artists and writers of the Middle Ages.

Through conscientious scruples he mistrusted comedies; so he did not have, like his father, a French Comedy, nor an Italian Opera; but, one day at Charlottenburg, he admired extravagantly a certain Eckenberg, who held on his extended arm a drummer seated on a cannon. He immediately accorded him a privilege. "Whereas, Mr. Eckenberg, celebrated for his extraordinary strength, has given at the Palace of Charlottenburg many remarkable proofs of the power with which God has endowed him, in presence of and for the great pleasure of His Majesty; seeing that the said party has requested His Majesty, in all humility, not only to give him a letter of recommendation, but also permission to visit his kingdom, provinces and countries, and give an exhibition of this said strength in all the cities and towns that he pleased," order was given to the civil and military authorities to take care of and give him aid.

Eckenberg, that they commonly called the "Strong Man," was promoted to the dignity of "Master of the Pleasures of the King," and "Royal Prussian Court Comedian." The privilege was conferred to give, "besides these exhibitions of strength and rope-dancing, theatrical representations with the assistance of his troop, for the recreation of those who did not have too much to do. . . , under the condition that he would represent and play things that were not impious, sinful, scandalous, dishonest or injurious to Christianity, but, on the contrary, innocent things which would procure people honest amusement,—*honestes Amüsement.* . ."

Major-General Count Alexander Von Dönhoff was given the charge of these comedians, and we have from this celebrated military man such report, where he lays before His Majesty: 1st, That, conformably to the gracious decision of His Majesty, stating that the deserter, John Baptist Mumieux, must be hung, he has "notified him of the death-sentence;" 2d, that the "Strong Man," Eckenberg, dismissed Harlequin and the Dentist, but that, after the affair had been explained to him,— this sending off of two of his best actors, without the permission of His Majesty, he had taken them back again, and had counted out to them their weekly wages. Another day the king learned that the "Strong Man" and his wife, while they were both drunk, threw themselves upon the comedian Walldorf, and without cause, heaped him with insults, blows and kicks. The General had to tear him away from the hands of Eckenberg, or he would have been strangled to death. But the two drunkards ran upon the stage, insulting and maltreating

the actors. The play had been interrupted; the people fled. The General had to conduct the "Strong Man" and his wife to the post-house, while "they honored him with curses."

Thus the Court Theater was not particularly conducive to the improvement of morals.[69] Their favorite plays were Italian farces, "full of agreeable intrigues, and highly burlesque," as the playbills stated. They employed both men and dummies; the king preferred the dummies; in reality, he liked only the marionettes; sometimes he would distrust them. Once he was present at a play, and noticed some shocking words that were uttered by one of these puppets. He gave an order to Roloff, Counselor of the Consistory, to go to the theater and tell them what he thought of this play. The minister of the gospel recoiled from this office, invoking to his aid the duties and dignity of his calling. The king admitted these reasons, but he related his embarrassment to one of his confidential men, Eversmann, Chamberlain-janitor of the palace, and he was acquainted with a deacon who would undertake the function of censor. The deacon received orders to go to the play that evening, and place himself in view of the king. He was to listen attentively, and as soon as a passage offended him he was to draw out his tablet and make a note of it. The king, who was looking at him, noticed the impropriety of the speech, arose abruptly, and left the playhouse. That very evening he ordered the comedians to leave the city in twenty-four hours, forbidding them to ever return.

So it was, even the marionettes had their faults, and

the pleasures of the theater their disappointments. They tried to make the king believe that the hunt itself was not innocent, and that the soul of a Christian was in peril there; but here their trouble was lost; he always continued to be a passionate hunter. In Prussia, he made raids on the bear and wild ox. In Brandenburg and Pomerania, he hunted the deer, wild boar, pheasant, heron, hare and quail. He threw into this diversion wild enthusiasm; firing in one day six hundred shots to bring down a hundred quail. The wild-boar chase was a great massacre. But his real pleasure was to force the deer. Parks of several thousand square miles were kept for this "hunt at force." The king would follow at a trot or gallop, for four, five or six hours, the dogs that tormented these animals. In the chase alone, he loved luxury. The keeping up of these parks cost him a considerable sum. His pack was chosen with great care, and better lodged than many of his subjects. The huntsmen had a well-fed look in their livery. He despised court ceremony, but it was strictly observed in the forest. When the deer was brought to cover, the Grand Master "gave him the death blow," detached the antlers and presented them to the king on a silver platter. The view-halloo was sounded. As a sign of victory, the king and all his suite put a twig in their hats. Upon a car covered with branches the animal was taken in procession to the castle. According to the ancient customs, the dogs then received their booty, "their right of the hunt," that is to say, the quarry.

Things did not pass more solemnly before the Emperor, when he deigned to come in at the death, but I

think that his Imperial Majesty did not give himself so much trouble for the hunt, nor did he so sharply taste of its pleasures. On winter days Frederick William rose at five o'clock, rode two or three leagues in an open carriage, and commenced the hunt at break of day. In the most disagreeable weather he would take a cold breakfast in the open air. His companions thought to warm themselves by drink. The king, rough and crusty as he was, enjoyed this play of primitive life.

He was a great hunter and a great gourmand. Frederick William ate enormously. At table, as everywhere else, he wished the substantial and the solid. No puffed-up things where there was "wind." Even in the soup he must have a good piece of veal, or a chicken, or a fish, to sharpen the appetite. As a good German, he was fond of liver and pork in all its forms. He often went to the kitchen to watch the head cook and teach him economy, to beat him if he wasted the butter, or if he stole in his accounts, but also to give him a few instructions. He put the finishing touches to his education when he dined out, or rather, at an inn, "The King of Portugal." One day, when he had eaten some good mutton tripe with cabbage, he returned with the recipe. He had a grateful stomach. He enjoyed a good soup at the house of Ilgen, one of his ministers: he wrote a note of thanks, and sent one of his cooks to learn from one of Ilgen's how to make a good *bouillon*, and to instruct his cook in return how to prepare fish. He assured this minister of his particular favor. "You can," said he, "make use of me whenever you please." As just at that time there was a

quarrel in the royal household, and Ilgen was on the queen's side, this dinner had the effect of reconciling, for awhile, the king and his wife. Again Frederick William was very kind and genial. A good dinner gave him nearly as much pleasure as a grand recruit. The Foreign Ministers knew this, and entertained him as well as they possibly could. Among other arguments against his colleague and Austrian rival, La Chétardie employed truffles with oil; for the king did not disdain, after the heavier dishes, to indulge in certain delicacies such as truffles and oysters, provided there was a bountiful supply of them. He ate his hundred oysters. Only these good things were costly; they did not appear on the royal table except on grand occasions. The king, to reconcile his ideas of economy with his petty weaknesses, loved to make a good meal at the expense of others. He drank as he ate, without restraint, and paid even more attention to his cellar than to his *cuisine*. He did not like champagne, where there was "wind" and foam, but delighted in the strong wines of the Rhine and Hungary, that he ordered himself, with a thorough knowledge of the good vineyards and their good years. The dining never ended without some of the party being warmed up considerably. The king obliged his guests to drink excessively; it was one of the ways of making love to him, that of taking a little too much wine.[70]

At nightfall the king would hold one of his "evening revels." In a bare hall, around a long, wooden table, were ranged seats of wood. He took his place at the upper end. The habitués and invited guests had their

places marked: before them were a pitcher of beer, a glass, and a clay pipe in a wooden case. Upon the table were baskets filled with coarse tobacco, and some peat which burned in glass receptacles. Everybody had to drink and smoke, or appear to do so. Those to whom the tobacco was sickening had to hold in their hand an empty pipe, and puff at it now and then. After an hour or two they placed on the table bread, butter and cheese; upon the side-tables there was ham and cold veal. When the king had a distinguished visitor he would regale the company with a salad and fish; he would serve the fish and make the salad. On these evenings they drank Hungarian wine, and the conversation was prolonged far into the night. The king smoked incessantly. During one sitting of the "Tobacco Club," when the king was entertaining His Majesty, King Stanislas Leczinski, the two royal majesties smoked more than thirty pipes.

At table, as well as in his smoking apartments, the company was a strange one: generals, ministers, officers, foreign envoys, found themselves with buffoons and court-jesters. When they were at Wusterhausen, the schoolmaster would often come and smoke his pipe there in the evening; the king held him in great esteem, because he had never been able to persuade the children of the village to cry with him: "Our master is an ass!" The conversation would overstep all bounds. Even when they would have a "discourse," or a report, or perhaps a reading from the journals, the king, a man who made constant use of the interrogation point, would interrupt by questions, and the discussion would

begin. In the autumn of 1727 he had at his court a young Pietist pastor by the name of Francke. While at table, the points at issue were none but the most edifying,—salvation, sin, hell, purgatory, apparitions. The minister of the gospel had no time to eat, so harassed was he by the king's questions. He expressed himself with unction, for he had "breathed to God" a prayer, begging Him to guide his tongue; but Gundling was among the guests, and he arrived drunk. He made "astonishing gestures, arose from table and went falling among the pages, returned, howled, and then went off again." The pastor prayed the Lord to be merciful, and prevent such like scandals![71] However, the presence of the queen and princesses imposed a certain restriction. At the "*tabagie*," they were men among men. The vulgar farces and brutality had their full sway, with a mixture of scriptural sayings and guardroom curses. The king gave free scope to his humor, sustaining his rights upon the duchies, telling of his mortifications and his hopes, storming against the "quadrille dancers," or perhaps talking of maneuvers or tactics, then returning to stories of the hunt or war, recollections of campaigns in the Netherlands and Pomerania. These subjects came up again and again, for Frederick William pertinaciously repeated.

ACTS OF VIOLENCE, FOLLY AND DESPOTISM.

At the hunt, at table, in his smoking apartments, and with the queen during their days of harmony or reconciliation, Frederick William passed the happiest hours of his life. These hours by no means formed the

greater part of his passionate existence. The violent rages to which he would give vent showed only an abnormal state of his rude, coarse nature. No slave-trader, I imagine, distributed more blows with the stick than did this king. Not to mention his family tragedies, there was not a class of his subjects, the officers excepted, that did not feel the touch of the royal cane. He beat his domestics right and left. They relate the story at Berlin "that he had cabinets furnished with large sticks, placed at certain distances one from the other, to be more convenient, according to where he happened to be, so as to apply blows to those who approached him and did not gratify his fancy." He gave a blow for an answer that did not content him, whether it was really bad, or so good that he could not reply to it. He met the brewer of Potsdam in the street: "Why do you sell your beer so dear?" said the king. "Because I am governed by the price of barley. If your Majesty will give me the permission to procure it at Stralsund, where it is cheaper, I will be able to lower my prices." Nothing more just; so the king, after having come to terms with the "Swede" brewer, gave him twenty blows with his cane. He struck him, by way of justice, to execute the sentence that he had pronounced himself *in petto*. A Jesuit, saying that he was converted to Protestantism, but who nevertheless remained a Jesuit, being suspected of political intrigue, was arrested; his papers were burned, however, and no proof could be found on him: the king had an interview with this man in the wood, "and took the trouble to give him a volley of blows with his stick." One day a

sentence being rendered by a jury, was interrupted by his blows given on the shoulders and in the faces of the magistrates, who fled, gnashing their teeth, and he followed them even to the stairway. It is true, he did not beat his ministers, but many a time he had the desire to do it. Once, while dining, before twenty-five guests, among whom there were some of his ministers, he asked the Envoy of France: "If I beat one of my ministers will you send the information to France?" "I hope," answered Rottenberg, "that your Majesty will not put my discretion to such a test."[72]

All the foreign residents, Frederick William's own ministers and the queen attributed these proceedings to a mental derangement, and expected any moment "to see the poor prince's head turned." In truth, traces of mania were not lacking in the series of anecdotes of this reign. To have a live fish scaled and oblige his guests to eat it in that condition; to threaten his physicians "with imprisonment of the faculty" if they did not relieve him within a given time of some pimples on his tongue; to beat a doctor because he did not cure one of his little girls quick enough of smallpox; to take a walk through the city with his suite at ten o'clock at night, by the light of torches, crying and making them cry with the rest of the *canaille* so vociferously that Sauveterre, "if he had not seen them with his own eyes, would have thought that they were animals being driven to market;" to ride out alone continually, and to fire at a miller who passed by him, these are truly fits of mania. The king, too, had these fits periodically. "Spring is a

bad season for him," wrote Rottenburg. "He rides out alone, as usual, when divine inspiration or restlessness for a change of place torments him. He fell, while going at a gallop. His horse gave him a kick in the head. He was saved by a forester." He often had moods of melancholy; for hours he would remain mute, "with great tears falling from his eyes." He had nocturnal terrors, and would leap suddenly from his bed, and go to awaken the queen, telling her "that he had thoughts and dreams so frightful that he could not sleep; that he did not know where to go; that it seemed that they followed him everywhere, and that they would kill him, accompanying these words with gestures and cries that showed plainly he was not himself."

His spells of rage, when he would foam at the mouth, ended in fits of stupidity. He heard a preacher, in regard to a fire which had destroyed a portion of Berlin, hold forth upon the destruction of Jerusalem; he asked himself: "Is not the conflagration that has taken place in my capital a sign of the destruction of my people." Upon leaving church he fell into a revery, then came the "black melancholy." In these moments he would maltreat pitilessly those who approached him. After this, from lassitude, he would fall back in his arm-chair, where he remained seated, with his elbows on the table, for two hours at a time, his eyes set, staring at each one who entered or left the room, without saying a word. [73]

For his wickedness and suffering Frederick William was, in part, responsible. He was the headsman of his

body; in his furious spells were recognized the effects of alcohol, but, as I have said, he was of a restless nature. He had in him, at birth, the disposition to torment and render himself unhappy. The care of his affairs, the passion to do his work to the best of his ability, the sentiment of responsibility toward God and "the King of Prussia" troubled him, and partially explains his excesses. Everybody noticed that, when affairs of state were going along smoothly, the king would also be better, and his temper would quiet down. He had his rages, from indigestion caused by oysters and cabbage. He had them on account of a certain regiment badly maneuvered, or because such a receiver had stolen, or that the "quadrille-dancers" had treated him like an errand-boy.

Such a man could not be loved. The only sentiments that he inspired were dread and horror, mixed with some pity. The days that his subjects lived, in his reign, were dark. He was, in the full sense of the word, a despot. "I will chastise you exemplarily, Russian fashion," said he. Russian fashion! In fact, he did resemble, in more than one trait, with less genius, be it understood, his neighbor, Czar Peter, whom he strongly admired. Between these two men the principal difference was marked by longitude. Frederick William reigned at the extremity of the old, historic European region; but he was included within this reign, while the country of Peter, according to the geography and politics of the time, was Asia. The King of Prussia was a part of Europe and the Holy Empire: his subjects had the right of men; he was more civilized,

more of a Christian, than the great barbarian; a Czar Peter, attenuated by race and surroundings. His orgies never reached indecency. The queen had a hard life with him, but he never raised his hand to her. It was not the ax the royal hand wielded, but the stick; if, however, he submitted this Empire to a better and higher civilization, it was not without rebellion. In reality, he admitted no law that interfered with his supreme right: he was an autocrat.

He had a horror of lawyers, "poor devils of jurists," and he held magistrates in contempt. One day he was requested to give employment to a young man. He wrote: "If he has intelligence and a good head, put him in the Chamber of Administration. If he is an imbecile, make a magistrate of him." There is in this sentiment, strange for a king to have, the rancor of a contestor who has lost many suits, for the judges often put the wrong on the agents of his domains. There is also in it a disdain for an obscure science, and old, undecipherable parchments. But it seems to me well that Frederick William did not admit the interposition between himself and subjects of a body of judges, nor the ways of justice. His incapability of disentangling an abstraction made him incarnate himself as justice. He was the judge in flesh and bones; he distributed justice personally, like the kings of primitive monarchies, like St. Louis on the steps of the *Sainte Chapelle*, or at the foot of the oak at Vincennes, but not with a spirit of mercy or charity. If he corrected the judgments, it was to increase the punishment. He

pronounced *motu proprio* imprisonment at Spandau and the penalty of death.

Thus, no one felt safe from his will, his caprices, his fits of rage. In these crises,—when "out of respect to his crown, they could not compare him to a maniac with a razor in his hand," —everybody trembled, and committed their souls to God. Even the Foreign Ministers were afraid. Once,—during, it is true, one of the greatest storms of passion that the king ever had, —the French Minister begged his government to make provision for his safety: "without which I will have a sorry time of it."[1] Did not the king take it into his head at one time, upon hearing the news that some of his recruiters were arrested in Saxony and condemned to death, to send word to his minister resident there, that if one of these men were touched he would be hung? Judge by this the terror of his subjects.

And so they longed for the moment when they should be rid of him. Even his officers, whom he held under such terrible discipline, and whom he ruined by obliging them to make recruits throughout Europe, detested him heartily. Forty of his big Grenadiers, exasperated by hard drills and bad treatment, laid a plot to set fire to the four corners of Potsdam, to roast him there and bury him in the ruins. The civil population were subjected to the sight of the corporals executing their order to recruit immediately forty supernumeraries for each company, "by arresting by main force in the streets and houses, wherever they could be found, even children of six years, whom the officers forced the families to ransom."

Thus there is no house where there are no murmurs. "The people are greatly discontented. They hope and believe that this distress cannot endure always. There are all the appearances," wrote Rottenburg, "of a revolution. Everything is preparing for it." The king bitterly felt his unpopularity; he knew his death was desired, even near him, in his family, a thing which fairly enraged him. In one of his attacks a doctor made the remark "that it was not necessary for him to go every day to the parade." He answered "that they would believe him dead if he did not go." He would have preferred really to be sick, provided that they believed him well, rather than be cured by giving the public the pleasure that he supposed his illness would give them.[75]

FREDERICK WILLIAM'S RELIGION.

From the public hatred, from his pain, sorrow and passion, Frederick William sought refuge in God. His faith was sincere, warm, expressive; it had great bursts of enthusiasm, but it was simple as well as practical. He wished no erudition, and became irritated with the disputes of the theologians. He mistreated the professors and preachers who resisted his desire to reconcile the Lutherans and Calvinists. "The difference between our two evangelical religions is but a quarrel between priests," he said. "From the outside the difference is great, but when one looks into it well, one can see that the faith is the same upon all points,—upon salvation, and upon communion. Only, among the preachers, some make the sauce more bitter than others. May

God pardon all priests! For they, who stir up 'schoolrats' to put at variance the true word of God, will have to render an account before His tribunal. The true pastors, those that say they must be tolerant toward one another and apply themselves only to augmenting the glory of Christ, will be saved. For it will not be said (on judgment day): Art thou a Lutheran or art thou a Reformer (Calvinist)? It will be said: Hast thou observed my commandments, or hast thou been a good *Disputator?* It will be said: To the fire or to the devil with the contentious ones; but, to those who have observed my commandments, come with me into my kingdom. May God be merciful to all! May all his evangelical children observe his commandments. As to those who cause disunion, may God send them to the devil."

As much as the theological disputes, he hated vain eloquence, "oratorical expressions, artistic, allegorical, and flowery words . . . useless repetitions, diffuse explications of texts. . . ." Through an official order he forbade the use of rhetoric "by all preachers under the age of forty," those who were older than that being incapable of changing their habits. He prohibited their preaching more than an hour, under penalty of a fine of two thalers. An hour was enough "for a short and edifying explanation of the text, to find conclusions, and conclusions, too, that would touch the hearts of the congregation and convince them." The duty of the pastor was, "to awaken clear ideas in the understanding, and to incline the will to do right,

not to show his art and erudition." It was to teach "active Christianity,— *thätiges Christenthum.*"[76]

Frederick William meant by active Christianity, that which would be of service in practical life, such as he understood it. That which he called drawing conclusions from a text was, for example, to excite his Grenadiers to heroism, after their having heard the story of David killing Goliath, or of Benjamin, who, with a stick, felled an Egyptian armed *cap-à-pie*. Of the two Testaments, the old most properly applied to the king's service. Thus, his God was the God of Israel, the God of armies, who, in his anger, punished for revenge. Frederick William must have been as sensible to the poetry of the Bible as he was to the music of Handel, and was moved by the singing of certain psalms; but his ear was deaf to the words of the gospel and to the mystic parables. If he had ever meditated upon the evangelical invitation to pious inertia and to the holy repose upon the bosom of the Saviour, he could not have repressed an interior protestation. The texts which speak of the birds of the air, nourished by the divine hand, and of the lilies clothed in splendor, though they spin not, appeared to him to have a dangerous application. If his eyes happened to fall upon the verses telling of Jesus' visit to Lazarus, he quickly turned the page, but not so quickly as not to give the right to Martha instead of Mary, for, had he been in the Saviour's place, he would have beaten Mary. And then, besides, he confessed he was powerless to comprehend the charity of Christ.

"You need not teach me," said he to Pastor Francke,

"that if one gives me a blow on one cheek I must present the other, too." "The words of Christ are there," answered the pastor, "and cannot be changed." Francke explained, then, that the Saviour did not absolutely command you to turn the other cheek, and that He desired only to prevent individual vindication. "Yes," replied the king, "we are in a terrible position: if we wish to let everything pass, we are taken for idlers and cowards; if we wish to avenge ourselves we run the risk of losing our souls or the souls of others. The question is, what to do?" "I know well what I would do," said Francke. And the king added: "So do I. Thou wouldst say to one who attacked thee: My dear friend, I am pained to see you sin in this way. May God pardon you!" "Exactly," said Francke, "and what I could do, others could do." "Not I," retorted the king, "that does not apply to me!"[77]

It was not, then, the merciful God that Frederick William invoked in his short prayers or consulted in the long close intercourse. One day he reproached Ilgen in such a violent manner, accusing him of partiality in regard to England, that the unhappy man began to cry, and finally fainted, which terminated the controversy. The king declared "that he was going to take a horseback ride, so that he could pray to God." He wandered about the fields alone for over four hours. "On his return he poured forth all the horrible invectives imaginable against England, saying that he would have full revenge." Rottenburg, who recited the scene to Ilgen, ended with these

words: "Time and modesty prevent me from repeating the infamous and obscene language used in this discourse."

The Christian whom God inspired with such anger could not find much comfort in his faith. So it was, even in his religion, Frederick William was restless, unsteady. He knew well that his duty was "to spread abroad the honor of God and the royalty of Jesus Christ." He wished his subjects to feel the word of God in their hearts as he did in his heart. But he was not contented with himself. "I am a wicked man," said he to Francke. "If I am good one day, I return to my wickedness the next." He feared for the salvation of his soul, and he was afraid of hell, afraid of the devil. "Ah! yes, the way to heaven is very hard,—*Ja, es ist schwer in Himmel zu kommen!*" Difficult above all for a king, who was responsible not only for his own sins, but for those he allowed to be omitted or committed by others. This was the reason that, during his hours of melancholia, he spoke of abdicating: "I do not see any other way for my salvation, and I should like so much to be saved!"[78] He saw himself, then, retired to his palace at Wusterhausen, with ten thousand crowns a year. He shared with his wife and daughters the care of the housekeeping: "I will pray to God, and will have a care to the economy of the country."

He seemed born, in fact, for this life of a country gentleman. He would have cultivated his ground marvelously well; he would have improved it each year, cleared the woods, drained the marshes, established a brewery or distillery, constructed new buildings, and

made sure of the sale of his products. He would have kept all hands under strict discipline, meddling with everything, even to the laundry, kitchen and pantry. He would have been upon all backs at the same time, crying out, scolding, and giving blows. He would have been the most ardent hunter among the *Junker* of Brandenburg. He would have been at the head of the largest eaters and strongest drinkers, at a carousal or intemperate repast, *à la Pantagruel*. In the evening he would have smoked his pipe with his people and neighbors, discussed at length upon the subjects of sowing grain, fertilizing the ground, upon the hunt, comparing the merits of wine and beer, and arguing upon grace and original sin. He would have prayed to God with his family and domestics, and then alone, asking him in all simplicity to spare his harvests from hail, and reserve it for the fields of others. He would have sung the psalms in church and at home, and found in the Bible applications of active Christianity for his intendants and domestics. He would have economized with his ten thousand crowns, and added to this economy the annual surplus of his farm, for each year he would have produced *ein plus*. He would have at last slept in the arms of the Saviour, leaving to his heir the finest estate in the country, and a nice pile of gold in order to make it still more valuable, to buy such and such a domain that he desired, or to gain a lawsuit that he had always wished to engage in against such and such a one, without daring to do so, because he invariably mistrusted judges and justice, and the fear of losing it had calmed his passion for gain.

Upon the throne, Frederick William was this gentleman farmer. He governed his kingdom like a proprietor his estate. Instead of acres, there were thousands and thousands of squares that he cleared or drained. Instead of barns and stables, he built cities. King, instead of an ordinary individual, the objects of his activity were on a larger scale, as well as his good qualities and his defects, his good and bad passions, his joys and sorrows. But he it is who was always on the scene of action, and with all his individuality, his strange personality. His strong, clear intellect, whenever it was applied to things that he knew, and over which he had direct authority, was capable of seeing all the details, each one separately, but also in its place in the whole. He was fond of the real, the visible, the tangible; a contemner of everything luxurious and ideal. Always occupied in regulations, he was fully satisfied in the contemplation of a model regiment, where everything was in its place, battalions, companies, sections, men, and upon each man each piece of uniform and arms; where the motion of the individual was but a portion of the whole movement; where all the attention was fixed on the number of steps desired.

Like a regiment, the king manœuvered agriculture, industry, and religion; but he was troubled by the slightest resistance to classification and placing in the ranks. He did not know how to find the true mode of relationship to exterior powers. At the least hitch he would lose patience, mourn over it, and suffer. Then he would divert himself by the grotesque, by caricature, and by a certain taste for drollery which reached

the fantastic, or he would solace himself through anger, or by orgies, or perhaps, at last, make his prayers to God, lay his griefs before his Maker. In these few moments he was sincere, honest and frank, having neither the power over himself to dissimulate, nor the time to arrange his lies. His contempt for ceremony, his distaste for vain show, were his princely virtues; he went straight to the fact, the real. His application and activity were of such intensity that they penetrated the men and the countries over which they were exercised, and created a force that was marked with his impress. The Prussia of bureaus and barracks, devoted to the God of armies, stubbornly at work, proud of herself even to boastfulness, disciplined even to servitude, is truly the one that Frederick William reared in sorrow and affliction.

CHAPTER III.

THE CONFLICT BETWEEN FATHER AND SON — FIRST SYMPTOMS AND CAUSES OF CONFLICT.

In the month of March, 1724, Frederick William and his son honored with their presence a fête given by General von Grumbkow, one of the principal ministers of the Court of Prussia. The king suddenly said, pointing to the Crown Prince: "I should like to know what is passing in this little head. I know his ideas are not the same as my own,—*dass er nicht so denkt wie ich;* there are people who give him other sentiments than mine, and excite him to blame everything; they are rascals." He repeated the word, and, addressing his son, said: "Fritz, listen to what I am going to say to thee. Keep always a good, large army; thou canst not have a better friend, and, without this friend, thou wilt not be able to sustain thyself. Our neighbors desire nothing better than to make us turn a somersault. I know their intentions; thou wilt learn to know them. Believe me, do not trust in vanity; attach thyself to the real, —*halte dich an das Reelle.* Have thou a good army and money. In these consist the glory and the security of a prince." Saying this, he gave Fritz some little taps on the cheek, which became harder and harder, and finally resembled blows.[79]

At the time of this first open disagreement between

father and son, the Crown Prince was twelve years old. The misunderstanding was already complete and well known. The foreign ministers informed their courts, and in their dispatches commented upon the king's words. The prince's nature could not support the tax upon his strength that his father imposed. Frederick William tired and harassed him so much that the child had an old look, as though he had been through many campaigns, and walked with his back curved. The king wished to accustom him to hardships; every mark of weakness or delicateness enraged him. He had a terrible scene with his son for wearing gloves at the hunt on a bitter cold day. Another time he designated a horse that Fritz should ride; the equerry ventured to remark that the animal was hard-mouthed; the king pushed him off and ordered him to keep quiet; but, on leaving Potsdam, a gust of wind blew His Majesty's hat off, which made the prince's horse run away; he had the presence of mind to take his feet from the stirrups and throw himself to the ground. He injured his knees, hip and neck. The guard of his sword so hurt his side that he spat blood. On their return the queen became excited; she groaned and cried. The king was exasperated about it; he ordered his son to appear the next day at mount of guard. The wounded prince was actually there, unable to have his arm in the sleeve of his jacket.

The prince had a decided taste for elegance and magnificence, and all the luxuries of life. He had but few means of gratifying this propensity, but he did what he could. He did not like to eat with a two-pronged

steel fork, which was in use in the inns throughout Germany, and resembled a defensive weapon. The king surprised him one day, eating with a three-pronged silver fork He beat him.[80]

If some fairy had permitted Frederick William to make three wishes at the birth of his son, he would have expressed them without a moment's hesitation: "May my son be a good economist, soldier and Christian." But Fritz was not given to economy. The king wished that the prince should keep an "account of his ducats," as he formerly did, with an exactitude that made his mother despair and become alarmed to see him a "miser at so tender an age," but Fritz left this commission to others. He did not wish to learn how "to manage his money."[81] Moreover, he was unselfish, liberal and charitable. In a journey that he made while stopping at Magdeburg for the first time, he was offered the customary present that the city owed to the heir-apparent, he refused it. Forced by his father to accept the gift, he declared he would keep it until his accession, and then distribute it among the poor inhabitants oppressed with heavy taxes. In passing through the city of Stassfurt, they wished to "honor him with two hundred ducats:" he ordered it to be given to the poor, and forbade his tutors to breathe a word of this generosity to the king.[82]

Fritz did not like military men. He found them coarse and ridiculous, and preferred to their company "men who knew something." He played tricks on the generals. He dined one day in Westphalia, with the king, at the Castle of Rosendaal, the estate of Gen-

eral von der Mosel. After dinner they were going on a hunt. The old general, who drank a little more than was reasonable in order to honor his guests, tried to mount the saddle, but the prince had made his stirrups too short, and looked on at the scene very much amused." Now, the king was exceedingly fond of jokes, but they were only to be played on scholars and professors.

Would Fritz continue to be a good Christian? At the end of his visit to Wusterhausen Professor Francke was very uneasy on this subject. It was to him alone, in the midst of the general attention, that Frederick did not address a word. "One would think," wrote the poor man in his journal, "that he was angry about something." At last, Frederick called him on the fifth day; but he received his compliments with a bad grace, and only said a few words to him. Francke awaited an expression of thanks for the highly edifying tracts that he had sent to the prince: it was the tutor who thanked him, and with that Frederick left the room. The next day, at table, the king not being there, the pastor perceived that the prince, during a conversation upon apparitions, looked at him with a mocking air. As he was rising from the table, he heard him say quite loud: "There goes one who believes in ghosts." He learned that the evening before, the Castellan of Wusterhausen, a remarkably devout man, met the prince, who asked him where he was taking the light he held in his hand: "Your Highness, to Professor Francke," he responded. "Then," said the prince, "it is a pharisee going to

a pharisee, for he is one as well as you." The troubled pastor made a resolve to pray to God for the heir-apparent. And truly, Fritz had certainly great need to be prayed for.[84] He had "a natural tendency toward all sciences," but he neglected sacred science. He was to receive confirmation in April, 1727; he was confirmed then, but to be prepared for this ceremony the pastor had to give him double the amount of lessons. His tutors had to acknowledge to the king that he had neglected religious instruction for six months.[85]

Neither economist, soldier, nor devotee, this son must have troubled the very inmost depths of the soul of the father whom we know. It would have been a miracle, if Frederick William had not allowed himself to give vent to his terrible temper against him. He commenced by little taps which soon resembled blows; then the real blows followed. He struck Fritz because of the gloves he wore at the hunt; he struck him for the three-pronged fork. As he was very prompt to act, and carried everything to extremes, he immediately gave up all hope in regard to his son. The child to whom he tendered a kind of fraternal affection, true respect, and absolute confidence, the little Frederick, — *Fritzen*, — appeared to him to be a rebel, and a very dangerous one. The French Minister, giving notice of "the alienation of the king and prince," feared "that it might go far."[86] Already, the king was comparing the elder revolting son to the younger one, William. He showed toward him all the tenderness of which he was capable. At table, he

made him say grace, and stood with his head bowed and hands joined, behind the chair of the little fellow. If he was suffering, he would go to see him and cover him with kisses; he would stop when he met the child, raise him in his arms and kiss him for some minutes at a time. He would say: "I will not wager much on such and such of my children, but (pointing to little William) I have confidence in this one; he has a good character; I will guarantee that he will be an honest man."[87] It is permissible to believe that even at that date, three years before the tragic crisis, Frederick William could not keep from thinking that the Kingdom of Prussia would be well placed in the hands of this younger son, who promised to be an honest man. As to the eldest, he could no longer bear the sight of him. Then the family life became intolerable: a kind of terror hung over the royal house; the queen cried every day. The prince's face was painful to see; everybody noticed the "black melancholy" in his great eyes. He confessed it to his friends, and letters from him express distaste of life. He made excuses to a sick friend, Lieutenant von Borcke, for not trying to divert him: "I have rather need of some diversion myself to rid me of this melancholia"; he begged him not to die, saying: "Death is a thing I fear the most for my friends, but the least for myself."[88]

At the Court and throughout the kingdom, public opinion expressed itself against the king, for the interesting victim. It truly seemed that the prince had committed no other crime than that of failing to re-

semble his father. We cannot blame him for preferring a silver fork to one of steel; for wearing gloves when it was freezing cold; for being liberal; or even for mocking an old drunken general and a pastor who believed in ghosts; nor for the excellent taste he evinced, "of being interested in the sciences and liking to talk with those who knew something." This prosaic father who wished to bury a child of twelve years in practicalities, to whom he denied the right of admiring or loving anything outside of military life and economy, — this brutal man who railed and struck about him with little or no reason for it, had the appearance of being a cruel maniac, an abominable tyrant. But, to be just, and to give to each the exact responsibility due him in the approaching denouement, conclusions must not be so quickly drawn.

First of all, look around the father and son, study Frederick's surroundings as he grew to manhood, the influences at work, then scrutinize his actions, question his intentions, discover, as soon as it presents itself, his youthful individuality, which is not so simple as that of his father. "There are some," said the king, "who give him other sentiments besides my own." Who are these people?

We already know that, without meaning to do so, Frederick's masters inspired him with ideas and modes of thought entirely contrary to those of the king. The nature of the child lent itself freely to their influence; and in receiving it, he followed an instinct. Of his own will, he added to the permitted reading,

the forbidden reading. His mind thus accustomed itself to living in a different world from that he saw around him. There was no personage in *Telemachus* to whom Frederick William could be compared, neither was there any one in the romances of chivalry. All the drinkers, smokers, and sword-dragging men of Berlin and Potsdam were particularly coarse after the ancient sages, and adventurous, gallant, chevaliers. But Frederick had not received his education from tutors only; it now remains to place near the masters, in their quality of educators and inspirers of the Crown Prince, two persons whom he loved and who were tenderly devoted to him, the queen and the oldest princess, Wilhelmina.

THE MOTHER OF FREDERICK.

Queen Sophia Dorothea was an imposing person. She was large and strong; her form which had been "one of the handsomest in the world" had rapidly grown stout, and the arm-chairs had to be enlarged for her. She had a noble and majestic carriage. Her face was not beautiful. Her features were strongly marked, and not one of them was perfect. She knew how to be affable, agreeable, unaffected, but her whole physiognomy showed her pride in being queen and born of the House of Hanover. She had the germs of intellectual qualities: "a brilliant mind, which seemed however to possess more solidity than it did in reality," a taste for the arts and sciences to which her attention was not "too assiduously given." Her ruling passion was ambition.[89]

She would have liked to figure in every way as a great queen, first of all, to be well dressed, as at the time, when a young girl, she shone in the luxurious and elegant Court of Hanover, that prided itself upon being extremely polished. Her trousseau had been ordered from the best establishment in Paris. The Duchess of Orleans had superintended the making, and Louis XIV., who condescended to look at these pretty things, expressed the hope that there would be many princes in Germany able to enrich in this way the merchants of his capital. No doubt, the queen would have been greatly pleased to order her gowns from Paris. It would have pleased her still more to be royally lodged, with graceful *bibelots* around her, like those the elegant world of the eighteenth century loved. She had such a pretty house built in the suburbs of Berlin, on the Spree, with a gallery filled with exquisite porcelains and rooms decorated with mirrors, that it was called Monbijou; but this place was contracted, and the queen passed but a small part of her life in this *Trianon*. As she was "accustomed to the world," she would have wished to preside at a court, where ceremonials would have marked her royal dignity, at balls where hundreds of couples would have inclined before her; at the card-table, where she would have played, with much gold, the queen's game. She would have given concerts of fine music, and held a circle of *literati*, with whom she would have conversed in French,— the only language suitable for such a company.[90]

Unhappily, what the queen loved, the king detested,

and Sophia Dorothea had, as they said, a very sad lot. Her husband had a horror of the French fashions, and went so far as to make the condemned, "those that were the greatest criminals," wear the gallooned hats and the bags for the hair, so that he might give Berlin people a distaste for imitating the French Minister, who decked himself out in all this beautiful finery. He himself set the example of simplicity. After having first assumed the costume of a good citizen, he afterward wore that of a colonel, and never changed it. He took the greatest care of his clothes; as soon as he returned to his cabinet he would put on sleeves and an apron. He made the queen many a rich present, but he wished that his wife should be simply dressed, as became a German woman. He knew very well that he could not live as a private individual, and that he must do honor to the King of Prussia; so he bought vessels of gold and silver, candlesticks of silver and crystal, silver tables and arm-chairs. He was very proud of this furniture, that he ordered himself, and which cost him a good, round sum, thinking besides, no doubt, that it was not all lost, the metal was there, in case of need. But these beautiful things were only for state occasions; he liked neither palaces nor luxurious furniture. Of all his residences, those he preferred the most were his hunting lodges. For his own personal use he had chairs and arm-chairs of wood. He was not a giver of feasts; the ball that he liked the best was, I think, that of the fête of the Anniversary of Malplaquet. After the dinner, during which the hunting horns and *hautbois* were heard, and the healths

were accompanied with salvos of cannon, the queen and princesses would retire. Then the men would dance among themselves. The king would take by the hand an officer, making his choice from one of the survivors of Malplaquet, Pannewitz, for instance, who had received a fine gash on the head that warm day;[91] but the cold, ceremonious court ball he could not endure. He did not like the queen to hold a court every evening, and Sophia Dorothea was never at ease except during his absences, which were, fortunately, frequent enough. Yet, with this terrible man, she was always dreading a surprise. One evening the king arrived from a journey through Prussia, as usual, without being expected. There was a ball at Monbijou: in a rage, he left for Potsdam, without seeing his wife or children.

The visits of princes — provided that Czar Peter was not the guest, for he stayed at Monbijou, and made it "the desolation of Jerusalem" — gave Sophia Dorothea a few happy days. The latter part of May, 1728, she passed a very pleasant week, during the visit of the King of Poland to Berlin. When Augustus II. paid his respects to her, she received him at the door of her third ante-chamber. He extended his hand and together they went into her audience chamber, where the princesses were presented. "An affable, polished air, accompanied these ceremonies." As he could not remain standing, for he was worn out with his debaucheries, "the queen offered immediately to seat him, a thing to which he would not consent at first, but finally he placed himself on a stool, the queen taking another opposite him." As the princesses

remained standing, the king made "many excuses to them for his impoliteness." He said "something agreeable to each one," and when he arose, he would not suffer the queen to reconduct him. The next Sunday, there was a solemn presentation in the grand apartments of the castle. The queen advanced from one side of the gallery, with her daughters, the princesses of the blood, and her Court, while the two kings came from the other. All the ladies of the city splendidly apparelled were standing in file. By the side of the king and the three hundred persons of his suite, the nobles of Poland and Saxony clothed lavishly, magnificently, Frederick William and the Prussians made a poor show, "with their coats so short they could not even have served as a fig leaf for our first parents, and so tight that they could not move. Their hair was powdered but not curled, and twisted in the back with a ribbon." Notwithstanding all this, the ceremony of presentation was brilliant. Since the late king, there never had been "such an array at the castle." For several days the fêtes continued: there were not only innumerable parades, and reviews, but also dinners "at a round table," or at a table of an odd shape, arranged in such a manner that the guests represented letters or objects. Every evening the queen held court and they danced. During these days of pleasure the Queen of Prussia felt that she really reigned.[92]

These were times of rare good fortune; to entertain a guest who knew how to give his hand to a lady, to make excuses for being seated in her presence, and to

find something agreeable to say without any trouble. After the departure of the visitor and his suite they returned to their life of mere existence, and even had to pay for the expense of the visit. Four days before the King of Poland took leave the King of Prussia had given the order "to economize as much as possible;" he reduced the daily expenses from ninety-three thalers to seventy or seventy-two, when he was at Wusterhausen, and the queen at Berlin; to fifty-five when their Majesties were together. He interdicted shipments from Hamburg, whence came the delicacies of the table, and charged them not to fail in serving him only with "good beef, good fat chickens, and other like things." [93]

This economy was great torture to the queen. To gain the least point from her husband on this subject was a thing not to be considered. It was useless to speak to him of the liberalities and largesses of other princes, of the luxurious Court of England, for example: he was a poor king, and would say: "We others, we kings in trust, must not stretch the cover longer than it is." The queen had then to be content with eighty thousand thalers a year, from which she had to deduct the expense of clothes and linen for the family, which was a large one. She was always short of money. It often happened that she expressed her sympathy in good works, by good words, and often excused herself, as she did with Francke, "for not having her change with her." She would run into debt, and did not know how to get out of it. Thus she would speak with a sigh of envy of other happier women, to whom nothing

was lacking: "When you have a contented spirit," she said, "and everything is bright around you, your ideas are very different from those you have when you are always under oppression."[94]

It was absolutely necessary for her to bend to all the habits of her husband. She submitted to the conversations at dinner, the eternal repetition of affairs, the coarse jokes, and the spectacle of the daily drinking. Oftener than she liked she was present at the reviews: admiration for the military was, for her, obligatory. At Wusterhausen she was disturbed by the confusion of the chase. There was no stated hour for dinner; the cook had to have it ready to serve in twenty minutes after the king had given the order to put it on the table. This might be at nine, twelve or three o'clock. So as not to be surprised, the queen ordered one of her domestics to be always on the watch, and give notice of the king's movements. She knew his order as soon as he gave it. Then her heavy, corpulent body would bestir itself: she would move about quickly and dress in great haste.[95]

She suffered from her husband's angry moods; he would abuse her when there was some trouble in his state affairs, or when he imagined he had cause for jealousy, making terrible scenes, then, suddenly, would reinstate himself with effusions of tenderness in abrupt interviews. The queen would scold him, and predict that he would "begin again soon," a thing he never failed to do.

Sophia Dorothea would have liked to play her role in politics. When she presided at table, in the absence

of the king, Europe was the subject of conversation. The queen had resolved to satisfy "the pride and haughtiness of the House of Hanover" through the marriage of her children. We will see presently the history of her projects of marriage, which were the source of Sophia Dorothea's greatest sorrow. It will suffice to remark here that this pretension to be a woman of state, added to the rest, was but a new cause for conflicts with the king. Thus this honest household, which gave to the corrupted Courts of Germany and Europe such a fine example, did not agree upon anything. The queen had been all her life, or nearly so, discontented. As she had no solidity of character, no constancy, unless it was her fixed passion — ambition; and, to sum up, as she was not clever in making friends and in meriting sympathy and devotion, she was like an isolated being at the Court of Prussia; she detested it, and saw only enemies there. At an early hour she began looking toward the future, to the time when "the king would be missing," and she would enjoy the pleasure of living as she pleased, — of being queen.

While waiting, she took charge of her children, pretended that they belonged to her alone, and, young as they were, inspired them with her rare affections and her numerous antipathies.

THE ELDEST SISTER.

Wilhelmina, her eldest daughter, is made known to us through her own "*Memoirs.*" This historical document is distrusted, and not without cause. The writer has taken a flagrant delight in making erroneous state-

ments, which were very far from being all involuntary. Discontented with her lot, that of the rank of a wife of a petty prince, (she thought four different times that she was to marry a king,) but half-way happy in her domestic relations, tormented by the nostalgia of the greatness nearly possessed, philosopher in spite of herself, she took revenge in more than one way for her disappointments, through malicious means; without counting what she did in imitative literature, while attempting to govern her writing by that of Mlle. de Montpensier, she lost the power of expressing real truth. But we must not take away from the *Memoirs of the Margravine* all their historical value. Upon many points her testimony has been confirmed by others. She had a remarkable faculty of seeing persons and things, and painting what she saw. Her natural malignity added to the truth while she observed, added still more while she wrote, "so that it is prudent," says Carlyle, "to take from the whole twenty-five per cent, if you wish to have the exact statement;" but the question is here, only to interrogate Wilhelmina about herself: she reveals her personality in her "Memoirs" with more truthfulness than she imagined.[96]

She was very precocious. She could barely remember her grandfather, but she could recall amusing him with her mimicry, the good prince passing whole days in this amusement. She was vain of this infantine vivacity, that attracted the notice of everybody. She certainly possessed, as she said, a great facility for learning, and a wonderful memory. She was the pupil of La Croze and many other masters to whom she did honor. She

spoke English, Italian and the French language better than Frederick ever did, in whom, at least in his youthful writings, is observed a foreign accent. She was extremely refined, "a refined mouth," as Frederick said later. At eight years old she knew well how to take notice of things around her. The description she gave of the visit of Czar Peter to Berlin in 1718, must have been the exact account of her impressions.[27] She saw the Czar arrive, extend his hand to the king, and say: "I am very glad to see you, Frederick, my brother;" the queen repulsed this great barbarian when he wished to embrace her; the Czarina kissed the hand of the queen, and presented to her the four hundred so-called ladies of her suite, — maidservants, cooks, washerwomen, nearly every one of whom carried a child, richly dressed, upon her arm. She gave a faithful description of the Czarina — "short, thick and very swarthy," without an air nor a grace: "Her dress had been bought second-hand; and it was old-style, trimmed lavishly with silver, and it was very dirty. The front of her bodice was loaded with precious stones. She had a dozen Orders, and as many portraits of saints, and relics attached to the whole length of the edge of her coat, in such a way that when she walked one would imagine that one heard a mule. . ." This style of expression, and this way of telling it, Wilhelmina found later, when she became a writer, but the little girl had certainly seen the old clothes, the dirt, the Orders, and recognized also the jingling bells of a mule.

She was extremely coquettish, always wishing to please, on all occasions seeking to make conquests. She

won at once the Czar's admiration. She had learned the lesson well that had been taught her, to speak of his fleet and his victories in such a tone that the great man said to the Czarina that he would willingly give up one of his provinces for a child like that. She amused him very much by struggling against his rude kisses: "You will dishonor me!" she cried.

Wilhelmina was not to be trusted. She charmed her grandfather, George I., and his English suite, by her fine manners and by speaking their language to them. She astonished the Polish guests, whose names she studied to pronounce smoothly. She made an impression upon Pastor Francke, and asked this worthy man to send her as a souvenir some pious books. But in her "*Memoirs*" she made fun of all her visitors, even her grandfather, King George, and she called the pastor "that dog of a Francke!"

She excelled in mimicry and contortion, and practiced to perfection the art of fainting. She would fall back in her chair, saying, "I am dying," and counterfeit death so well for an hour that they would send for a physician. She took good care to recover her senses before his arrival, and get to bed, where she had hidden beforehand some pieces of heated turpentine: "her burning red hands," she said, "made every one believe that she had a high fever and hot flushes." She had so much control over herself that even at table, when there was a question of her marriage and of her personal interests, at the time of the most vehement quarrels of the family, she appeared as tranquil as if they were talking of the Grand Turk.[98]

In spite of herself, however, she allowed her pride of birth to be seen, and she was very haughty, with her philosophical airs. We must acknowledge that Wilhelmina painted by herself is a little personage who has some grave defects, as well as small ones.

MOTHER, DAUGHTER, AND SON.

Let us now return to Frederick. Up to the age of seven he lived with his mother and sister. His big sister made him study with her, and together they played and chatted. Even after Fritz had been placed under the authority of tutors, he saw the queen and Wilhelmina oftener than the king. The queen boasted of the education of her son as though it were her personal work. She loved him dearly: Fritz is perhaps the only being that she ever loved. She suffered from the bad treatment which the child received; she tried to defend him, and put herself between him and the king. As to the reciprocal affection of brother and sister, during the years of their youth it was warm and sincere. "Never," said Wilhelmina, "did tenderness equal ours."

The mother and sister influenced Frederick in not loving his father. A child like Fritz read his mother's sentiments in her face, whether she spoke or not. And the queen talked a great deal; oftener, to make complaints. It was not only Wilhelmina, but also the Foreign Ministers, who attested that her conversation was a continual lamentation. Is it true that she made a chief confidante of her daughter; that she imagined, in her "mortal agony," that she could find "consolation" in

this child; that she first tried her discretion so as to finally confide her sorrows to her; that she named over all her enemies to this daughter, and they comprised "three-fourths of Berlin;" that she initiated her in all the cabals of the court; that she accustomed her to hatred and dissimulation; that she gave her matter to contemplate "through much reflection and sad things;" and that in the end she placed herself in such a light that this young girl wondered if she were not deceiving her, and if she were really her mother? For my part, I believe that if there are such grave exaggerations in these pages of the *Memoirs* against the queen, there is some truth at the bottom of it.

At any rate, the children saw clearly that, on all subjects, their mother "thought otherwise" than the king. They perceived that when the master was absent the mistress gave another tone to the house. They had, through the queen, a totally different idea of life from the one that they led; where they would have been better clothed and lodged, where they could have eaten more delicate nourishment with silver forks, and would have been treated as king's children. The haughtiness already visible in Wilhelmina, and which we soon discover in Fritz, is "the pride of the House of Hanover," that was inherited from their mother.

It was evident that the queen obliged her children, in choosing between father and mother, to take her. Wilhelmina relates a curious scene. She had just passed through a series of illnesses, dysentery, jaundice and purple fever, and came near losing her life; the king and queen had even given her, through much

shedding of tears, their benediction. The king, happy at her convalescence, gave her permission to ask a favor; she begged to put aside her child's dress: the wish was instantly granted, and a few days afterward, madame, the little royal princess, tried on her first gown with a train. "I posed before my mirror, and I did not think I looked indifferent in my new garment. I studied all my gestures and carriage, so as to have the air of a grand personage. In a word, I was well content with my little form. I descended triumphantly to the queen's apartments. Alas! As soon as the queen perceived me from afar, she cried: 'Ah! *Mon Dieu*, how she is gotten up! Really, this is a pretty figure! She is as much like a midget as two drops of water'!" Wilhelmina's vanity was greatly offended by this, but the queen soon instructed her in the moral of this little incident: "she told me that she had given me the order to attach myself only to her, and that, if ever I addressed myself to the king again for anything whatsoever, she promised to pour out her wrath upon me."[99] The scene is certainly true. Perhaps it would be best to deduct from the proposed proceedings of the queen twenty-five per cent, but we shall presently see Sophia Dorothea conducting herself as though these children belonged solely to her.

Let us bring before us now, in this court, the intimacy of the brother and sister. As we have said, their faces were alike; their inclinations also. They had the same tastes and the same repugnances. They were pretty, delicate, and malicious. Wilhelmina acted the big sister, the important one; she gave advice, for ex-

ample, in the suggestion of the forbidden readings. They sought each other as often as possible, so as to talk incessantly. Of what did they converse, if not of the king, the queen, of what they saw and heard? The little brother was the tale-bearer, and the big sister had no secrets from him. The *Memoirs* of Wilhelmina give us the subjects of their conversations; they were not good. First came the improper stories about the domestics; of the brutal Eversmann, the Chamberlain-janitor of the Castle of Berlin, and the chamber-maids, that made it their business to spy. Then came the wicked doings of Letti; this demoiselle of the princess' suite, a spy also, who beat her young mistress and "regaled herself every evening," and prevented Wilhelmina from sleeping "by snoring like a trooper," and who received respect from the whole court, through her scheming nature; from the queen's ladies-in-waiting, Sonsfeld, whom she called a silly fool, Kamken, whom she called a big cow, to the queen herself, whom she mentioned, in speaking of her to her daughter, as a great simpleton. A fine lady-companion, that the janitor, whom she had abused for neglecting his sweeping, denounced as receiving men!

The brother and sister attacked the highest circles, the favorites of the king, particularly Prince Anhalt and Grumbkow, whom the queen considered her great enemies. "Anhalt," said the Margravine, in her *Memoirs*, "has an unbounded ambition which would make him commit any crime to attain his object. Grumbkow's fine bearing hides a knavish, selfish, treacherous heart. His whole character is nothing but a tissue of vices. . .

He gave a proof of his valor at Malplaquet, where he remained in a ditch during the whole action. He distinguished himself at Stralsund, and put his leg out of place at the beginning of the campaign, and this prevented his going to the trench . . . but, with these exceptions, he was a brave general."[100] Certainly the two children had told each other these stories, untrue ones, too they were, of Malplaquet and Stralsund. They heard it said, also, that Anhalt and Grumbkow induced their father to have his drinking parties.

Wilhelmina goes so far as to say that they tried to kill her father and brother. The crime was to have been perpetrated in a wooden barrack, where a comedy was to be played. The queen, warned of the plot, did not reveal it to the king, for, in this strange family, they made mysteries of things that were the most important to disclose. She only arranged to prevent her husband and son from going to the comedy. She distributed the roles: Wilhelmina was to amuse the king, to make him forget the hour; if he remembered it, Fritz was to cry, to scream. The scene was well acted. The king forgot the hour, but as soon as he remembered it, he arose and took his son's hand. Fritz struggled and uttered terrible cries. The king wanted to take him by force. Wilhelmina threw herself at his feet, and, clasping them, watered them with her tears. Explanations had to be made to the astonished and furious king. The contemplated crime was a myth; but the queen believed in it, and so did Wilhelmina when she wrote her *Memoirs*.[101] It was thus that she and Fritz were persuaded that Anhalt and Grumbkow,

the two frequenters of the palace and most intimate companions of the king, were his would-be assassins.

These two youthful minds began to take in knowledge — at too early an age! — to see nothing in life but the ugly side. They practiced defiance and scorn. Their mutual love was strengthened by the hatred with which others inspired them. Everybody remarked their intimacy; they formed a league apart. Francke saw it: "by the side of his little brothers and sisters, who have sincere, innocent, open faces, the Crown Prince is silent, exhibiting a melancholy temperament; so also is his eldest sister."[102] At table they looked at each other, without speaking a word, no doubt saying in this exchange of glances: "What a world! One day we will change all this." And the father felt the disapproval of his son, the resistance of the silent lip and the evasive eye.

Already the division of responsibility in the coming drama announces itself. The king's part is large, for there is no excuse for his brutality, and it is one of the causes of the unhappiness in the family, but only one of the causes. We will perceive others with which we will become more familiar, when we know the extraordinary history of the projects of marriage for Frederick and Wilhelmina.

THE PROJECTS OF MARRIAGE FOR FREDERICK AND WILHELMINA.[103]

For a long time the families of Hanover, England and Prussia were pledged to perpetuate their small genealogy by new alliances. It was therefore agreed that

Wilhelmina should marry her cousin-german, the Duke of Gloucester, son of the Prince of Wales and grandson of King George I., and that Frederick should marry the Princess Amelia, sister of the Duke of Gloucester. The two mothers, the Queen of Prussia and the Princess of Wales, considered these marriage schemes in their correspondence; the children even exchanged letters and little presents. It was one of the articles of Sophia Dorothea's creed that her daughter should be a queen; she educated her "to wear a crown," as she often said. She consoled herself for the narrowness of her life by thinking that she would one day be the mother of the Queen of Great Britain and of the King of Prussia, and then she would figure in the world.

In 1725, when the King of Prussia entered into an alliance with Hanover, the moment seemed propitious to consecrate by a formal engagement the official promises that they had exchanged. The King of Prussia, on departing from Herrenhausen, where he had met his father-in-law, King George, left the queen there to take charge of the negotiations for the double nuptials. This family affair seemed very easy to regulate, but King George, for various reasons, of which the best was that he could not conclude so important an act without a Parliamentary consultation, contented himself with affectionate assurances and verbal promises; he refused the written ones demanded by the King of Prussia. This first delay, at the beginning of the official overtures, was foreboding. The year after, Frederick William changed politics, and united himself to the Emperor by a treaty. The marriage proposals were

not abandoned on account of this, but the political disagreement rendered the completion of it more difficult. George I. dying in 1727, the difficulties increased, by reason of the sentiments that the new king, George II. and his brother-in-law of Prussia professed for each other. At the end of the year the affair was considered annulled.

Nothing more simple than this affair, but it soon became very complicated through political interests and unprecedented intrigues. An alliance of a family like this one could not fail to be an event in European politics. It made Prussia enter one of the two systems which divided the continent; it placed her on the side of France and England against the Emperor. The Emperor tried to prevent it; the royal family and the Court of Prussia became, in this way, one of diplomacy's fields of battle.

The Emperor was represented near the king by an agent of great ability, whose name we have already met more than once, General Count Seckendorff. Frederick William held him in high esteem and warm friendship, during the Netherland campaigns, in 1709, and those in Pomerania, in 1715. He was glad of the visits that the Count often made him, and happy to see him established at the Court of Prussia, an event which took place in 1726. Seckendorff was not charged with the official representation of the Court of Vienna at Berlin. It was under the title of friend of the King of Prussia, who considered him as one of his officers, and desired to have him always in his company. Seckendorff lent himself with good grace to all the king's wishes, and bent

himself to all his customs. He was the principal furnisher of big men to His Majesty. He ate and drank with him to such an extent that at times he was obliged to retire from the court in order to take medicine. He was an assiduous member of the *collège du tabac* ("tobacco college"). Being a great conversationalist, he could reply to the king on all subjects that pleased him: upon war, for he was a good soldier, "as brave as his sword;" upon religion, for, although in the service of Austria, he was a devout Protestant. He knew his Bible, and was capable of holding a discussion upon matters theological and casuistic with a *savant* like Professor Francke. He had, besides, the air of a perfect man, "the appearance and the idle talk of a farmer; which latter accomplishment would have been despised, without the Blue Cordon of Poland and the uniform coat of the big Grenadiers." But the good farmer was a very crafty personage. He studied his King of Prussia, and knew him as well as anyone.[104] He learned the art of letting the storms, so frequent at this court, pass away, without disturbing himself about the thunder, of calming the distrust, always on the alert, of the sovereign, and amusing an impatience which wished to be served "in twenty-four hours." He would remain with the king, when he was engaged in some negotiation, from ten o'clock in the morning until midnight "so as not to lose an opportunity to insinuate something useful." He surrounded him with intrigues and treacheries. Nearly every one at the Court of Prussia was for sale, or had already been sold. He informed himself of the price, arranged a rate of prices for these

consciences, and gave his government notice of the highest sums paid by England and France, so that the Emperor, in offering more, could become the last and best bidder.[105]

Seckendorff made General Count Grumbkow his principal ally. Grumbkow was with the king continually, as he had "charge of all the details of war." He made himself indispensable to his master by his rare qualities. He was well up in matters of all kinds, military, diplomatic, economic, always ready to make concessions, and inexhaustible in expediency. He excelled in negotiating, because he had "an affable disposition, politeness, a knowledge of the ways of the world, and much wit, and spoke pertinently on every subject," with an open, gay, distinguished physiognomy. He had entire possession of his "Jupiter," as he called the king, despising at heart the grossness of his person, sometimes having nausea from it, but submitting gracefully; very clever at calming "Jupiter," or making him boil over with anger. Taking all into consideration, he was one of the most dishonest men that had ever been in a European cabinet, "without principle, without faith," sold to the Court of Vienna, while waiting for France to buy him, making them pay a big price, at the same time clever enough to merit his annual pension and valuable presents for services rendered. He gave Seckendorff the *secretissima* of family and State, gave him notice of all their proceedings, at the opportune moment, and, as Seckendorff said, he had a way of presenting things to His Majesty so as "to render them savory to him — *um ihm die Sache schmeckhaft zu machen.*"[106]

To have Grumbkow, that was much, for he was the "king's favorite," and possessed Frederick William's confidence, but Seckendorff would have liked to assure himself of all those who were continually in the master's presence. He dared not offer ducats to the military, who were incorruptible; but, as the officers of His Majesty's regiment were badly paid, and loved to drink, Seckendorff, when he was at Potsdam, invited them to dine with him once a week. These gentlemen emptied forty or fifty bottles of wine, each one of which cost one florin forty kreutzers, and "this seemed good to them." For the generals and colonels, he begged his court to procure giants for him so that he could make a present of them to Frederick William; for it was a claim to the king's favor, for the chief of a regiment to present him with tall recruits at the inspection reviews. Besides, no one was neglected by the king. In the smoking apartment, the professor and court fool, Gundling, discoursed upon public law, and, each time he treated, "of an imperial matter," and flattered the king's propensity, in contesting or lowering the imperial rights; "he insinuated false principles in his master." Quickly, "a chain of gold of some hundred florins, to which a medal was attached," was presented to this Gundling; the doorkeeper, Eversmann, another confidant of the king, who, unfortunately, said Wilhelmina "had none but dishonest ones," became a pensioner of His Imperial Majesty.

By these means, the honest farmer had a good hold on the King of Prussia. He must never be allowed to escape from our hands, — *aus den Händen gehen lassen*. In

truth, he did not relax his hold an instant. He watched his every movement, noted his every speech, redoubled attention in proportion as the wine loosened the king's tongue,—*da mehr Wein kam dazu*, and the next day this companion-in-arms, this co-religionist, this sincere friend of Frederick William, would send his report to the Emperor and Prince Eugene, that is, if so much drinking did not give him too bad a headache: "As His Majesty," he wrote one day to Prince Eugene, "has supped with me, and we have been very gay up to midnight, and have all drunk to some excess,—*ein wenig excessive*,—I am not in a fit condition to write at length to-day."

A short time after his installation in Prussia, Seckendorff, among other questions, addressed the following to the Vienna Cabinet: "Can you expend something to prevent the projected marriage of a Prussian princess and the Duke of Gloucester, and how much?—*Wie viel angewendet werden darf?* Supposing that another marriage could be arranged for the Royal Princess of Prussia, would you promise a considerable recompense?—*einen ansehnlichen Recompens* to the one who could manage this affair well?"[107] This is rightly called, putting the question. Now, the Court of Vienna wished, at any price, as we have said before, to sever this alliance. Seckendorff went immediately to work. The Courts of England and France, although they had their pensioners in Prussia, did not use as powerful means of action as Austria, nor put forward as much zeal in carrying out the projected plans of marriage as the Court of Vienna in thwarting them; the Austrian then had the best of his adversaries.

THE KING AND THE PROJECTS OF MARRIAGE.

Now let us follow, in the labyrinth of these intrigues, the king, the queen, and their children. The king ardently desired the marriages. Those of his ministers who were devoted to France said again and again that "the only way to gain this alliance was to induce the King of England to agree to the double marriage." As soon as Frederick William learned that France had interested herself in it at London, he returned thanks, and "tears came to his eyes." One day the Envoy of France, while walking with him in the garden of Wusterhausen, spoke of the possibility of obtaining from King George a written promise. The king was in a furious rage with England; his abusive epithets were inexhaustible, and he pressed his companion's arm when he wished to interrupt him. At the words, however, "written promise," he suddenly became calm, and stopped: "Repeat," said he, "repeat," and, in order to understand it better, he raised his wig. At the accession of his brother-in-law, George II., he sent a negotiator to London, and asked France to work toward "re-arranging these marriages." Only, he did the opposite from what he should do, to attain the desired object. He left the Hanover alliance to go over to the Emperor's side. He committed strange eccentricities, which gave England cause to complain of his "queer conduct." He did not fail to put all the wrong on others. When he received from England, in November, 1727, the response that he should have foreseen; that you must not "begin a romance at the end," and that, before speaking of marriage, other affairs must be regulated, he called his brother-in-law

publicly "a small genius of the poorest kind." He invited the English resident to dine, and had read, at table, a mocking account of the Coronation of the Queen of England. The resident pretended that he did not understand German: the king translated it into French, and handed him the paper: "Here," he said, "behold your Queen of England, whom Polichinelle leads by the hand in the marionettes, and makes her drink whisky. What do you say to that?"[108]

His conduct was, as usual, complicated by very simple influences. He felt sure that these alliances were for the Royal Family of Prussia — royal so short a time — honorable, and even glorious. England was so great since she had vanquished Louis XIV! Of all the powers that had fought "the good fight" of reform, it was the most important; and then it was so rich! A prince of Wales, a Royal Princess of England, these were very desirable parties for a son and daughter of "a guardian king;" but this guardian was proud. He had a high idea of his House, and faith in the future that he prepared for it. He thought that even if the throne of England was the most illustrious in the world, the Hanoverians were not worth any more than he. This brother-in-law, George II., whose "haughtiness he could not digest," he had known, (as has been stated,) at the time when this great seignior was but the grandson of a Duke of Hanover, recently promoted to the Electorate. His Wilhelmina was also a desirable parti: "The woman was well worth the man." So, for these reasons, he did not wish to hasten. He knew that the French Minister was working for these marriages, but he was never

the first to broach the subject to him. He had "a kind of timidity . . . a shame, and a repugnance toward making the advances."[109]

He had still other reasons for being circumspect; notwithstanding that he and the King of England declared turn by turn that the marriages must be simply treated as family matters, both knew well enough that politics could not be excluded from the question. And so we find Frederick William a prey to the troubles that torment him as soon as the subject of an engagement is considered. It was useless for Grumbkow and Seckendorff to represent to him, while he was vainly waiting for the declaration of the King of England, that this monarch deceived, mocked, only endeavored to "dishonor" and separate him from the Emperor, in order to finally "ruin him out and out." And then again, Frederick William was not a man to sacrifice any of the interests of his House in order to marry his daughter. On the contrary, he wished to gain something. He employed his customary reasoning: "What will you offer me?" He wished to have the succession of Berg guaranteed; when the Emperor promised him that, he acted haughtily toward the other party. "He was punishing the King of England for his tardiness," said he to the French Minister; he would force him to ask his daughter's hand with urgent entreaties and without condition: "Her wedding dowry would be too much, since it would make me lose Berg," he said. At last this singular father, with a daughter to marry, gives expression to his real thought: "I will give her but a few precious stones, some vessels and some silver." To be

brief, he placed Wilhelmina at auction, and pretended, after having been assured of the finest advantages, to establish her without *dot*, or something very much to that effect. He acts like a cunning peasant, who seeks a fine city gentleman for his daughter, but is afraid of being obliged to pay for his satisfaction in bags of crown-pieces.

The ill success of his petty scheme threw him into a state of despair. He had the air of a person who did not hold these marriages of much account. If the King of England is so hard to please, we "will find another husband" for Wilhelmina: "All things considered, I am indifferent as to whether or not she will be called queen. This title will add nothing to the lustre and power of my House." Then, as one must always look for the most unexpected actions in him, he confided to the Minister of France the means he will employ "to preserve the chastity of the princess." The minister dared not repeat his words in an official letter: he sent them in a note. In my turn, I dare not repeat them.[110]

This indifference of the King of Prussia was entirely an affectation. He suffered from England's scorn. Tears would come to his eyes when he saw his daughter. "After this she will be considered no better than a prostitute,"[111] he said.

This affair henceforth is the base of all the king's bad humor. Naturally, he placed all the burden of it upon his family. He flew into a rage at the queen, whom he inflicted with the humiliation of a public broil of two weeks' duration. He refused to receive her, or even

to read the letters she sent from Berlin to Potsdam, where he was staying. When he returned to Berlin he did not wish to see her, dined without the queen, and this "coldness did not cease until the last few moments of his stay there." These quarters of an hour reconciliations led only to truces. The misunderstandings recommenced, during which he would barricade the doors of his apartments. Scenes would occur, when he would menace the queen with having her banished to Spandau, and propose husbands for her daughter, that to name alone, would throw her into violent spells of anger. He divided equally his reproaches among his two eldest children and his wife: "When thou and thy English family come to need my doctor," said he to the queen one day, as she was trying to prevent him from sending his physician to the sick Czarina, "I will not lend him to thee."[112] He never raised his hand against her, but he began to mistreat his son in other ways than words. The resentment of his mortifications, added to to the cause of discontent that Frederick gave him, explains these spells of rage that seized the King of Prussia.

THE PARTY OF THE CROWN PRINCE.

I do not wish the reader to think that I have the intention of excusing Frederick William's conduct. I am trying only to find the exact state of his mind at the time he began to practice his brutalities. In these same troubled waters, we must now follow the queen and her two elder children. All three were ardently engaged in the projects of marriage. They assuredly

had the right to desire them, and defend themselves against the Court of Vienna, against Grumbkow and Seckendorff, and of hating and displeasing these personages, whom Wilhelmina accused of having been "both at the same game in their youth," whence they made their fortune. The two allies incessantly besieged the king, and circumvented him; one can understand, then, the reason of the queen's placing herself with the opposite faction, and showering her favors upon Du Bourgay, the English Minister, and Rottenburg, the French Minister, but it was dangerous ground; the affair being political, care had to be taken not to usurp the rights of Royal Majesty and glide into treason.

Now the queen, at the same time that she begged, supplicated and intrigued at London, placed herself on a basis of intimacy with Rottenburg. Not only did she relate to him a part of her trials, and saw in the kindness of the King of France alone a resource for her safety, but she consulted him as to her conduct toward Grumbkow; she kept him posted about everything that happened. She arranged with him to prevent an Imperialist from entering into the Ministry, and suggested means for carrying on "a secret correspondence." The queen showed him the letters that she was sending to England, and gave them to him to deliver, "as a means of security." When he was leaving the court, she charged him with a mission for the King of England, who was at Hanover. To be brief, she made use of a foreign political agent, to practice a policy contrary to that of her husband.[113]

Sophia Dorothea did not stop there. She accustomed

herself to the idea that the king would not live a long time, and made it her duty to think of the future. She treated with Rottenburg upon this delicate subject. One day she explained to him "the measures that seemed good for her to take, should the king die a lunatic." The French Minister responded that this was a "useless and dangerous conversation," and that an indiscretion would expose Her Majesty to most severe treatment, but, at the same time, he gave his advice: "The most reasonable conduct, for the present, is to inspire the Crown Prince with good sentiments, and have him show to everyone as much kindness, as his father does harshness, and, above all, to dissimulate with friends of the Imperial party, for fear that they may suggest to the king, with some appearance of reason, that there is a party forming against him for the Crown Prince."[114]

The word was pronounced; the party of the Crown Prince. Rottenburg knew then that the Crown Prince was ready to enter into his views, and even to anticipate them. Frederick actually sought Rottenburg. A month before this interview with the queen, this minister wrote as follows to his court: "The Crown Prince overwhelms me with attentions, and, without any advances on my side, he told me, some days ago, that he knew how well I had taken the part of his grandfather, and *that he wished me to render an exact account of all the king, his father, said.*" This first overture, so to the point, appears to have surprised the diplomat. He knew well that General Fink, who was a relative, gave serviceable "insinuations" to the

prince, but he held himself aloof: "I took care not to divulge my opinions in any way," said he, "notwithstanding this young prince's premature and dissimulating ways."[115] Let us note, in passing, that this youthful politician was but fourteen years old.

Frederick did not allow himself to be rebuffed. He insisted; every day he asked Rottenburg "if he had no consoling news to give him for the queen." Just at this time the prince was solicited by the Imperialists, but he was not won over by them, and kept Rottenburg informed of all the propositions made to him from that side. Then the minister commenced to take part in the game. He also thought that the King of Prussia had not long to live. So he decided to respond to the advances of the prince, to assure himself of all the persons surrounding him, and to commence to form a party. "The king," said he, "is universally hated by all classes in his kingdom. In order to *disarm the father, it will be necessary to form a party for the Crown Prince*, and to attach to his side a number of officers. . . I believe that this scheme would succeed. At any rate, this would be rearing the young prince in views favorable to France." Frederick became more and more marked in his attentions; he would take him by the hand, and beg him to continue his care for the good cause; he was not then in a condition to show his gratitude, but it was profoundly engraven upon his heart. What gave the most confidence to Rottenburg was, "that the prince bitterly hated the king, his father."[116]

Thus a kind of counter plot was organized. The con-

spirators were very prudent. Frederick having offered his portrait to Rottenburg, the latter suggested to him "the strictest reserve." "I pretend never to speak to the prince," said the minister, "but I have several sure, faithful ways of making known to him what I desire and of receiving his messages." He put Frederick "in close intercourse" with Cnyphausen, one of the ministers pensioned by France. He soon believed himself sure of the Crown Prince, "not only for the hope of the future, but even to make use of him now, in order to flatter our friends and intimidate our enemies." In fact, Frederick compromised himself more and more. This led to great imprudence, and here is the gravest one, testified by Rottenburg: "I had a very interesting conversation with the Crown Prince. The next day he wrote me a letter. I believed it my duty not to answer it, and I exhorted him to have patience. As all this is a question upon which one may not treat to-day, I will defer it for a verbal account." [117]

Unfortunately, we know nothing of this verbal account. The departure of Rottenburg, who had obtained permission to withdraw from the court, and was soon to be sent into Spain, interrupted these revelations; but the matter is not lacking in conjecture. At this time, Rottenburg prophesied an approaching revolution, and announced that everything "was preparing for it." He repeated this prediction in nearly every one of his letters, and wrote forcibly of the discontentment of all classes, the military, the civilians, and the clergy. As for the "clergy, they murmur more than any of them." There was no longer a question of the king's death; it was of

an act of violence. What act? A revolution, properly speaking, coming from the street or the army, as it happened in our century, was not probable. I dare not go into the extent of my thought, but it seems to me, that Rottenburg had the idea that in this strange court, against this prince who governed Russian fashion, a revolution would find its complicity in high places. He believed and said that anything might happen. "The mind of man can hardly divine how all this will end." He undoubtedly foresaw, at least, a confinement of the king, after being declared insane. However, it is permissible to suppose, that between this foreign minister and this prince, "who so bitterly hated his father," there were strange understandings in these interviews which could not be confided to paper.

But let us suppose nothing: we have proofs which are sufficient. The young prince was truly "premature." Rottenburg could not help admiring how perfectly he played his role. To the Imperialists who tried to draw him over to their side, and who promised to procure "concessions" from his father, he answered, like a model son, "that he hoped, in observing good conduct, that the king would have some consideration for him, and that if he failed in his duties, he was not worthy of interest from any one." Even with his friends, who knew well the state of affairs, he used veiled expressions. He spoke, not of his party, but "the party of his grandfather," King George. If he thanked Rottenburg, it was for the care that he took "for the preservation of the estates of the king, my father." He found this a pleasing tone, this diplomatic lying, as it

is called, knowing well that he deceived no one. How far, then, did his secret thoughts go? Was he already desiring the death of his father? At all events, he entertained, inwardly, the idea of this death. He did not see in what form the future would present itself, but he discounted and burdened it with the hypothesis of this gratitude, "that he regretted not being able to show then." The impatience that Rottenburg calmed by his exhortations was that of wishing to reign.[118]

Already Frederick was turning a smiling face (the king will reproach him soon for it) to all those his father mistreated. This unselfishness, this liberality, this charity that Seckendorff attributed[119] to him, the future showed was not in his nature. When he distributed to the poor of Strassfurt the city's present, cautioning his tutors not to breathe a word of it to the king; when he promised to return, on his accession, to the poor of Magdeburg the money that the king forced him to accept; all this generosity was very suspicious. "The prince," said Rottenburg, "must show as much kindness as the king, his father, harshness." Frederick followed this advice: he worked to form "the party of the Crown Prince." Like his mother, he was engaged in foreign intercourse. He was not yet writing letters to London or to Versailles, but he commended himself to the good auspices of France. At Versailles they regarded him as a child of the House, and wished to contribute to his education: "The main point," wrote they to Rottenburg, "is to instruct this young prince in the true principle that whatever part princes take, it is only firmness in their engagements that can give them consid-

eration and procure them strong advantages." Admirable counsel, and well placed! The King of France himself was interested. He wrote to Rottenburg: "What you have remarked in the Crown Prince seems to give great hope for his right spirit and discernment. Profit by the relations you have with those who surround him, present to him my acquiescence in his sentiments and the assurances of my interest in his welfare." [120]

Frederick William could not ignore all these intrigues; the queen was a bad conspirator, and even the prince did not know how to hide his schemes. The adverse coterie, besides, watched the queen's maneuvers.[121] One day she appealed to the king, and informed him of the existence of anonymous letters. Grumbkow held three, in which it was stated in plain terms "that the queen was untrue to her husband, and that there was talk of doing away with him, shutting him up, and placing the Crown Prince on the throne." The king showed these letters to the queen, and she had some difficulty in clearing herself. He sent them immediately to his cabinet, and the affair went no farther; but he conceived, it was said, "a great fear of these letters, particularly of those that referred to the Crown Prince." He had the barbarous idea of making his son drunk, so as to find out if they talked state affairs to him; the prince held his own well, said only what was desired, and did not compromise anyone. If Frederick William did not know all that was going on, he still had his suspicions, but let us admit that he suspected nothing: the conclusion from the history of these weak conspiracies is that the Crown Prince, not to offend

his future greatness,— roundly deserved a box on the ears now and then.

FAREWELL TO THE PRECEPTOR — FORBIDDEN PLEASURES.

In the year 1727, when the conflict between father and son had become bitter, the Crown Prince was entering a new period of his existence. In April of that year he had received confirmation; his studies, as a pupil, had been officially ended, and the tutor had retired.

"My dear Duhan,"[122] wrote Frederick, "I promise that when I have my own money at hand, I will give you annually twenty-four hundred crowns, and that I will love you more than ever, if that be possible."

One would wish this note to be not only of another orthography, but that the crowns should figure at the end as a delicate allusion. But Duhan was a small personage, "a worthy man," as Wilhelmina said, and Frederick did not trouble himself to be careful about the style. He, however, always retained for his master a sincere affection and gratitude.

The king permitted the other two preceptors to remain near the prince, and replaced Duhan by Major Senning, who was charged with the prince's military education. He must have taken pleasure in dismissing Duhan, and have rejoiced in the arrival of the hour for Frederick's practical education, if he had not already reached that point, where no joy could come from a child that he held in such aversion. The king never tried to lead his son back by gentleness and persuasion, through calm, open-hearted explanations. He watched him secretly, had his actions spied by domes-

ties, and even by friends. In December, 1727, he called Lieutenant Borcke and three other officers before him to say, in presence of the prince, that "he was at a perilous age, and subject to bad inclinations;" he had chosen these four men to guard over his conduct, "and he rendered them responsible, with their heads, for the least excess or irregularity from which they did not turn the prince" or give notice of it to the king.[123] One of them must always accompany Frederick. It is impossible to imagine a more awkward or humiliating proceeding.

Through this excess of surveillance, the king incited his son to hide from him all that he could of his life. The prince covered up his good as well as bad actions. He began by collecting secretly a library of more than three thousand volumes. The catalogue comprised the great English and French periodicals (fifty-two volumes of the *Journal des Savants*); an English Encyclopedia: bibliographies; manuals; ana; dictionaries and grammars of the French, Italian and Spanish languages; a dictionary of French rhymes; treatises on poetry, style and conversation; the great writers of antiquity in their Italian and English translations, but particularly in the French; the great French writers, from the time of Rabelais; all that had been published of Voltaire's works, the great Italian writers; all the universal histories of any value, abridged Greek histories, many books on Roman history, history of all the countries of Europe, particularly that of France; only a few books, French or translated into French, on the history of Germany, and a single little abridged history

in French, of Brandenburg; a great quantity of Memoirs in French; maps historical, geographical, ethnographical; stories of travels, most of them in France; books upon the fine arts and music, majority French; books of political literature, Machiavelli, *The Utopia* of Sir Thomas More, *The Republic* of Bodin, *The Eternal Peace* of the Abbé of Saint-Pierre; books on military literature; histories on religion and on Christian Churches, political and apologetic books, all the writings of Madame Guyon; histories of philosophy and treatises on the morals of pagans and Christians; the works of Descartes, Bayle, and Locke.[124]

As precocious as Frederick was, he would not have been able, at the age of fifteen, to plan such a library. He was advised by Duhan, who made the purchases, and in this way aided him to follow his intellectual education. The prince made, in his own handwriting, the first catalogue of his library, in 1727. He copied titles of books that treated of all classes of human knowledge. He was prepared to comprehend everything; before his youthful mind was displayed a horizon so vast that Germany occupied a very small place there, and Brandenburg was hardly visible. These works upon mathematics and physics, Descartes, Bayle, Locke, Voltaire, a dictionary of French rhymes, were in truth Frederick the Great's library. He had hidden this treasure in a rented house near the castle; the books were enclosed in closets, and Duhan kept the keys. Undoubtedly, he would hurry there every quarter of an hour he could steal from his duties and burdens which filled up his days. He must have read here and there,

haphazard, (through bribery,) in great haste, with a restless greediness. If he had been surprised by his father, what a scene! The king detested books to such an extent that he suppressed the fund for the Royal Library, and gave to a general an income of one thousand thalers out of the fund to be expended in the purchase of books, which was exactly one thousand thalers.

In this way was perpetuated the resistance of a young mind thirsting for intellectual pleasure, from the tyranny of Frederick William; but the prince was going to give his father sorrow of another kind. In the beginning of the year 1728 the king prepared to depart for Dresden, where his visit was expected. At first, he decided that his son should not follow him. Frederick, who had such a great desire to see other countries, other customs, and, no doubt, also to figure as a prince in a foreign place, was so chagrined on learning that he was not to be of the party that his sister, Wilhelmina, feared he would fall sick. She had, as we know, a mind full of resources. She schemed so as to make Suhm, the Minister of Saxony, ask King Augustus to urgently request a visit from the prince. The King of Poland insisted to such a point that the King of Prussia called his son to Dresden. He wished even that the young man should make his appearance well-dressed, and ordered him to have made "a coat with gold trimmings, and six uniforms for his suite."[125] Now we behold both of them at the most brilliant court in Germany; this was a new occasion for the exchange of their antipathies. Fritz found himself perfectly at ease in this grand atmosphere and this magnificence, which contrasted so

strongly with the sorry mien of the Court of Berlin. He was treated as a Crown Prince; another comparison.

He knew how to please, to charm, "to make himself beloved by these people of Saxony. . . His tastes seemed to blend more readily with their manner of living than those of the king, his father." Frederick William did what he could to be agreeable, but he had some mishaps, among others he burst his trousers at a ball, where "the vivacity of the dance made him lose the power of reflection." As he had brought with him only one pair of trousers of ceremony, he had to send for another, by special courier to Berlin. He saw that his son presented a better appearance to the world than he did. He refused him occasions to come forward, and forced him, for example, to decline an invitation to dine with the French Minister. But he could not shut him up entirely. Frederick went to dine with the Minister of State, Manteufel, who had a fine, cultivated mind. He philosophized there at his ease; two days after, writing to his sister, he signed his name: *Frederick the Philosopher*. Music was highly honored at the Dresden Court; the prince heard an opera there, for the first time, and, no doubt, with great delight. To be brief, the prince enjoyed everything so much that the king took revenge by mortifying him.[126]

Necessarily, on returning to Berlin, the prince became more melancholy than ever. He could be seen growing thinner and thinner; he fell sick of a kind of slow fever, and was threatened with consumption or some pulmonary trouble, said the physician,—love-sick, wrote Wilhelmina, for "he had acquired a

taste for debauchery at Dresden, and the restraint in which he was kept prevented his excesses in this direction." The king believed him in danger, and "the voice of nature" made itself heard, and he grieved about him. "When children are in good health," he wrote to Prince Anhalt, "one does not know that one loves them." He listened with patience to the queen, who reproached him with the illness of his son, and declared to him "that she could bear very well the sorrows that would fall upon her alone, but that for her son, she would not permit them to abuse his strength in his condition." He even had remorse for past vigorous measures, which he tried to make the prince forget by kind attention. This was one of the rare short moments, when the father was himself.

One regrets to think that, even in those days of reconciliation, everybody was not sincere. At least Wilhelmina relates that her mother, brother, and the physician, "who was disposed to be on their side," exaggerated the illness, so as to procure the prince some repose. She did not believe that it was the return of paternal tenderness that cured her brother. The King of Poland came in the month of May to return the visit paid to him six months before. Frederick did not appear immediately at the fêtes. He had decided — for his philosophy did not go so far as to despise precedency — not to sit "at the table of ceremony at Berlin, for he did not wish to cede his place to the Electoral-prince of Saxony, a thing his father would not fail to exact from him;" but he took good care not to lose the opportunity of seeing again the Dresden guests; he went to the court.

The journey of the king through the province of Prussia was another happy event, in the year 1728. He did not take Frederick with him. The prince had a relapse, and pretended that his malady was worse than it really was, to evade the ennui of the paternal companionship. The king, before leaving, regulated by an instruction to Kalkstein the régime of the prince during his absence. He ordered that Frederick should receive every morning a two-hours' lesson upon military tactics, given by Major Senning; that he should dine exactly at noon. Kalkstein, Senning and the *Maitre de Cuisine* Holwedel should dine with him, but he had the privilege of inviting six others. Thirty minutes after meals, fencing for an hour; then, until four o'clock, lessons from Senning. The prince, "after four o'clock, might divert himself in any way he liked, provided he did nothing contrary to the commandment of God and His Majesty. He could follow the various pleasures of the hunt, but Colonel Kalkstein must be always with him." He was allowed to dine and sup out, but never to sleep away from his own apartments. After the retreat was sounded, he must retire immediately. It is always the same tone of command, the same strict method of ruling everything.[127] To do nothing contrary to the commands of His Majesty! But, even this was a recreation for Frederick.

There was at the court, during the absence of the king, a perfect furore of music. The King of Poland sent, upon the queen's request, "the most clever of his virtuosos, such as the famous Weiss, whose playing upon the lute has never been excelled; Bufardin, renowned

for his fine execution upon the German flute, and Quantz, master of the same instrument, a great composer, whose taste and exquisite art found means of training his flute to be equal to the sweetest voice."[125] The queen then gave concerts that must have been listened to by the prince with ecstatic delight. He passionately loved music, and played on the harpsichord, violin and flute; the latter, however, was his favorite instrument. He, perhaps, had chosen the flute from the ideas he received from *Telemachus*, where Fénelon describes the pupil of Minerva charming with the sounds of this instrument his new-born loves. To play the flute and read were Frederick's real pleasures. He took but little advantage of the permission given to hunt, "to run down an animal;" the chase, the favorite pastime of his father, was for him but a violent, stupid exercise. He went only when ordered to do so, and, every opportunity he could find, would steal behind a tree and draw out his flute. He unquestionably expressed upon this pastoral instrument, better than through the verses he is soon going to write the vague, poetic sentiment that cherished his youthful fancy.

The taste that he and his sister alike had for music gave to their friendship a charming grace. They played duets: Wilhelmina called her lute *Principe*, and Fritz called his flute *Principessa*.

THE AUTUMN OF 1728 AT WUSTERHAUSEN.

"We are infinitely entertained. We pass tranquil days . . ." said Wilhelmina, speaking of the absence of her father: but their father returned, and they had

to fall "from paradise into purgatory." The sojourn at Wusterhausen, in the autumn of 1728, with these violent scenes, was a mortal agony. Frederick tried to evade it; he wished, as a matter of course, to travel, to see other countries, and satisfy his lively curiosity; but it was principally because he wanted to go away. He did not dare ask his father's permission himself. Kalkstein slipped this request into a conversation he had with the king, who responded with a sharp refusal; he had to remain; never had Wusterhausen appeared more horrible to Frederick and Wilhelmina.

The princess has drawn, with enraged maliciousness, the caricature of this place of abode, so dear to Frederick William, "that enchanted castle . . . which consisted only of a mass of lodgings, whose beauty was heightened by an antique tower that contained a spiral wooden staircase. The main building was surrounded by a terrace, around which a ditch was built, whose black, sluggish water resembled that of the Styx, and spread abroad a frightful odor, enough to produce suffocation. Three bridges, placed on three different sides of the house, communicated with the court, garden, and a windmill opposite. This court was formed on two sides by two wings, where the gentlemen of the king's suite were lodged. It was enclosed by a palisade, at the entrance of which were fastened two white eagles, two black eagles, and two bears, in form of sentinels, and, by the way, very wicked animals they were, attacking everybody."[129]

The house, it is true, had no pretensions to being a palace, and that is the reason it pleased Frederick Wil-

liam. It was the mansion of a country squire: the tower recalled its feudal origin. The spiral wooden staircase is there, and the plan of the interior has not been changed: on the ground-floor, some rooms of modest grandeur served as dining-hall and bed-chambers for the king and queen. On the first floor the *tabagie* or "smoking-room" occupied the best and largest place: the rest was divided up into very small apartments. The deep-recessed, narrow windows but imperfectly lighted this house, which must have been very dark during the days of autumn and winter. The landscape was exceedingly plain: it was a desert. A scanty woodland stretched out over the flat expanse and bordered the sandy avenues, where the pedestrian heard not even the sound of his own footsteps; it was a place of silence. But this *Koenigs-Wusterhausen* is expressive. It is a revelation of Frederick William, and the simplicity of his life, enframed in dry prose. Alas! I have seen there in a mirage the beauties of the Trianon, and the majestic Palace of Versailles, the Babylonian flights of stairs that lead to the high terrace, the long, solemn line of the Château and the great windows of the Triumphal Hall, where the fifth successor of Frederick William inaugurated, twenty years ago, the German Empire.

Wilhelmina and Fritz suffered at Wusterhausen from the mediocrity of their quarters and the narrowness of their apartments, or, "to better explain, the garret," where their Royal Highnesses were unworthily lodged. But, above all, they suffered from perpetual contact with the king. In this small space they lived upon each other.

Frederick tried to lighten his existence through reading and correspondence. He often wrote to Lieutenant Borcke.

His friendship increased for this officer. He expressed his sentiments in terms of peculiar tenderness: "No one loves and esteems you as much as I do. . . . Give me the half of this regard in reciprocal friendship." He made excuses for tiring him with his sorrows and his importunate affection. When Borcke was sick the prince threatened the whole race of physicians with his anger if they did not cure his "dear Bork;" he predicted what would happen to them by a reminiscence of Molière, "from this will come dropsy which will make them fall into a consuming fever, this will engender pulmonary trouble that will finally kill them." He reiterates the fear of importuning his friend: "My tiresome affection will escape from me and lay bare to you these sentiments of a heart that you entirely possess, which cannot be appeased except by knowing that you are fully convinced of the true love with which it worships you."

He was certain enough of this friend, whom the king, however, had charged to watch over him, that he might learn his secrets in this way. "The king," writes Frederick to him, "continues to be in a bad humor; he scolds everybody, and is not content with the world nor himself. . . . He is still terribly angry with me. . . ." The prince complained of the life he led. He was weary of the chase: "To-morrow there will be a hunt at force, and the day after, and Sunday and Monday." He was tired of the *tabagie*, where his only

pleasure was "to open the nuts, a pleasure worthy of the place we occupy." He wearied of the buffoonery of the king's jesters and the conversation of the guests: "We have here a most foolish assemblage of a varied and badly-chosen company, for neither the dispositions, ages nor inclinations of those who compose it are congenial, so that there is no continued discourse." He is worn out with these days, and wishes he had not lived them. "I arose at five o'clock this morning, and it is now midnight. I am so tired out with what I see that I wish I could efface it from my memory as completely as if it had never been there."

At times he would appear resigned: "One learns after a long while to become free from care. I am in that condition at the present hour, and, in spite of all that may happen to me, I play the flute, read, and love my friends always more than myself," but neither the reading, the music, nor the friendship could have the power, notwithstanding his desire for it, to give him patience and put him in a good humor again: "We undergo, every day, horrible scenes; I am so tired of it that I should prefer begging my bread to living longer in the position in which I am placed." He had a queer manner of speaking of a danger that the king had passed through: "A thumb's width more, and the king would have been drowned with all the baggage."[130]

The critical points on the subject of the marriages, to which we must return, had recommenced; the king did not cease to lose his temper. Frederick saw "that there was no possible hope for a reconciliation" between his father and himself, and wished only for a

"suspension of invectives." He made an attempt to obtain this twice; not daring to speak to the king, he wrote. He excused himself, first of all, for not seeking his dear father for fear that he would receive a worse welcome than usual, and that the petition he was going to make would irritate him. He begged him then by letter to be more gracious. He assured the king that in his conscience, most carefully examined, he found nothing with which to reproach himself. If he had done, without knowing or desiring it, anything that would offend his papa, he very humbly implored his pardon. He hoped that his dear papa would renounce this cruel hatred (*grausamen Hass*) that he showed in his manner and action. He could not resign himself, after always believing that he had a gracious father, to the idea that the contrary could be true. He had, then, the hope and confidence that his dear papa would reflect upon all this and become again gracious to him; in any case he assured him that, even in disgrace, he was, with a very humble and filial respect for his dear papa, his most obedient son and servitor. This language, so humble with servile circumlocutions, exasperated the king, who in turn took up his pen and, as he was glad to have the opportunity to say what he had on his mind, poured out all his griefs: "He has," wrote the king, using the disdainful form of the third person, "a willful, wicked head; he does not love his father. A son who loves his father does the will of that father, not only in his presence, but even when he is not there to see him. He knows well that I cannot bear an effeminate boy, who has

not a single manly inspiration, who does not know how to mount a horse, nor shoot, who is decidedly untidy about his person, does not cut his hair and has it curled like a fool's. And with all this a grand air of a proud seignior, speaking to no one, or to such or such a personage, and is neither affable nor popular. He makes grimaces as if he were a fool. He never does my will except by force. He does nothing through filial love. He has no other pleasure than to follow his own inclination. This is my answer." [131]

This was the correspondence between father and son, under the roof of Wusterhausen, from one room to the other. About six weeks passed. The days became darker and darker; the scenes became more frequent; then the prince tried heroic means. It was again at Wusterhausen; they celebrated the feast of St. Hubert that the king loved to commemorate in a gay manner, Frederick was seated opposite his father and mother, by the side of Suhm, Minister of Saxony. Contrary to his custom he began to drink excessively. "I am sure I will be sick to-morrow," said he to Suhm. Very soon the wine began to take effect; he complained to his neighbor of his slavish life. He begged him to procure through the intervention of the King of Poland, his permission to travel. He spoke so loud that he could be heard on the other side of the table. The queen became uneasy and made a sign to Suhm to calm him, but the prince talked on and, pointing to the king, he repeated, "However I love him!" "What did he say?" asked the king of Suhm. The

minister answered that the prince was drunk and not responsible for what he said. "Bah!" replied the king, "He is only pretending, but what did he say?" "The prince said that although the king forced him to drink too much he loved him." "He is only pretending," said the king again. Suhm gave his word of honor that the prince was really drunk. "I have just pinched him," he said, "and he did not feel it." For a moment Fritz remained quiet, but soon began again. The queen retired; Suhm advised the prince to go to bed; the prince answered that he would not leave until he had kissed his father's hand. The king, who enjoyed the scene, extended his hand, laughing; the prince demanded the other; he covered them with kisses and drew his father to him. The whole assembly burst into applause. Then Fritz made the tour of the table, threw himself on his knees before his father, embraced him affectionately and talked incessantly. He declared that he loved him with all his heart, that he had been maligned by people who were interested in creating this family disturbance, that he would love and serve the king all his life, "Good, good!" said the king, "Just so; he is a man of honor." All were saddened by this scene, and tears came into their eyes. Finally the prince was led away.[132]

In the evening at the *tabagie* they noticed that the king was very gay. Fritz to begin drinking, to get drunk! This was a novelty. Is the boy beginning to acquire "manly traits?" But the father could scarcely believe in such a rapid transformation. They persuaded him that the prince was playing a comedy, a thing that was possible, and even probable.

The forced witnesses to this family life could no longer support the spectacle. The preceptors, Finkenstein and Kalkstein, insisted upon being dismissed. It was granted them in March, 1729. The king attached two new officers to his son's suite: Colonel von Rochow and Lieutenant von Keyserlingk.[133] The first he chose for his serious character, the second because he was more "alert." In an instruction to Rochow he stated that the prince loved but the pleasures and occupations of an idler. The Colonel must therefore represent to him "that all effeminate, lascivious pursuits were very unbecoming to a man; they were good only for dandies and fops, but a dandy was an empty-headed, silly dressed-up doll. . . . The prince in his walk, laugh and language was affected. He did not hold himself erect on horseback. Now, anyone who hangs his head between his shoulders and who is unsteady in his carriage, is but an old rag. Rochow must pull off his nightcap and give him more energy. The prince was too pretentious; he must be taught to be polite and obliging to everybody; he must be inspired with a sincere, good disposition, be led to question people, both high and low, for that is the way to learn everything and become clever." Finally the king ordered that his son should continue his accustomed régime of prayers and readings of the Holy Gospel, and that he should obey in the future voluntarily—of his own free will—not with a sour face, for obeying with a sour face was not obeying. To be brief, Rochow must employ every means possible to make the prince a brave boy, an honest man, an

officer. If he did not succeed it would be a great misfortune.[134]

It was a great misfortune, for Rochow did not succeed any better than his predecessors.

THE RESUMPTION OF THE MARRIAGE NEGOTIATIONS.

At the time of the two attempts of Frederick to have a reconciliation with his father, the intrigues in regard to the double marriage had begun their course again, and were soon complicated in a broil with Hanover.[135] Ten Hanoverians having been carried off and incorporated into the service of Prussia, the Prussian recruiters were arrested in Hanover. In the meanwhile, the Prussian peasants had cut and carried off the hay from a prairie on the frontier, the possession of which was contested by Hanover and Brandenburg; the Hanoverian peasants went after this hay and took it back to their barns. This was as grave a matter as the Rabelaisian quarrel of the cake-bakers of Lerné, but Frederick William lost patience at the least opposition that came from his brother-in-law of England; his sensitiveness about the rights of his recruiters was extreme; and then too, Europe was in one of her crises from whence a general conflict could ensue. From Vienna, where they believed everything was in readiness for war, they stirred up "the Prussian fire so as to cook their eggs."[136] The king furious, and as usual irresolute, was in a continual storm. His fits of gout came on at the same time.

Upon this basis of calamities, this anger and suffering, was founded the matrimonial comedy.

It was, as Wilhelmina said, always "the same song." The king desired to have from England a categorical response. As soon as he arrived at Wusterhausen, in the autumn of 1828, he declared to the queen that it was time, "to ring the bell in regard to Wilhelmina, and find out what the English intended to do, for he was not going to be their dupe any longer." So, "you write immediately for them to send you positive word as to what hold I have on them in this matter, because I will take other measures." The queen wrote in the most pathetic manner, to her sister-in-law, the Queen of England. She only received from her vague answers. She was assured, in October, of the certainty of the desire to conclude the alliance and to restore harmony to the two Courts; but, in December, they announced to her, that if they finally resolved upon the marriage of Wilhelmina, it would be "only on condition that the prince, her brother, would be married at the same time." Now the King of Prussia wished to establish his daughter, but would not enter into any negotiations in regard to his son.

He found the prince too young, and did not care about having a daughter-in-law princess who was a *grande dame* accustomed to the luxuries of an opulent Court. He feared to emancipate his son, and still more to give him a pleasure. He turned then a deaf ear to these propositions, and as the queen, "one night when they were both awake, profited by this moment to ask him for an agreeable answer to the propositions coming from London, he rudely repulsed her and

commenced to abuse her and the English, in terms that would make modesty blush. He added, that the English acted for her alone, and not for him, and that her son whom she loved so dearly, was nothing but a knave who wished to escape through marriage, but he knew well enough how to hold him."[15] It must be admitted that he judged rightly of the disposition of both his son and England who really seemed to act only through sympathy for the Queen of Prussia.

During the whole year of 1729, the negotiations made slow progress, the condition of general politics preventing any connected measures being taken. The two parties remained in their respective positions: the Court of London stood firm for the double alliance, the King of Prussia demanding a declaration for Wilhelmina alone, threatening to marry her, whether or no, if he did not receive satisfaction. He had a list of aspirants ready, whose names he flung at the queen on all occasions. She tried to gain time and was always "waiting for answers from England," which arrived, but she dared not show them. Seckendorff and Grumbkow circumvented the king more and more. They pushed their treason so far as to corrupt Reichenbach, Prussia's own Minister at the Court of London; they made him work against these marriages, and guided him through information given about the scandalous proceedings at the Prussian Court.

The Queen, Frederick and Wilhelmina, continued their secret policy. We no longer know so much about their actions since the departure of Rottenburg from Berlin; Sauveterre, who took his place, was a

minor personage, not so well known in court circles, less enterprising, and even timid. He, however, kept up his relations with the ministers friendly to France, particularly with Cnyphausen, who gave him authentic information. He was in regular confidential intercourse with the English Minister, who was the queen's greatest resource.[18] The dispatches of the two ministers show, that the prince and queen intrigued at London, as well as Seckendorff and Grumbkow, without the king's knowledge.

The Queen related to Du Bourgay the conversations with her husband, showed him the letters that she wrote, and charged him with expediting the news to his government; she even proposed to dictate these dispatches. Cnyphausen and Du Bourgay rightly declined to officiate in this way. Then "she took out her handkerchief and began to cry." "Must I be always unhappy," said she, "and will they never have compassion upon me in England?" She also invoked the compassion of France; she requested Sauveterre to solicit the good offices of his court with England "in the sorrowful situation in which she was placed." She could not say more, through the precautions she was obliged to take, but the only way she saw of saving herself was by the aid of the Court of France.

France responded: "Assure the queen that we feel sensitively her situation; we will carry out all the plans that seem desirable to her." They ordered Sauveterre, "to learn from the queen herself, so as to regulate the proceedings better, the progress of the means she continued to employ to vanquish the obstacles that she

encountered in trying to obtain the object of her desires." The queen hastened to show her gratitude. She was "very sensible to this friendship shown her, upon which she had always relied. It was a great comfort in her trouble to be assured of it. . . She would never relax her friendship for France and would rear the prince with the sentiment of gratitude that he must certainly show some day." Sophia Dorothea believed herself far superior to the diplomacy of her husband, and all others. As if the whole world must agree to satisfy "the ambition of her daughter, who was early instilled with the hope of marrying the Prince of Wales," she said, that she was tired of seeing Wilhelmina the mark for such and such an unworthy *parti*, and concluded with this menace: "If you do not make them leave me in peace I will turn all Europe upside down." This haughtiness, this obstinacy, and the awkward mistakes she committed, the art in which she excelled, of badly placing her confidences, drove her accomplices and allies to despair. Du Bourgay and Sauveterre accused her of spoiling everything. "She repulsed the persons that were attached to her" and "precipitated" their plans too much; "she is," said Cnyphausen, "unhappy through her own fault." [139]

On the list of the king's aspirants was the Margrave of Schwedt, a Brandenburg prince, a branch of the family of the Great Elector. This projected alliance greatly horrified the queen and her daughter, and little pleased the family of the young Margrave: his mother, to whom the king "paid a visit in order to

make the offer of marriage," returned thanks for the great honor, but made excuses on account of the pain it would give to the queen and the royal princess, "who had been reared with the idea of wearing a crown." Afterwards, she had explanations with the queen, telling her that she infinitely dreaded this fine marriage for her son: "The king will not give more than thirty thousand crowns for *dot*. He will treat his son-in-law as a vassal and a subject. He will have him watched, to spy over his conduct toward his wife. And what will happen, when the Crown Prince comes to the throne? He will be my son's enemy; it will be much better for him to wait; he can easily find a *dot* of two hundred thousand crowns." The king addressed himself also to Prince Anhalt, uncle of the Margrave; Anhalt politely refused. It was fear of Frederick's resentment that caused this reserve in Schwedt's family. The Crown Prince confirms it in the following expressions. He wrote to Prince Anhalt, "through the means of a faithful friend," to say that if he prevented the marriage, he could count "upon his gratitude to him and his family, which he would consider as his own."

Frederick had a secret correspondence with the English Court; he received letters from the Prince of Wales by safe means. He found a way to conciliate the opposing inclinations of the two courts. England wished the double marriage, the King of Prussia the single one. If England would be contented, for the nonce, with the union of Wilhelmina and the Prince of Wales, the prince would give his word, and he reiterated it in writing, that "on his honor, he would never

marry any one but the Princess Amelia;" he promised this without the knowledge and against the will of his father. He also thought that the politics of his father did not affect him.[140] In the month of August, 1729, at the time when war with Hanover was so imminent that forty thousand Prussians were mobilized, the prince, who was in the ranks of the army, ready for the march, "passed his assurances of friendship secretly to England and the Prince of Wales, saying that he was confident of the justice that they always rendered to his sentiments, notwithstanding the then present crisis."[141]

The king did not know of all this definitely. A man, a king, could he imagine it possible to be duped to this extent? One of his ministers, Cuyphausen, betrayed his secrets to France and England; another, Grumbkow, sold them to Austria, and employed against his master his own envoy that he sent to London. The queen and the Crown Prince negotiated against him. It was, perhaps, the strangest cross-purpose intriguing ever known. Frederick William, though, divined a part of the truth: "I know, you little rascal, all that you are doing to withdraw yourself from my rule, but it is in vain for you to think that you will succeed," said he to his son. He added: "I am going to keep thee in leading strings and mortify thee a little while longer." And the Court of Prussia became a Hades, where everybody endured the torments of the damned.

The queen was always in faints, tears, or anger. At one period, when she was pressed hard by the king for the answers from England, she "resolved to fall sick." She "began by complaining in the morning, and to

make it more effective, she pretended to faint." Several days she kept up these simulations; then she became really ill, and as she was expecting to be confined, her peril was great. The king, who was at Potsdam, believed at first it was only a little game. At last, summoned by special courier, he returned. As soon as he saw her, his suspicions vanished; he cried, sobbed, made excuses for the sorrow he had caused her, and left her in peace for a few days; but these calm moments were rare, and the quarrels recommenced.

The king incessantly reproached the queen with the conduct of his two elder children. He expressed his anger one day by way of a cruel reminiscence. Addressing himself to Wilhelmina and the Crown Prince, he said: "You should curse your mother; it is she who has been the cause of your being badly governed. I had a preceptor who was an honest man. I will always remember a story that he related to me in my youth. 'There was a man at Carthage who was condemned to death, for several crimes that he had committed. As they were conducting him to his punishment he asked to be allowed to speak with his mother. They ordered her to approach. He drew quite near, as if he were going to speak low to her, and tore off her ear with his teeth. "I treat you thus," said he to his mother, "that you may serve as an example to all parents who have not reared their children in the practice of virtue."' Now, you can apply this to yourselves."[42]

The queen inspired pity in everybody. It was said that she could not reach the end of her confinement. "The child that she carries," wrote Sauveterre, "is one

of sorrow." The Court of France already mourned for her: "We shall earnestly regret the Queen of Prussia; she will be an irreparable loss to her family."[143] In even more compassionate accents, the court, the city, the foreigners, sympathized with the Crown Prince upon his fate, for the queen was not beloved; but Frederick persisted in all the customs odious to his father. He said that his uniform was "his shroud," and the word, repeated by some spy, entered like a poisoned arrow into the heart of the king, who revenged himself upon a dressing-gown of gold brocade, which he found his son wearing, by throwing it in the fire with a great burst of anger. Frederick, at last, according to his sister's *Memoirs*, accustomed himself to a bad life. One of the king's pages, named Keith, was the instrument through which he carried on his debauchery. This young man had found a way of insinuating himself into the prince's good graces, and was passionately beloved and made a most intimate confidant. Frederick had "familiarities" with him that Wilhelmina judged improper: he excused himself, saying "that the page served him as a spy, and rendered him great services." The king, to whom this Keith appeared suspicious, sent him as an officer to a regiment that was quartered in Cleves. As friends, accomplices and confidants were necessary to Frederick, Keith was replaced by Lieutenant Katte, "whose look had something foreboding in it."[144] We will soon hear again of Lieutenant Keith and Lieutenant Katte.

In order to pay for his forbidden pleasures, and also for his books and music, Frederick made debts. The

father was informed of this through the claims of a creditor, to whom he owed seven thousand thalers. He did not become angry, as one would suppose; he spoke like a rich miser: "It is not money that I lack," and he offered to pay "with pleasure, if his son would change his conduct and become an honest man." But the revelation of the creditor had undoubtedly affected him. He published an edict against loans to minors, stating that whoever loaned money to minors of the royal family would be condemned to hard labor, and even to death, according to circumstances. The act committed by Frederick was, in his eyes, a real crime, added to all those for which he had already been reproached.[145]

It was a crime, and one not the least grave, to practice French witticism, to make "*bons mots*," and assume a mocking air. Frederick and Wilhelmina made fun of their father in their tête-à-têtes, that still continued. Wilhelmina became very ill about the first part of the year 1729. Her mother, who understood these feigned illnesses, supposed, in the beginning of it, that this was a little comedy. She forced her to arise, and then led her to the king, who saw that she was very much changed, and thinking, to cure her, compelled her to drink a goblet of strong old Rhine wine. This made her delirious. It was treated, at the outset, as a high fever, until smallpox was developed. She was then shut up, like a prisoner of State, badly cared for by a chambermaid, and deserted by all except her brother. The prince, who had had the smallpox, made her two secret visits a day. They charmed their conversations with slander.

Wilhelmina acknowledged that they made use, above all, of satire, and "that the neighbor was not spared." They had read together the *Roman Comique* of Scarron, and they applied it to their enemies of the "Imperial clique." They called Grumbkow *La Rancune* (Rancor), Seckendorff, *La Rapinière* (Pilferer), and the Prince of Schwedt, *Saldagne*. The queen had for first-lady-in-waiting a very worthy woman, named Madame de Kamken: "Although we esteemed this lady highly," said Wilhelmina, "we could not help seeing her ridiculous side and amusing ourselves with her. As she was very corpulent, and her figure resembled Madame Bouvillon, we gave her that name. We often indulged in this fun in her presence, which made her curious to know who this Madame Bouvillon was of whom we talked so much. My brother made her believe that she was the principal lady-in-waiting of the Queen of Spain. After our return to Berlin, one day, during a court drawing-room, the Spanish Court was spoken of, and she gave the information that all the *Camerera Mayors* were from the family of Bouvillon. They laughed at her outright, and, for my part, I thought I would suffocate." This gayety, French fashion, these witty farces, these "conundrums," were odious to the king, who had a different kind of humor, and liked only that raillery that he practiced himself. He must have suspected that he had his share in these quibbles. His children, among themselves, called him by a name that they also found in the *Roman:* "We named the king, Ragotin."[146]

Wilhelmina related both the comical and tragical scenes. Once, the king, on returning from the hunt,

came near surprising them in the queen's apartments, where they had been forbidden to go. Fritz rushed to an adjacent toilet-room, and the princess crept under the queen's bed, which was very low. They remained in their hiding-places the whole time that the king was resting in an arm-chair, where, from fatigue, he had fallen asleep. Another time he threw plates at the heads of his children. The dinner finished, as Wilhelmina was passing by him, he aimed a hard blow at her with his crutch, which she managed to evade. He was then having one of his spells of gout, and had himself rolled about in an arm-chair. Sometimes he would follow Wilhelmina "in this chariot," but those who were pushing the chair gave her time to get out of the way.[147] However, he had not yet actually struck his daughter. He had struck only Frederick, but he struck him more and more frequent. Upon this point the testimony of Wilhelmina is authoritatively confirmed by others. For some time the king had beaten his son, but his brutalities were more odious as his child grew to be a young man, and had the consciousness and pride of his dignity as Crown Prince. In December, 1729, the king went to the greatest extremes of violence. As the prince was entering his room one day, the king beat him with a cane, caught him by the throat and hair, threw him down, and forced him to kiss his feet and beg his pardon. These atrocious scenes were continually recurring. The king spread before the eyes of officers, generals, his household, everybody, the humiliation of his son, and he defied and insulted him in his misery: "Any other officer,"

said he, "who is displeased with the king's aspect toward him can receive his dismissal, but thou, the prince, art obliged to remain." He went so far as to forbid his son all hope of a better fate. He announced to him that he intended becoming more and more severe each day: "You know," added he, "that I keep my word."[145]

In this way he provoked and forced Frederick to put into execution a scheme that had been in his head for a long time. "I have some reason to believe," wrote Rottenburg, in July, 1728, "that he meditates flight, although I have seen him form the project before. It is also uncertain as to whether he intends going to France or England." They feared to see him arrive in France. "In whatever place the prince sees fit to retire, by return of courier, there will undoubtedly be a very embarrassing state of affairs."[146] But the prince did not care about the embarrassment in which he placed others, nor of the certain peril to which this flight would expose his mother and sister. Whatever may have been his faults, he could no longer support the ignominy of his existence. At each fresh scene he must have had a wish to end it all. The idea became a fixed one the latter part of the year of 1729. The king, who had suspicions of it, recommended Colonel Rochow to redouble his surveillance.

Frederick was, in reality, watching for his opportunity, and he had confided his plans to his sister. One evening Wilhelmina, (after having bidden him goodnight in the queen's apartments, and retired to her room,) was making preparations to go to bed, when she saw a young man enter, dressed magnificently in

the French fashion. She uttered a loud cry, and hid herself behind a screen. Her governess ran to her rescue, and soon brought out Frederick, who laughed heartily, and, in the gayest humor possible, announced that he was going away soon, never to return. When she recovered from her first emotion, Wilhelmina remonstrated with him at the impossibility of this step and its frightful consequences. She threw herself at his feet, cried, and forced him to give his word that he would not undertake it. He gave his word, but it was from the lips only.[150] He was in haste to depart, to breathe at last free air in a foreign country. But a singular incident is going to lead, for awhile, the minds of this strange family in another direction.

THE MISSION OF SIR CHARLES HOTHAM.

In the month of December, 1729, the King of Prussia once more exacted that the queen should obtain a definite answer from England. Sophia Dorothea wrote then an official letter to her sister-in-law, Queen Caroline, "to make known to her that if the Court of England still thought of the marriage of the Prince of Wales with the eldest Princess of Prussia, it was time to conclude this alliance, but without any condition; there were other desirable parties for this princess who would not be neglected, except for this negotiation."[151] The answers were not more satisfactory than usual. Then the king showed a resolution to end it.

From Potsdam, where he was at the time, he began an official correspondence with the queen. He first expedited a summons, then sent an ambassador of State,

Grumbkow, to her. This minister argued at length with the queen; following the example of the devil when he wished to tempt our Saviour, he pretended to deduce his reasons from the Holy Scriptures, quoting passages the most applicable to the subject in question. He represented to her that fathers had more right over their children than mothers, and that, when the parents could not agree, the children should preferably obey the father; that the father was always in a position to employ force, and, finally, the queen would commit a wrong, on her side, if she did not accede to this method of reasoning. This princess refuted the last argument by the opposing example of Bethuel, who answered the proposition of marriage made to him by Abraham's servant for Isaac: "We will call the damsel, and inquire at her mouth."[152] After this she argued, in order to repulse the propositions of sons-in-law which he made to her.

Grumbkow letting escape a kind of menace, when he said, "they would see how it would all end," she could restrain herself no longer, and, addressing him "in her character of Queen of Prussia, treating him as her servitor, she said that it was unpardonable for him to speak thus to her, that the Lord would punish him for it, and she gave him her malediction." As Grumbkow tried to retract his words, and to advise her to, at least, use some diplomacy in her reply to the king: "Go," she responded; "I know your expediency and your cowardice. You are nothing but a knave."[153] For this day the queen was relieved, but this was a mere passing gratification. The king insisted, urged,

stormed. Sophia Dorothea thought that all was lost, when, in March of the year 1730, the undecided state of the differences between Prussia and England came at last to a definite settlement, the two crowns accepting arbitration.

The royal family of England wished to give the Queen of Prussia a proof of its good will and compassion. An Envoy Extraordinary was announced, who carried the response to the letter of the preceding December. The king, in spite of his pretensions to the contrary, was, nevertheless, very much flattered at the attentions they showed him. In reality, he was still eager for this marriage of his daughter with the Prince of Wales, provided that it did not complicate embarrassing conditions for him. He would have given the other aspirants their dismissal long ago, if he had received from London some positive assurance. London appeared finally to decide, and even to give some lustre to her penitence by sending a minister of high standing. Sir Charles Hotham, the expected envoy, was of a nobility that dated back to the Conqueror, a brother-in-law of Lord Chesterfield, and, in order to please Frederick William, Colonel of the Mounted Grenadiers of His Britannic Majesty. The King of Prussia, with the promptness that he usually gave to his moods, changed his humor from one day to the next. He invited Du Bourgay, the Minister of England, to the *tabagie*, drank to King George, and omitted the health of the Emperor. The household was at peace once more. The queen became better and better, "and had some hope of safe deliverance."

Sir Charles Hotham arrived on the second of April. The fourth, he was invited to dine at Charlottenburg with the king, the queen, who was about to be confined, was at Berlin, with her children. The king, before dining, had an interview with Sir Charles Hotham, and, without any preamble, declared himself "charmed that his daughter should be found agreeable to the King of England, who could also dispose of his son whenever it so pleased him, and that she (Wilhelmina) would contribute none the less to his satisfaction through the sentiments for him with which she had been reared." The dinner was very gay. They spoke of the second daughter of the king, who was about to be married to the Margrave of Anspach. Suddenly the king cried out: "Girls must be married! To the health of Wilhelmina and the Prince of Wales!" There was great surprise, for no one knew that affairs had gone so far. Grumbkow, seated near the Chevalier, who was at the king's right, leaned toward his master and said: "Are you to be congratulated, Sire?" "Yes," replied the king; and everybody arose and went to salute him, as was the custom in this court, by embracing his knees or kissing the hem of His Majesty's coat. Hotham was astonished at the toast, the tumult, and, more than all, at the king's speech afterward. He said that "his daughter was ugly and pock-marked, but, with these exceptions, an honest girl, who would be true, and would satisfy her husband, although, generally speaking, his idea was that all women were capable of loving; and, if they had only desired to have her three years before, they would have found her more beautiful." They drank

excessively at this dinner.[154] They made coarse jokes on the exchange of the German ducat and English half-guinea. They ended with dancing; even the servants cut capers. As a good father, the king thought of Wilhelmina's joy. He would like to have it noised abroad that all was over between them, so as to agreeably surprise his daughter. "Be so good as to remain quiet," said he to Sir Charles Hotham, "until I go to the city. I should like to go before you and ask my daughter's consent."

The chevalier demanded nothing better than to remain quiet, for he "was not accustomed to this vivacity." He could not believe his ears nor his eyes, and was exceedingly embarrassed, for his mission was to negotiate for the double marriage. It is true, the Court of England, "in consideration of the delicate condition of the Queen of Prussia," permitted him to agree to the one marriage immediately, but with the understanding that there should be a promise made between the Crown Prince of Prussia and the Princess Amelia. This latter clause in the mission, Sir Charles was to gently insinuate, not on his immediate arrival, but in his own time and choosing his own hour. He did not foresee this abrupt toast at the dinner. And now, where to find the means, since it had begun, of slipping in a restriction, of stopping this knee-embracing procession toward His Majesty, of throwing cold water upon this sarabande? The chevalier would have been even more restless, had he heard Grumbkow at dinner, after the first question: "Must we congratulate you, Sire?" And, in an undertone: "And offer congratulations for both marriages, Sire?" And the king's response: "No."[155]

The next day Sir Charles Hotham was called to a conference of ministers, who asked him at once if he had full power to regulate the *dot* and the contract. Decidedly, he found that they were going quickly to work. He began by stating that he must, first of all, touch on the conversation exchanged between His Majesty and himself in written words, and transmit it to his court. At the same time, he would write for his king's permission to treat directly upon the subject.

This was enough to give the adverse faction, which had been at first unarmed, new courage. It had dreaded beforehand this mission extraordinary, and tried hard to prevent its effects. Grumbkow had written to Reichenbach, in order to dictate to him the tone and matter of his correspondence. Reichenbach must not fail to give notice at London, the report that the King of Prussia was working to gain some profit from England, through the ministers at Berlin and through other "secret means." This "secret means" referred to the queen's faction, the queen herself and her children. To the end that his accomplice should appear well-informed, Grumbkow gave him information about "things in Berlin." "The king," he said, "will take you for a sorcerer, and double the good opinion he has of you." Among other pieces of news, he related this: "The mother of the Crown Prince is always pretending to be very sick, but if affairs were adjusted that is to say, the marriage concluded, you would see her on her feet again." He promised Reichenbach, in order to reassure him against the dangers of the game, that the king would never abandon him. The king, it is true, might

die, and the Crown Prince would not fail to avenge himself on his enemies, but this event was foreseen: "If the Crown Prince comes to the throne, you will be provided for at Vienna," said he to Reichenbach. Grumbkow had also arranged for his own retreat to Vienna. Should danger threaten, the "Imperial clique" at the Court of Berlin could defile into Austria.

Reichenbach followed Grumbkow's instruction to the letter. He made known, one day, to the King of Prussia the dissolute conduct of the Prince of Wales, to whom Wilhelmina was destined; this prince ruined his health in debauchery with actresses and chorus girls of the opera. Another time he touched the most sensitive spot, in writing that the Court of England sought only to make of Prussia a dependent province, and that, "the marriage accomplished, there would be at Berlin a party that would tie the king's hands." [156]

These dispatches had been exchanged before the arrival of Sir Charles Hotham at Berlin. They did not prevent the king from receiving the envoy well, but they certainly troubled him. As early as the next day after the famous dinner he forbade his ministers to treat of the double marriage; "I do not wish to hear of the double marriage; besides, there is no question of it in my wife's letter." As soon as he knew that Sir Charles Hotham was using means for delay he began to be restless, realizing that his joy had been premature; and he interdicted the public discussion of this marriage, that he himself had been so prompt to publish. But the news was soon spread abroad. The same evening of

the dinner at Charlottenburg it had been carried to the Palace of Berlin to the queen and princess: "I was quietly occupied in my room at a piece of work," wrote Wilhelmina, "while listening to a reading, when one of the queen's ladies-in-waiting, followed by numerous domestics, interrupted me, and, all of them throwing themselves on their knees, cried in my ears that they had come to salute the Princess of Wales. I truly thought that they had lost their senses. Then all talked at once, cried, laughed, jumped up and down, and surrounded me. Then came my sisters, who embraced me, and offered their congratulations." Wilhelmina went to the queen, who, in her joy, called her "My dear Princess of Wales," and gave Sonsfeld the title of "First lady-in-waiting to *my lady*." If we are to believe Wilhelmina, she remained cold and passive in the midst of this enthusiasm. She was so little moved by the congratulations that she continued her work, saying: "Is it only that?" It would have been feigning sentiments that she did not possess if she had appeared to ignore the happiness so ardently desired, but her joy was mixed with some uneasiness. This was not the first time that her mother had called her "the Princess of Wales," and the disillusion did not fail to appear. Before actually rejoicing, there must be at least, some declaration from the king. Nothing came of it the next day. The day after, the king was in Berlin, and "no mention was made of what had come to pass."[157]

However, Frederick William, notwithstanding he wrote on the request for an interview sent by Sir

Charles Hotham: "This does not mean the double marriage?" consented to treat with him in a tête-à-tête; Hotham prepared his discourse, and the manner of introducing in it the double marriage. He even addressed the following graceful compliment. He knew that there were three kingdoms in Great Britain that awaited her with great impatience, but he could assure the king that the Prince of Wales' eagerness surpassed all the rest. [158]

At the outset all went well. In a first interview with the king, at Potsdam, the English Envoy inserted this speech, upon which he had meditated. He began by recalling the disposition of the King of England in the argument upon the subject of recruiters, and the step he had taken at that time "to send a minister to treat about an affair that touched His Majesty so closely." Then he asked if the king did not feel inclined "to give some return for this." He delicately insinuated that upon the question of "return" he was not instructed to speak. It was only "through a flow of affection and sincere attachment to his king that made him speak in this manner." The king understood immediately what he intended to insinuate, and did not get angry; on the contrary, he smiled, and said: "I know well enough what you mean to say. I will maturely consider it. Provide yourself with full power to act, and open the question at once; I will give you my opinion, and we can negotiate." He gave Sir Charles Hotham permission to come to Potsdam the days of the hunt, and other days when he had orders from London. He was in a fine humor; when they spoke to him of the Emperor and Seckendorff he laughed immoderately. In

a second intercourse with Sir Charles Hotham, he made the tour of Europe, he was still mocking the Emperor, and gave away all his confidences, among which was found "things that could not be expressed except by circumlocutions." Lastly, he charged the Envoy to notify the King of England that he did not cherish any anger against him, that he had forgotten everything, that it was his desire to be on good terms with England, and that he had taken the sacrament with this feeling.[159]

What was now passing in the king's mind? That which always passed through it whenever any matter presented itself. He wished to see if he could not draw out of it "a few shovelfuls of sand." England asked for his son; she was very desirous that the Crown Prince of Prussia should marry one of her princesses. So be it! But then she must pay for this pleasure, and a good price. "If they wish the double marriage, and will separate me from the Emperor, let them propose something instead of Juliers and Berg."[160] And, again, he said: "I hate my son, and he hates me. It will be a good idea to separate us. They can name him Governor of Hanover with his princess." This last was a happy thought. His son, Governor of Hanover, neither he nor his wife would be near the king, and the keeping of the young couple would cost him nothing. The Court of London, informed of this latter intention of the king, acceded to it at once. It was agreed that the Crown Prince of Prussia and his wife should be installed as the Governors of Hanover; the Princess Amelia would have no other *dot* than this governorship, but England did not exact a *dot* for Wilhelmina. This

"without *dot*" must have charmed the king, who did not know that England exacted at the same time from the Crown Prince the promise to repay her some day for the expenses she would incur for him in Hanover.

Provided with his new instructions, Sir Charles Hotham solicited an audience, which was granted to him on the fourth of May. "He formally demanded of the king the hand of the eldest royal princess for the Prince of Wales, and he added that His Britannic Majesty, as well as the English nation, desiring to unite more closely with the Royal Prussian family, destined one of their daughters for the Crown Prince, and the offer was made to name this princess Governor of Hanover." The king appeared delighted; he answered very amiably that he would deliberate with his ministers upon the new proposition made to him. He deliberated in fact with his ministers and with himself and eight days elapsed before the result was made known. Eight days in hesitation, in battling with the pros and cons. The cons, being the perpetual difficulty of taking a resolution: must one unite with England and France at this moment, when they are perhaps on the verge of war with the Emperor? This English Princess, that they wish to marry to my son, will be Queen of Prussia some day; "she will never habituate herself to the simplicity and economy necessary in Prussia; she will spend money extravagantly; on her account, the army and State will have to be diminished, and the House and State will be going backward like a crab."[161] Another objection was always and eternally, the joy of the Crown Prince: "I hate my son," said he. But everybody else did not hate his son. Hotham, who saw him at the king's table, wrote

that he appeared crestfallen, but it moved all to see him in this state, for he is charming; only good is spoken of him: "If I am not deceived, he will one day cut a very important figure."[162] This important figure the king dreaded. The cons, evidently, were stronger than the pros.

Grumbkow and Seckendorff did not abandon each other. Seckendorff invited the king to dine, and paid him long visits. The correspondence between Grumbkow and Reichenbach was at fever-heat. Reichenbach, on learning of the reception of Sir Charles Hotham, and the story of the dinner at Charlottenburg, was "thunderstruck." The English were overjoyed, and he was obliged to receive their congratulations on the subject of this cursed marriage. The King and Queen of England showed their contempt for him. The "big coxcomb," (*grand petit maître*) as he called the Prince of Wales, did not deign to look at him, no matter how low he saluted. Nevertheless, he did not lose courage. His letters were full of arguments which Grumbkow knew well how to make useful. Sometimes he would insinuate that the Hanoverians were not so solid for the throne of England, the king was hated more and more each day, and the Prince of Wales less beloved by the public, since he affected the mannerisms of his father. Again, he would dress up the Prince of Wales in a fine garb by relating the accounts of his love affairs. The Princess Amelia he made out to be an ambitious, proud, whimsical, mocking woman. "With the Prince of Wales," said he, "the Crown Princess of Prussia will have need of all the wisdom of Solomon. As to Ame-

lia, she will certainly displease the king." And finally, he put the most perfidious weapons in the hands of Grumbkow when he revealed the secret engagement of Frederick to marry no one but the Princess Amelia: "For which reason," added he, "the Queen of England is willing for the single marriage, as she is sure of the future. . . . Everybody says that His Majesty of Prussia is led by the nose."

This confidence was worth its weight in gold; Grumbkow knew how to use it with scholarly perfidy. He took care not to say that he received this news from Reichenbach, whom Sir Charles Hotham was then accusing of secret maneuvers. In relating it to the king, he assured him that it came from one of his spies, a friend of Cnyphausen. In this way he refined his lies, making the king believe that it was through Cnyphausen that he was deceived. This was a master-stroke. The king, when learning of his son's correspondence with England, became furious. Grumbkow joyfully wrote word of it to Reichenbach. He did not fail to paint up Wilhelmina for him for the favor he received in regard to the qualities of Amelia. "The king," said he, "wishes to get rid of Wilhelmina, because she is ugly, thin, blotched and pimpled." In reality, knowing his master, and confiding in the power of his intrigues, he had no uneasiness: "As long as the Commander of Potsdam (the king) lives, the Crown Prince will not marry an English woman." [163]

Grumbkow was certainly present with the king during the week of deliberation, while, upon the point of deciding, he was struggling with his doubts. At last,

after meditating upon his decision, which he had changed two or three times during the forty-eight hours, Frederick William made known, orally, his answer to Sir Charles Hotham, for, the English having written nothing, he would write nothing. He was ready to conclude the marriage of his daughter to the Prince of Wales, but he renounced, for his son, the Hanoverian combination; besides, he did not desire to marry him until the conflict between England and the Emperor was amicably arranged, and he reserved to himself the right of fixing the date of the marriage. He ended with demanding the guarantee of the succession to the Duchies of Berg and Juliers. He could not actually believe that these propositions would be accepted. Hotham, in transmitting them to his court, declared them shameful; he considered that all was over; this was also the opinion of the French Minister: "The propositions from London have been rejected, those of Berlin will not be accepted." Seckendorff already had the inside track. [154]

The Crown Prince restlessly followed this negotiation, wherein his and his sister's destiny were so concerned. As soon as he heard that success was doubtful, he wrote to Sir Charles Hotham, begging him to be his interpreter to the Court of England; to supplicate the Court for him, to accept the propositions of his father, no matter what they might be. He again pledged himself to marry no one but the Princess Amelia: he would die rather than fail in this promise. "It was then useless," said he, "to insist upon the double marriage." The most important thing of all, was not to break the present negotiation: for, if that was done, his father would not fail to force

his sister and himself to contract other marriages. Several days after this Frederick wrote Sir Charles Hotham a second letter, more urgent, more beseeching, than the first. He knew that the king had been informed of his secret communications with the Court of England, and he was "expecting terrible things." Already he had been treated "in an unprecedented manner." The king had fully determined not to consent to the double marriage. The prince gave the reasons, at the same time regretting that he should have to say things that "ought to be hidden from the whole world." "To speak frankly, the true reason that the king does not agree to this marriage, is that he wishes to always keep me in a lowly position, and to enrage me whenever it suits his fancy." The prince did not desire to expose the princess to sharing such an existence. He thought, then, that it would be better to conclude only the marriage of his sister, and not to ask the king for further assurances in regard to the other: "In any case, his word would be worth nothing; let it suffice that I reiterate the promises that I have already made to the king, my uncle. I am a person of my word." [165]

Such letters moved, perhaps, the hearts of the King and Queen of England, but the English government was not accustomed to act upon motives of sentiment. Response came that the relations of England with the Emperor and the rights of succession to the Duchies of Berg and Juliers had nothing to do with the marriages, which ought to be concluded without politics; and the London Cabinet still held to the double marriage.

It was not at Berlin that Sir Charles Hotham communicated the reply of his Court to the King of Prussia. He had followed Frederick William into Saxony, whither the king had repaired, to be present at the fêtes of the King of Poland, celebrated at Mühlberg. There, in the midst of the spectacle of an army of thirty thousand men, parading in new uniforms, and feigning, in the smoke of powder, to take the passages of the river, feigning, also, combats and assaults; in the crowd of princes and petty princes, diplomats, and the curious from all parts of Germany; in the great splendor of Pantagruelian repasts, a secret drama was being enacted between the King of Prussia, the Crown Prince and the English Ambassador. Sir Charles Hotham remitted to the King of Prussia a written document containing the answer of his court. Through means of writing the king signified his response. Both sides refused any concession. It was then evident that the negotiation was going to be broken. Of these parleyings, neither the king nor his son said a word, but both were thinking of the same thing, and became more and more exasperated with each other. The prince felt more sensitively than ever the shame of his slavery, during these days; when honors due his birth, were tendered him by assembled Europe.

Each successive fête was more wonderful than the preceding. The last day, King Augustus gave a dinner to his army. Thirty thousand men ate and drank at two lines of tables; at the extremity of each was a trophy, composed of the head of an ox, the skin covering as a drapery the roasted quarters of the animal.

Between these two files rode their Majesties of Prussia and Poland, and their two sons, who were saluted by hurrahs, and caps thrown in the air. Then the two kings and the two princes took their seats at a table in full view of all this great festivity. At their Majesties' dessert appeared the marvel of the day. A tent, guarded by cadets, dropped its canvas, and a cake was seen, fourteen ells long and six wide, which had required six hundred eggs, three tons of milk, a ton of butter, etc., etc. At a given signal from the master architect of his Polish Majesty, a carpenter, armed with a gigantic knife, the handle of which rested on his shoulder, made an incision in the sides of this monster. The distribution of the cake by the king to the tables of the princes and the guests ended the feast. Then the colonels and officers of each regiment, preceded by their bands of music, swords bared, filed before their Majesties and the two Highnesses. Each group stopped before the table; to each the king drank a health, emptying a glass of wine, and this, too, after drinking so many others. The officers also emptied glasses, and threw them in the air. Sixty pieces of heavy artillery accompanied the toasts. [166]

This was a strange, colossal fantasy, a royal debauch of merriment. The Crown Prince of Prussia presented a sad appearance there. These spectacles were strong contrasts to his misery. Many glances were turned toward him, which he attracted by his charming personality. He must have thought that all the princes, ambassadors and officers knew of his sad history, and the ignominious life he led. Never had the king

shown such ferocious anger at him as in the camp at Mühlberg. He beat him unmercifully one day, threw him on the ground, and dragged him by the hair. Frederick had to appear at parade all in disorder. The king added to these blows the most cruel, abusive language; "If I had been treated in this way by my father, I would have killed myself, but thou — thou submittest to everything!" Finally, he went so far as to summon him to renounce the throne. Now, Frederick meant to be king; he was even in haste to become so. Since the waiting was impossible to him near his father, he resolved to pass it outside of the kingdom. We shall soon see that he wished to fly from Mühlberg, and that he charged with a confidential mission Captain Guy Dickens, whom Sir Charles Hotham was sending to London with the reply of the King of Prussia to the response from England.[167]

On leaving Mühlberg to return to Berlin, where the king and the prince arrived July 2nd, Sir Charles Hotham received, through Guy Dickens, new instructions. This messenger had pleaded the cause of Wilhelmina and the Crown Prince in England. He had made England consider this alternative: either retard the two marriages until they could be celebrated at the same time, or conclude the marriage of the Prince of Wales and Wilhelmina, and obtain a promise of the other from the King of Prussia. The Court of London made this concession, and Sir Charles Hotham found himself more at ease in taking up again the negotiations. On the 9th of July he had a conference with the king, which lasted four hours. At the last accounts

the king declared that he held it to his honor to marry his daughter to the Prince of Wales. As for his son, when the time came, he would prefer an English princess to any other, and the marriage would not be delayed longer than ten years. In speaking thus, was he sincere? He probably thought that before ten years should elapse much water would pass under the bridges of the Spree. In England they were not disposed to wait so long. They thought "that a promise of the King of Prussia and an egg-puff were one and the same thing, and that, to prick this prince with generosity, was like pricking an old, jaded post-horse already hardened to the spur."[108] The new negotiation would probably not have succeeded any better than the preceding ones, but it was violently interrupted.

On the evening of the 9th of July, at the *tabagie*, Grumbkow drew from the king a recital of the conversation with Hotham. He remarked to his master that in proposing the first condition of the alternative, that is to say, the delay of the marriage of Wilhelmina, England wished to see "if, in the concourse of general affairs, they would have need of him, or, in the event of his becoming useless, they would beg to be excused." The king was always ready to accept insinuations of this kind. His defiance had no need of being awakened: it never slept. He must have been in a good frame of mind when he received Sir Charles Hotham the next day.

This was a farewell audience. The Envoy Extraordinary was on the eve of departing, and was to present

to the king Guy Dickens, who was the appointed Minister of England to Berlin. He resolved to terminate his mission with a master-stroke. For some time the English Minister had known of the secret correspondence between Grumbkow and Reichenbach, as he had the seals broken and the letters read in a postoffice. He had already revealed it to the king through allusions, but this prince let the matter drop; the minister had even passed over to Frederick William copies of these letters, of which he never heard again. Grumbkow, of course, denied the authenticity of the correspondence; but he wrote to Reichenbach that he earnestly hoped that all his letters had been burned, like the ones that he had received from his accomplice. Hotham, deciding to expose him, asked from England an original letter of Grumbkow's, and Guy Dickens brought it with him: this is the one about which we are to speak. The document was conclusive, since it proved the existence of anterior correspondence. Hotham placed it in his pocket before going to the king. He was received, together with Guy Dickens, at noon on the 10th of July. After the presentation of the new Minister and the delivery of his credentials, they talked of indifferent things for a quarter of an hour. Hotham, judging the king to be in a good humor, said: "As General Grumbkow has denied being the author of the letters that I have presented to Your Majesty, I have the order from the king, my master, to give into the hands of Your Majesty one of the original letters of the General." He held out the letter; the king took it, cast his eyes over it, recognized Grumbkow's handwriting,

and angrily said: "Gentlemen, I have had enough of this." He turned his back, threw the letter on the floor, and left the room, closing the door behind him with great violence. Sir Charles Hotham, astounded, picked up the letter, and retired.[169]

On his immediate return to his lodging, he wrote to the king to say that, with the deepest regret, after what had passed during the audience, he was reduced to making known to His Majesty the necessity of sending a courier to London to notify his court of the surprising circumstance. He begged His Majesty to give the necessary orders to deliver the post-horses to the said courier and himself. Two hours after, Minister Borcke was with Hotham. He expressed his grief at the unforeseen incident, begged him to be calm and patient, promising to arrange things. Hotham replied that, after the insult offered to the king, his master, he could no longer receive any communication from His Prussian Majesty. Had he alone been in question, the adjustment could be quickly settled, but, as he had only acted in conformity to his master's orders, it was for His Britannic Majesty to decide what satisfaction he should claim for the injury received.

The king repented of the wanton insult that escaped him. It appears that he naively said: "It was an attack of the spleen. I was in a bad humor, and when it takes hold of me, nature must find some relief." He probably added: "If this had been a letter from the King of England, they might naturally have become angry; but only a letter from a rascal like Grumbkow, what could be said? Am I not the mas-

ter, to do what I will? The English are very quick to anger."[170]

"To be the master," and, "to do what I will," means: I know better than you that Grumbkow is a knave; the original letter would have taught me nothing if I had read it; but I have a right to have ministers that please me. And, suppose it is agreeable to me to be deceived? He is sure that Sir Charles Hotham made a departure from diplomatic conventionality, in attacking, as he had done, a minister of the Crown of Prussia, but the question referred to a family affair—to this marriage, that treason thwarted. Sir Charles believed that he could unmask the traitor. At any rate, the king, if he was trying to show the incongruity of the step, certainly took a very strange way to do so. He felt it acutely: he had realized it as soon as he had closed the door: it was for this reason that he immediately sent Borcke to the English diplomat. When his Minister returned, without having obtained any concession, he commanded him to make another effort; Borcke expressed again by letter regrets at what had happened, and, in behalf of the king, invited Sir Charles Hotham to dine next day. Always the same answer: impossible to reappear at the court.

The next day new schemes were laid on all sides to detain Sir Charles. It was useless. He departed July 12th, leaving the Queen, the Crown Prince and Wilhelmina disconsolate.

On learning of the departure of the chevalier, Frederick thought that it would not be long ere he saw him again in England.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ATTEMPT AT ESCAPE — THE FLIGHT AND ARREST.

For some time, three or four years, perhaps, Frederick had been contemplating flight. He dreamed of fleeing on horseback or by post, to the noise of whip and horses' hoofs; to leave behind him leagues, and German leagues at that, to arrive on the French frontier, to sojourn awhile in the country which was the fatherland of his mind, and then to go and take refuge with his English relatives. It was not his betrothed who attracted him; he did not know her, and was not a love-dreamer. If the Princess Amelia came to his thoughts sometimes, it was to add a romantic color to his schemes, for there was romance, although in a very juvenile state, in the prince's projects. But it was for liberty that he thirsted, liberty to go and come, to get up and go to bed, to read, write, and think, to play the flute, — to live, in fact, according to his nature.

He appears to have had his first positive conference with Keith, during the winter of 1729; but, the putting into execution of his designs is reduced to the order for a carriage given at Leipsic by a lieutenant named Von Spaen. Katte afterward received Frederick's confidence.[171]

Katte had qualities calculated to please the prince. He loved mathematics, mechanics and music; he knew

how to draw and paint; he was a great reader, played on the flute, and wrote French well; he loved to talk and discourse. Of his century, of that century in which Frederick William was a stranger and a ghost, he had free morals, "sentimentality," a lack of religion; and with that he was a little paradoxical. A fatalist and an ambitious person, he believed he was called to a high destiny. He was the son of a general, grandson of a marshal, and friend of the Crown Prince; this friendship would open to him the future. He had for the prince that sentiment of tender respect, and affection at the same time mystic and interested, that the heirs to the crown inspire in those that they design to be their chosen servitors. He enjoyed the Crown Prince's graciousness, the charm of his mind and person. Frederick's misfortunes moved him; he was also touched at the unhappy fate of Wilhelmina; he had copied the portrait of the princess, of whom he would have been, if she had permitted it, the very humble servitor and knight. To the Crown Prince he could refuse nothing, not even the peril of his life.

In the camp of Mühlberg Frederick addressed the first precise requisitions to the friendship of Lieutenant Katte. During the entire stay there he negotiated in regard to his flight, in his secret conversations with him and Guy Dickens. Katte was, from the first, frightened at the project. The prince urged it, and wished to leave immediately; he asked Count Hoym, Minister of the Elector of Saxony, one day, for some post-horses for two young officers who wished to make, *incognito*, a journey to Leipsic. The ruse was artless,

for everybody had a presentiment of the Crown Prince's schemes. Hoym knew well enough what signified this *incognito*, and refused the relays. Katte himself begged him to make it difficult; although he acceded to the prince's wishes, since he procured a map of the route between Leipsic and Frankfort-on-the-Main, at a postoffice. These proceedings did not pass unnoticed. Colonel Rochow, the guardian of the prince, the daily witness of his sufferings and anger, had his suspicions, that he made known to the lieutenant, who denied all bad intentions. Frederick decided to delay the execution of his plans, but to hold himself in readiness.

He forthwith announced, in a private interview with Guy Dickens in his tent, that he would escape during a trip his father intended to make soon to Anspach, and through Western Germany; he would go to France, pass six or eight weeks in Paris, and from there go on to England. He did not admit that he was going to Paris, for the pleasure of going to see the city, and meet Gresset or Voltaire: "I prefer to go into France first," said he to Guy Dickens, "and remain there awhile. If I should go immediately to London, the king would think that my mother knew of my plan, and treat her cruelly." He added, with all the confidence of a young conspirator, "that everything was in readiness," and prayed the Court of London to do what was necessary in France, "that he might find there aid and protection."[172] Katte, who was aware of this intercourse, offered to go to Anspach, there to await him at the gates of the city with horses, or to dress himself as

a postillion, and serve the prince in that way (which was pure folly), until the propitious hour arrived.

However, the camp of Saxony had broken up. The Court returned to Berlin, and awaited the coming of Guy Dickens, who had left, as we remember, for England, and who had brought back on the 9th of July, at the same time with the new propositions of his court on the subject of the marriages, an answer to the confidences of Frederick.

His Britannic Majesty gave to His Highness the strongest assurances of his compassion and sincere desire to rescue him from this state, but he believed that the situation of the affairs of Europe, in this critical moment, were not in a suitable condition for the execution of His Highness' design. He advised him to defer it a little while, to await at least the results of the new negotiations in which Sir Charles Hotham was then engaged. Besides, the time had passed when they could gain information as to the welcome reserved for the prince "if he retired to that country. . . ." This answer was written in a kind of official instruction; it was evident the Court of England treated Frederick as a sovereign; her Envoy was given as much authority to negotiate with the son as with the father. Guy Dickens was also commissioned to offer a bribe to the prince. It was proposed to pay his debts, but on condition that he would give the promise not to attempt flight.

The same evening of his arrival in Berlin Guy Dickens received the visit of Katte, who led him under the portals of the palace, where the prince came to join them. The Envoy fulfilled his mission: Frederick ac-

cepted the offer to pay his debts, and even, as he had a remarkable presence of mind, asked for 15,000 thalers, although he owed but 7,000, and did not commit himself into promising that he would renounce his project; he only gave his word not to fly from Potsdam if his father left him there.

During this night interview Katte kept watch. All this was very romantic, but of a childlike imprudence.

Two or three days after, the king departed for Potsdam. The prince learned that, after much hesitation, his father had decided to take him with him on the journey. The 14th of July, the day before the departure, he wrote to Katte at Potsdam. Katte went to him in the evening, without permission, of course, and it was necessary to beg the officer who was on guard at the gate not to signal his passing through. He found the prince in the park.

They talked for two hours. Frederick repeated all his reasons for flight; he had just been maltreated there, and so rudely that he ended with fearing for his life. Katte demurred somewhat, but promised to follow him. Only, he could not leave immediately; he had to await the permission that he had solicited to go recruiting. He advised the prince to put off his flight until the end of the journey: the king had to enter his Estates through Wesel; from there it would be easy to reach Holland. The two accomplices thus established their project upon an hypothesis, since it was uncertain that Katte could obtain the requested leave of absence. They had arranged nothing definitely when they separated at midnight. They had agreed

to correspond,—this was a new imprudence,—through the medium of one of Katte's cousins, *Rittmeister* Katte, who was on a tour of recruiting at Erlangen, within easy distance of Anspach.

The next day, 15th of July, the prince, before setting out, wrote to Katte, to confirm his resolution of flying at the beginning of the journey. He arranged to meet him at Cannstatt, without even knowing if the lieutenant could be there at the same time as he. The page who took charge of this letter also gave Katte some things that the prince did not wish to leave behind him, among which was the *musicalia*. Katte had already in his possession Frederick's jewels and the insignia of the Order of the White Eagle of Poland, the diamonds of which had been sold and replaced by false stones. The prince had confided to him the money for the journey, amounting to about 3,000 thalers.

On the morning of this 15th of July the king took leave of the queen very tenderly. He expressed his regret at the "foolish way" he had acted toward Sir Charles Hotham, and his desire for the double marriage, with this ugly restriction: "But my son shows too much anxiety to get married; while he does that, I will make him wait. I mean that he shall have no other will but mine." He even acknowledged that he had been "the dupe" of Seckendorff. "You are commencing to talk more reasonably," said the queen; "but just as soon as you see the bell-tower on Count Seckendorff's estate, where you are going first, you will think differently, and on your return from your journey you will become more enraged than ever at your family and at me, and

make us suffer, as usual." The king replied: "No, I promise you! I love you too much, my dear wife. Embrace me."[113] Neither one nor the other had any idea what that return would be. Nevertheless, the prince's projects were suspected. It was said that he was going to take this opportunity "to shake the dust from his feet." The king gave the order that Colonel Rochow, General Buddenbrock and Colonel Waldow should not leave the carriage of his son. He, no doubt, took him on this journey so as to watch him more closely.

The first night was passed at Meuselwitz, Count Seckendorff's estate, where the king remained the two following days. The 18th he continued his route, taking the Count with him. The 21st he arrived at his son-in-law's, the Margrave of Anspach, where he sojourned about a week, "to regulate the economy" of the young household. The 23d, at midnight, a letter from Katte was brought to the prince by the cousin, the *Rittmeister*. Bad news: they had refused the lieutenant permission to travel. The prince burned the letter, and his response was for Katte to remain quiet until he received fresh orders. Now he wished to assure himself of another accomplice, and put the proposition to the *Rittmeister*, but he refused, and went so far as to warn Rochow, (but without revealing anything to him) not to lose sight of his "High Subordinate" for an instant. To whom could he apply? Among the king's pages was a younger brother of Keith's, the friend who was at Wesel. The prince confided in him, slipped notes into his hand, and carried on the following intercourse secretly: "Can horses be found anywhere?"—

"In some places they are to be found; in others not."—"Are you obliged to always stay near the king's carriage? Can you manage to be half a league behind or in front?"—"I must always remain near at hand, for the king, when he descends, asks after all those that belong to his retinue."—"Order horses for me."—"Where does His Highness wish to go?"—"Where do you think I will go?"—"I do not know."—"If I once go away I will never return."

Believing himself to be sure of a companion, Frederick wrote to Katte, the 29th of July, that he was mistreated for having dropped his knife. He commanded him to go to the Hague and look for a Count Alberville, the fictitious name under which he wished to hide his identity. In this letter another was enclosed, which Katte must leave so that it could be read. The prince therein deduced his reasons for his flight; he was too badly treated, and could support this existence no longer; the sojourn at Wusterhausen, said he, will be still worse than the preceding years. It was at this house of *ennui*, sermons and terror that the prince had been disgusted with life. He swore that he would never go there again. At the same moment he wrote to Keith to leave Wesel and go to Holland.

From Anspach the king took the route to Wurtemberg. The Ducal Court awaited him at Ludwigsburg. On arriving Frederick prepared for flight, as if for a love venture, enveloping himself in a red mantle, which he had had made some days before; he had ordered Keith to buy a blue one. On the morning of the fourth of August, as he was leaving Ludwigsburg, he put on his

fine, new mantle; "this," said Rochow to him, "is a garment that will not please the king." He replied that he wore the mantle on account of the cold (which did not explain the color), and then he took it off. The hour appointed by him was close at hand. This same day, at Heilbronn, the cortège of carriages left the valley of the Neckar and took the direction of Mannheim, where the Elector Palatine awaited the King of Prussia. The prince, who had maps, and informed himself, as if through curiosity, of the halting-places, thought that they would stay over night at Sinsheim, and from there he resolved to fly. But, by chance, the king wished to stop at Steinsfurth, where it was agreed to pass the night in some barns: the prince was lodged opposite the king. "We are not so far from Mannheim," said the king, on retiring. "On leaving here at five o'clock in the morning, we will have ample time to reach it." The prince, who had given his orders to Keith, thought that it would be a long time until that hour.

At half-past two o'clock he dressed himself. His *valet de chambre*, Gummersbach, Rochow's man of confidence, was astonished. "I wish only to get up," said the prince. "What's that to you?" He put on his red mantle. Gummersbach made some observations: "I wish to put it on," replied the prince, who added, "that he was going to the king," and went out, notwithstanding that the valet said: "the king is not to be awakened until the departure at five o'clock." He stationed himself before the barn; however, Gummersbach sent a chasseur to call the colonel. Rochow, who retired dressed, came instantly; he found the prince

waiting near his carriage: "Good morning, Your Highness," said he. The prince returned his greeting, left the carriage, and re-entered the barn. Rochow walked up and down before the door with Gummersbach. At three o'clock Keith, who was late, arrived with horses. "You see," said Gummersbach to the colonel, "what it means by these horses being here. I will guard the prince." Rochow went toward Keith, wished him good morning, and asked him what he intended to do with the horses. "They are the pages' horses," said Keith. "Go to the devil with your horses," cried the colonel. Buddenbrock and Waldow, also notified, came out to join Rochow. Seckendorff, who always slept with one eye open, appeared in the street. The prince had started out again, and the dawning day lighted up his red mantle: "Excellency," said Rochow to the Austrian, "how do you like the prince's attire?" The prince took off his mantle, and, in despair, went to his father's resting-place. The king had not yet risen. "Your carriage," said the king, "is heavier than mine. You go on before; otherwise you will arrive late." The prince left the room while his father was dressing, and went to drink his tea, lingering as long as he could, doing it so well that the king, who thought him already en route, left him behind. When he arrived at Heidelberg he was astonished not to find the prince there. "Where is my son? He must have gone very fast. They could not, however, have been foolish enough to enter Mannheim before my arrival." At eight o'clock the king was at Mannheim; still no prince. The king became uneasy; he imagined that Frederick had

succeeded in escaping. To calm him, the Elector Palatine sent his equerry along the route to Heidelberg. At last the tardy prince and his attendants arrived at half-past ten.[174]

It was evident that Frederick could not escape, but the resolution that he had taken to risk all rather than abandon this beautiful dream, made him blind. Again he gave the command to Keith to order horses, but the page had had a good scare that morning, in receiving the ironical salute of Rochow. He knew the king, and felt his head totter on his shoulders. The 6th of August, which was Sunday, after divine service, Keith threw himself at his master's feet and acknowledged the whole plot.

The king controlled the tempest rising within him, and resolved to dissimulate until he arrived in his city of Wesel, but he called Rochow near a window, and said: "Fritz wishes to desert; I am astonished that nothing of it has been told me. You, Rochow, will be responsible with your head, if you do not see that he reaches Wesel, dead or alive. I have not the time to say any more now. And, as it happens that I cannot find means at present to speak alone with Buddenbrock and Waldow, you must tell them in my name, and order them to be responsible to me." Rochow, who had the generosity not to disclose the adventure of the day before, was contented to answer: "He cannot escape us; he could not have escaped us. I have taken precautions. The prince has a faithful valet, in whom we may trust." Upon which they seated themselves at table. The king, who knew so little how to restrain himself, and who

loved to give vent to his anger, must have endured the torments of hell. The sight of the French intendant, the commander and officers of Landau, who came to Mannheim, disturbed him. He thought that they had come in advance of the prince to form his escort. That evening, at Darmstadt, where they remained over night, he could not keep from saying to his son: "I am surprised to see you here. I thought you were already in Paris." Frederick responded boldly by a lie: "If I had wished it, I could have certainly been in France." Once more, ignorant that he had been betrayed, he passed a note to Keith: "The plot has taken an unfavorable turn. Arrange for our leaving."

They arrived at Frankfort on the 8th of August, in the morning, whence they were to descend the Main. The king visited all the places of interest in two hours, without the companionship of the prince; he had him conducted directly to the boat which was going to transport the Royal party to Bonn. Frederick William burned with impatience to return home, but he had promised a visit to the Elector of Cologne, who was expecting him. He reached Bonn on the 10th. Before putting up there he ordered the officers of the prince to watch him well, and bring him back to the boat, dead or alive. Frederick heard these commands and other hard words spoken by his father without a frown. But, in his heart, he began to be troubled, feeling himself already a prisoner. In his way, he was shrewd. He guessed that all was discovered, and that Seckendorff was posted. He determined then to draw this enemy over to his cause, making him think he was

worthy of his confidence, and interesting the generosity of a man who was so powerful, near his father: "I had," said Frederick to Seckendorff, "the firm intention of running away. A prince eighteen years old can no longer bear being treated in this way by the king, and beaten as I have been in the Saxony camp. In spite of all surveillance (he repeated and completed his lie), I could have fled, had I not been restrained by my love for the queen and my sister. I do not renounce my resolution. If the king does not cease to strike me, I will put it into execution, no matter at what cost. The peril of my life does not disturb me. Only I should regret that some officers, having knowledge of the thing, would be exposed to danger, when they have not committed a fault, but have simply allowed themselves to be inveigled into it by me. If the king promises pardon for them, I will admit all frankly. If not, they can cut off my head before I betray anybody." Then, pushing his confidence a little further, he added that the queen knew nothing of his projects, but he was troubled about Katte; he hoped, though, that he would save himself after having destroyed their secret correspondence. He terminated his discourse by requesting Seckendorff to have a talk with the king: "You cannot show me greater friendship; I will be grateful to you all my life for drawing me out of this dilemma."[175]

Seckendorff had to listen with an air of respectful compassion, at the same time hiding his pleasure at the sight of so proud a youth reduced to asking a favor of him, knowing how reluctantly he gave this forced

confidence. The next day, at Mörs, he spoke to the king in generous terms of the prince's repentance. The king replied that he would prefer pardon to justice, if his son would make his avowals in an open-hearted manner, a thing he very much doubted; but, at Geldern, he learned that Lieutenant Keith had left Wesel. For several days he was aware that Katte had sent a message to Frederick during the journey. He saw the correlation of the two facts in the attempt at flight. In haste to put the prince in a place of safe keeping, he sent him on before to Wesel.

The king himself arrived there at half-past eight in the evening. He immediately ordered the prince to come to the *Commandatur*, and subjected him to a series of questions. The prince avowed that he wished to go into France, and added the story that he had given a rendezvous at Strasburg to Katte and Keith. It is said that the king, displeased with his answers, became so furious that General Von de Mosel threw himself between father and son, offering his chest to the first one of them that would draw his sword. But Frederick William, I think, was depressed and overwhelmed, as well as irritated. It is not impossible that he thought at the moment that these acts of violence toward his son would be counted against him in this trial in which he engaged before the eyes of all Europe. The official act of questioning, on the 12th of August, said that the prince was summoned "in the most solemn way, to honor as he should God and his seignior and father, and to confess, according to his duty and conscience, all the circumstances of his projected

desertion." Before delivering his son over to justice, Frederick William had to speak in this judge-like manner, and abide by it. The prince then assumed the position to which he was going to adhere, mixing falsehood and truth with extraordinary coolness; he was proud, and insolent even, but always cunning, and never pushing anything to extreme. It is quite probable that he may have answered his father by reproaching him for his acts of violence and his irritating speeches, saying "that he should blame only himself for what had happened."[176]

Afterward Frederick was taken to a room apart, and guarded by sentinels with fixed bayonets. The next day he was examined by Colonel Derschau, upon the questions prepared by the king. He answered by a story. "He wished," he said, "to go *incognito* to Landau, Strasburg and Paris, to take service, enter Italy, distinguish himself by brilliant action, and obtain in this way His Majesty's pardon;" but, at the same time, the king, who sent an order to follow Keith, learned that he had gone, not to Strasburg, but to the Hague. The prince was declared guilty of falsehood. The king had him notified of this through Derschau, and became more and more troubled; he went even so far as to think that there was a conspiracy against his life. The prince was either informed of or guessed these terrible suspicions.

"My dear father," wrote he, "I take the liberty of writing to my dear father, to ask him to recall my arrest, giving assurance that all that I have said or have had told to my dear father is true. As to

the suspicions held against me, time will show that they are groundless, and I affirm that I have not had the bad intention that they accuse me of having. I implore my dear father's pardon, and I remain, for life, his most respectful, most submissive, and very devoted son."[177]

For answer, the king gave the prince into the hands of General Buddenbrock, with the order to conduct him across Germany, to the Fortress of Spandau. The escort should evade the territories of Hesse and Hanover, suspicious countries, where the prince might perhaps find accomplices. In case of surprise or attempt at abduction, "Buddenbrock must arrange it so that the others will receive him dead."

The prince was taken away from Wesel in great secrecy. Until they reached Halle they were on the march day and night, never halting except in the open country, in a place "where they could see all around them, and where there were no bushes and hedges;" they ate in the carriage. The king, the same day, set forth again. A proof (it seems to me, at least) of his hesitation, of his disturbed mind, of his anguish, a recoil before the fact to which he gave, *in petto*, monstrous proportions,— is that he did not go directly to Berlin. He traveled a week, and did not arrive until the 26th of August at the Royal Palace.

THE EXAMINATION.

Terror reigned in Berlin when they heard the news from Wesel. The king, the same day of the arrest, wrote a letter to the queen, and another to Madame de Kamken:

"My dear Madame de Kamken,[178] I have the misfortune to state (*leider das Unglück*) that my son has desired to desert with the page, Keith. I have had him arrested. I have written to my wife. She may grieve for a few days. It is for you to see that she does not fall sick.

"I am your devoted friend,

"Fr. William."

The letter to the queen was lost; the one that Wilhelmina put in her *Memoirs* is certainly false. Frederick William, at the moment he took precautions to lighten the blow that he gave his wife, would not have written to her if he had resolved upon the death of his son. It is likely, as the Ministers of England and France said, that, after having related the facts and the examination of the prince, and the manner in which he conducted himself, he announced to the queen the arrest and the order he had given to take Fritz to a fortress.[179] We have not the right to think that no human sentiment was mingled with the king's anger. There was in the note to Madame de Kamken a strange demonstration of sentiment, but yet it was sentiment.

Again, the king sent an order from Wesel. It was to arrest Katte. He had remained quietly in Berlin, thinking that the prince had renounced his project, since he, the indispensable companion, could not join him. He went to pass the day of the 18th of August in the country, through permission of Field-marshal Natzmer, chief of the regiment of Gensd'armes. He was arrested the following morning.[180]

The queen and Wilhelmina passed terrible days awaiting the return. Uneasy as to the fate of the prince, the remembrance, too, of their intrigues, must have

made them tremble for themselves.[181] The scene of the arrival was overpowering: "We both ran to kiss his hand," said Wilhelmina, "but scarcely did he see us than anger and rage took possession of him. He became black in the face, his eyes flashed with fury, and he foamed at the mouth. 'Infamous wretch,' said he to me, 'dost thou dare to come before me? Go and keep company with thy rascally brother.'" And he struck her so hard that the princess fell to the floor; he wished to trample her under foot; the queen, her brothers and sisters, and the ladies of the court surrounded him. He then let her alone; but, while the queen wrung her hands and ran wildly about, and the brothers and sisters, the youngest being only four years old, cried on their knees, he hurled invectives at his daughter.[182] At that moment Katte crossed the courtyard, between four soldiers. As he raised his head he perceived Wilhelmina, whom they had seated in a chair in the embrasure of the window: he saluted her.

The king did not have the hope of catching Katte; when he gave the order for his arrest, he believed he had fled, like Keith, whom, in order to get back again, he did almost the impossible. He sent a colonel in pursuit, who discovered Keith at the Hague. He directed Meinertshagen, his Minister in that city, to obtain permission to arrest the deserter. The Grand Pensionary of Holland refused at first, then, when the Minister laid the affair before him, authorized the arrest, provided it was not made in the quarters of Lord Chesterfield, the Ambassador of England. It was there that Keith had taken refuge: Meinertshagen found only

his spurs at the hotel *Drei Schnellen*. The 18th of August, Keith embarked right under the eyes of the Minister at Scheveningen, where he had been conducted in a carriage of the Embassy. At London even, the king wished to have him arrested, and he gave the order to Degenfeld, promising him a good recompense, *eine gute Recompens*, if he would do all in his power to discover him, and he sent the description of the fugitive: "medium height, straight, thin, brown, a little pallid, and squint-eyed." But Keith remained out of Frederick William's reach.[183] Katte was, then, the only witness, the only known accomplice: the king let all his anger fall on him. He himself subjected him, the 27th of August, to the first examination. Four others followed, up to the 9th of September.

Katte, who did not show the least emotion the day of his arrest, kept his composure. He confessed the project formed in the Saxony camp, the conversations with the prince, and the negotiations with Guy Dickens, and the interviews before the departure on the journey. He added, in his defense, the advice he had given the prince to renounce the scheme; he made the remark that, as he had the money in his hands, His Highness could not fly, insinuating that he would have retained him at the last moment. These avowals did not suffice Frederick William, who sought proofs of more criminal intentions. He wished to put Katte to the torture, but relinquished this idea upon the lively opposition of Grumbkow to this barbarity. Finally, on the 20th of September, in a last examination, to the question: "Does he acknowledge, then, that if he had been able, he

would have escaped?" Katte answered: "If the prince had gone I would have followed him, but I always thought he would never go." No doubt, he spoke the truth. It is probable that he learned with pleasure that permission to travel had been refused him. He believed that the prince would return, and that they would take up again their life of secret friendship and confidence, which would aid them to await the accession. But he had admitted that he would have followed the prince, had it been necessary. The same day, his valet made a deposition to the fact that about two days before the arrest, at his master's order, he had covered with paper the silver galloon of a gray coat made for the prince.

Upon this avowal and this declaration, the examination concluded, concerning Katte, that, up to the last moment, he would have deserted.

The examination, at the same time, continued against the principal accused. The king had decided that his son should be conducted, not to Spandau, but to Cüstrin. He ordered that he be examined before arriving at this fortress, at Mittenwalde, by a committee composed of Generals Grumbkow and Glasenapp, Colonel von Sydow, and the auditors Mylius and Gerbett. To believe the report then circulated, he was very insolent. He refused to give up his sword himself to Grumbkow, saying he could go and take it from the table in the adjoining room. He amused himself by giving his deposition with such rapidity that Grumbkow's pen could not follow him. To the question: "Why did you wish to run away?" he answered: "You

ought to know better than any one, and be more capable of giving the reasons to your master." To an objection that Grumbkow raised to one of his answers, he said: "You are here only to write, so write."[154] This is all mere invention, for Grumbkow did not conduct the examination, but it is certain that the prince appeared very gay and inclined to joke, *lustig und frölich*, and that he desired to have the air of directing the debates. He had it written in the minutes that he had said everything without reticence and without awaiting the questions. In fact, he had asked several times of the committee: "Is that all? Do you wish to know still more?" He did not condescend to implore either pardon or clemency for himself, but he interceded for Katte, saying that the unfortunate man had been induced to do it through him.

Two days after this the prince was registered at Cüstrin. General von Lepell, Governor of the place, had received orders from the king; "Guard him well, for he is very tricky, and will invent a hundred ways to escape." This was a prison in reality, with all its horrors. Kept in secrecy and in absolute solitude, the prince became very weary. He tried one of his "hundred inventions," and asked permission to commune. He really did not have the slightest desire to do so, and only wished some distraction, and at the same time to flatter his father. The king responded: "It is not yet time; the court-martial must be concluded, first of all; after that it will be time." These words had, perhaps, a terrible hidden meaning. The king then added that the prisoner should have neither pen nor ink; the

prince should never leave his room: a lackey should take him his dinner and supper; the dinner should cost but six groschens, and the supper but four. His flute should be taken away from him, and it was forbidden to procure him another.[185]

Now the committee prepared a second examination, and General Mylius, the principal auditor, arranged a list of questions. To this procedure of the jurists the king supplemented, in his fashion, five questions not within the bounds of the law. Mylius hesitated to introduce them; he wished to be exonerated from all ulterior responsibility by an order from the king. "I have dictated these articles myself to my secretary," wrote the king. "I command you to execute my instructions on my responsibility." The chief examination took place on the 16th of September. The prince had finished with the one hundred and seventy-eight first questions which bore upon the subject of his projected flight, upon the negotiations relative to the marriage, and upon the events of the last few years. Then came the king's questions.

Q. What does he deserve, and what punishment does he expect? *A.* I submit myself to the mercy and will of the king.

Q. What does a man deserve when he has broken his faith and plotted desertion? *A.* I do not think I have failed in honor.

Q. Does he deserve to become a king? *A.* I cannot be my own judge.

Q. Does he wish his life to be spared or not? *A.* I submit myself to the mercy and will of the king.

Q. As he has rendered himself unfit to succeed to the throne by breaking his faith, will he, to preserve his life, abdicate his succession and renounce it in such manner that it will be confirmed throughout the whole Roman Empire? *A.* I do not cling much to life, but His Royal Majesty will not use such rigorous means against me.

Formidable questions these, which show the state of mind and the intentions of the supreme judge, the king. And wonderful answers, – after the fatigue of the other examination — from an accused of eighteen years, to be admired for the precision of the words, which say exactly what is meant to be expressed, and in that dignified, and even proud manner that knows no compromise. The prince had cleverly glided into the first part of the examination, expressions of regret, and a plea of the extenuating circumstance of his youth. At the end, troubled, perhaps, by the subsequent questions, and not wishing to leave the impression upon the committee that "I do not cling to life," he made a declaration which he asked to be inserted in the formulary. "He acknowledged that, all in all, upon every point, he had been in the wrong; that which gave him the most sorrow was the trouble he gave His Majesty; that he submitted in everything to the mercy and will of the king: that His Majesty could do with him what seemed best to him; that he asked pardon."

In receiving the protocol the king tore off the addition to it, where pardon was asked. He made the prison life harder, so as to avenge himself upon his son's coolness and cleverness. He sent to the Governor

General an instruction "in regard to the way the prisoner, Prince Frederick, should be guarded so that he could not escape from the prison," notifying the said General, even in the title of the document, that his head would be responsible for the execution of these orders: "The door (of the room) where Prince Frederick is held a prisoner must be well-closed day and night, with two heavy locks across it; the keys must be in the keeping of General Lepell. Every morning at eight o'clock it must be opened, and two officers shall enter to see if everything is right; a stoker of the post shall bring to the arrested, *dem Arrestanten*, a glass and a basin of water to make himself clean, and take the soiled things from the room; the whole must not take more than a few minutes; then the officers are to go out and close the door firmly. At noon they shall bring him something to eat, and, immediately after, close the door. In the evening at six o'clock they shall open the door again, and take him something to eat. The soiled plates and dishes (of the dinner) shall then be removed, and, immediately after, close all again securely. In the morning, when bringing the water, the soiled plates and dishes of the evening before shall be taken away. Thus, three times a day the door shall be opened, and every time, it shall not remain open longer than four minutes, and two captains shall be present at the opening and closing. As regards the sentinels, have as many as are necessary, for you will be held responsible. The captains who open and close the doors must not, under penalty of great disgrace, speak to the prisoner. If he asks them anything, "What is taking

place here or there, or if there is any news," they are not to answer a word; this is my strict order, and they must conform to it as their heads will be responsible."[186]

The jailors (the king had added a colonel to General Lepell) reflected upon the king's orders, and found that he had not foreseen everything: "The very gracious order of Your Majesty has arrived, but, in virtue of the said order, as no one can remain more than four minutes near the royal prisoner, and cannot be present while he eats, we ask, in all submission: 1st, Must we leave him a knife and fork, and for how long a time; 2d, How many wax candles a day must be given him?" The king answered: "Neither knife nor fork. Have his victuals cut up beforehand." He forgot to speak of the wax candles, but, some days later, receiving the accounts of "His Royal Highness' subsistence," which amounted for four weeks,—comprising the washing, lodging and feeding of the lackey, in the town, and the locks put on the door—thirty-two thalers, three groschens and three pfennigs, he approved and settled these accounts, but ordered for the future that the wax light should be replaced by tallow candles.[187]

This redoubled vigilance gave the prince some uneasiness. "It seems to me," said he one day to the two captains of service, "that I am more severely guarded than ever." He wished to see faces, to talk and hear others talk. The little scheme about the communion not having succeeded, he asked to be heard again by the committee. The king, after having hesitated some days, sent them to Cüstrin, but he instructed Grumbkow to say very disagreeable things to the prince: "If

this knave asks news of me, my wife and my children, say that no one thinks of him any longer, that my wife never wishes to hear of him again, that Wilhelmina is shut up in Berlin, and will soon be sent to the country. . . ."

The examining magistrates soon saw that the prince had nothing to say to them. As he began by recalling that, according to the first examination, the choice had been given him between renunciation of the crown and death or imprisonment for life, they remarked to him that, of imprisonment for life there had been no mention. "Then," he replied, "all my reflections are useless. A long imprisonment was appearing to me intolerable. If I must lose my life, I beg they will give me to understand it in suitable time. As to renunciation, if I thought to recover through that means the good graces of the king, I would submit to his will. I can also assure you that the king may do with me what he will, and as he will; I will love him none the less. Respect and love for him will always remain in my heart." Evidently, he wished to be reassured. The committee gave him probably good report, for he saw himself suddenly out of danger, and confided to them two wishes that he had: "I take the liberty to beg His Majesty to allow me to put on my uniform again, and permit me to read good and useful books." Then Grumbkow, after having given this message to the king, must say: "If the queen has also turned her grace from me, I pray the king to influence my mother to give me back again her grace and love."

The prisoner in this way gave himself the pleasure

of a conversation: on the same occasion he found means to flatter his father in his most sensitive point, in asking again for that uniform that, but a short while since, he called "my shroud." He hoped to touch him through the promise of a submission, which would go even so far as to renounce the throne. He knew, too, that the king reproached him for loving only the queen; to implore his father to reconcile his mother and himself was a very clever "invention."

The king's reply was: "I do not wish so bad an officer in my army, much less in my regiment."

What was Frederick William's inward feeling? He was a prey to sinister thoughts, and committed atrocious acts. The examination revealed a little love intrigue that Frederick had with Elizabeth Ritter, daughter of a *Cantor* of Potsdam. One evening, while strolling through the streets with Lieutenant Ingersleben, the prince attracted this young girl from the house. He had visited her several times, during the absence of her father. They had played duets together upon the harpsichord and flute; he had given her some ducats and a blue dress. The king, as soon as he learned this story, sent a midwife and a surgeon to Elizabeth. They found her innocent. Nevertheless, he gave the two following orders: "His Royal Majesty commands Klinte, Judge of the Court, to whip to-morrow the daughter of the *Cantor*, who is here under arrest, and to transport her immediately to the hemp factory of the prison of Spandau. She must be whipped before the city hall, after that, before her father's house, then at all the corners of the city." "To the Gov-

ernor of Spandau. His Majesty orders, through the present letter, that the Governor of Spandau shall receive for life into the hemp factory of the prison the daughter of the *Cantor* of Potsdam, who is about to be sent there." [188] The foreign ministers who reported news like this to their courts wondered how it could be credited.

Everything that touched Frederick, closely or remotely, was visited by the king's wrath. One of the examinations of Katte revealed the existence of the secret library, so dear to the prince that he had given orders to have it transported, after his flight, to England. The king had the librarian called before him: a poor devil of a beadle, whom he questioned for an hour and a half, asking, among other things, if there were books in this library on atheism, and how much the prince paid by the week. When the man said "twenty sols," the king had a moment of satisfaction: "At any rate, that is not too much," said he. Then the king was conducted to the house that contained the fifteen closets, opened a few of the volumes, ordered the crowned F to be effaced from the covers of the books, and for them all to be packed in boxes. They were shipped immediately to Hamburg, to the Prussian resident there, with the order to sell the books "for as good a price as possible," without disclosing whence they came. The resident made a catalogue wherein he inscribed the books in the disorder that he found them, and among them even the catalogue that Frederick himself had made. Like the books, the masters were also dispatched. Duhan was exiled to Memel with the beadle librarian.[189]

At the same time the prince's servants were dismissed; his carriages and horses were sold. The regiment of which he was colonel for three years was given to his brother William. It might have been said that the succession to the title of Crown Prince was open.

All those who approached the king really feared that it might be so. Ginckel, the Minister from Holland, who was in great favor with the king, observed him during this crisis. One day, in the beginning of September, he was at the parade near the king, whom he saw for the first time since the event. The king spoke, at first, of indifferent things, then there suddenly came a furious light in his eyes: "You know what is going on," and, in a torrent of oaths and curses, he named the accomplices of the prince, France, England, Sir Charles Hotham and Guy Dickens. He invited Ginckel to return that evening, so that he could tell him more. The things that the Hollander heard that night at the *tabagie* he dared not repeat. He could not believe it possible that a human mind could form designs as impious and execrable as those that were confided to him: "If the King of Prussia persists in these sentiments (it is to be hoped that God will not permit it), we will see the most dreadful, bloody scenes that have ever happened since the creation of the world." That night Ginckel could not sleep, haunted by the vision of the king uttering the most awful threats to his family with a wild look and foaming at the mouth.[1/10] Frederick William thought at that time that there was a great plot organized against him to take his son away, and that even Frederick wished to kill or poison him.

His anger increased more and more during the whole month of September. He passed horrible nights, tormented by apparitions. But, in proportion as the examination proved the exaggeration of his suspicions, in spite of himself, he appeared to become a little calmer; however, even this exasperated him. The latter part of October, in one of the sittings at his *tabagie*, he accompanied the name of his son with the grossest insults. Ginckel tried to intercede: "The prince," said he, "has merely committed a youthful indiscretion, he is, nevertheless, the son and the blood of Your Majesty." "As for the blood," replied the king . . . but he was so furious that he could not speak. He pointed with his finger to his arm, as much as to say, "this blood must be drawn out of him." [191]

Frederick William never thought he had reason to reproach himself. "May God spare all honest people," wrote he to Prince Anhalt, "unnatural children! It is a great sorrow. However, I have before God and the world a pure conscience. Admonitions, chastisements, kindness, pardon, I have tried all; nothing has succeeded." As to the pardon and kindness of which he speaks, we know of no other proofs but some few returns to tenderness that interrupted the rain of abuses and blows. In the examination to which he submitted his conscience, he was partial to himself. He represented to this conscience his labor, his trouble, his hard life, and compared it to that of this reader of books, this flute-player. He thought of his army, his treasure amassed crown by crown, and for whom? For this dandy, who preferred a "*roquelaure*" to the uniform

of the Grenadiers, and ran into debt to pay for books, music and women. The future that he was preparing for his Prussia, and that he saw from afar, as did Moses the promised land, without hope of entering it, — this future that he pointed out and prescribed, when still a young king, for his successors, he saw vanish before the idleness of this rhymster and philosopher.

Then, before God, he believed himself justified to use this harshness. He did not render into account, in the narrowness of his mind and the fanaticism of his autocratic will, the fact that a person could be otherwise formed than he, and that his son had the right not to resemble him trait for trait, and that to command his army after him, to use his treasure, continue his Prussia, it was necessary to possess qualities that he did not have. His son's qualities he began to see in part, but they ended in irritating him, through the effect of a sentiment that he would not admit to himself. He was astonished that this "knave" could defend himself with so much assurance and cleverness. He was enraged to think that this "rascal," this good-for-nothing, could have, as he said, more wit than any one else. He was jealous, and his jealousy increased his hatred and disfigured it. His successor was to him a "dreaded rival." If he allowed his prisoner to escape from his hands, God knows what he would not be capable of venturing, with his friends inside the kingdom and those outside,—with France and England. To the grievance of the occult relations with the foreigners, the king attached himself with obstinacy; he enlarged upon it, so as to complicate with

treason the projected flight of the prince. He certainly sought for capital accusations.[192]

The foreign ministers reported that Seckendorff and Grumbkow stirred up the king's anger. They said that Grumbkow, master of the situation, wished to disembarrass himself of the prince, whose vengeance he feared. Grumbkow and Seckendorff, in fact, triumphed: their adversaries were conquered. Cnyphausen had been sent away, and replaced by Grumbkow's son-in-law. The king lavished his declarations of esteem upon the two accomplices. All those who surrounded him, said he, appeared suspects to him, except Grumbkow,[193] who alone remained faithful. At last the marriage negotiations seemed to be buried. The king wished no longer that his family should unite with that of England, neither at that time nor ever. By his order one of his ministers was sent to Guy Dickens, and made him this little speech: "Sir, I have been required to say to you, on behalf of the king, my master, that the plans of marriage, either single or double, must no longer be contemplated. You can make of this declaration what use you may deem proper." Guy Dickens, after having referred the matter to his court, brought to His Majesty's minister this reply: "Sir, I come on behalf of the king, my master, to deliver the answer to the declaration that you have presented in regard to the double marriage. His Majesty commands me to say that it was the King of Prussia himself who first gave thought to these marriages, to which His Majesty gave ear, on his side, through the friendship that he had for the family of the queen, his sister,

and through his attachment to the Protestant religion; that if the King of Prussia had since changed his sentiments in regard to this subject, it was a question of entire indifference to His Majesty. He only wished, that, from the beginning, the King of Prussia had thought this way, for, in that case, no explanations would have been necessary between them. With this declaration, Sir, you can do as you judge proper." [194]

It is true that the Queen of Prussia, instead of contenting herself with tears, continued to agitate the question and intrigue with England. She begged Guy Dickens, on the receipt of the news of the arrest of the prince, to send to his court, without losing a moment's time, a report of her lamentable situation. "She wished the King of England to know that all her hope, all her confidence, reposed in him. She was convinced that he would not abandon her in this trouble." [195]

At the time even when Frederick William denounced the consideration of the marriages in the manner of a declaration of war, the queen was still petitioning the Court of London to address to the king a solemn demand for the hand of Wilhelmina. "This is," she said, "the only means of appeasing our madman." [196] But, what mattered it to Grumbkow and Seckendorff? They had every reason to believe that the odious intrigue that they carried out through the order from Vienna, had succeeded. Content with their success and the humiliation of their enemies, was there anything else they wanted? Did they work for the destruction of the prince and seek means to lead him to the scaffold? Of course, if they had received news of

the death of Frederick in prison, the sadness that they would have shown, the tears that they would have shed, would not have deceived anyone. But these rascals were not sanguinary. They had not the audacity to commit a real crime. They were, besides, well enough informed to comprehend that it was not so easy to find a means of death in this affair. They foresaw that Frederick would survive this danger, into which they had helped to lead him. Already, they thought of the morrow; they went so far as to prepare a role for themselves as peacemakers and instruments of pardon. Grumbkow congratulated himself that he had not been on the trip when the prince was arrested. Seckendorff, too, pretended to use his efforts toward calming the king and refuting, one by one, his arguments. At all events, he did not wish to have the air of triumphing over his enemies. One day the king, after the dismissal of Cnyphausen, said to him: "Well! I have made a clean sweep!" He was content to reply with a few words, "muttered in his husky voice." Twice, during the crisis, he returned to his estates, as a disinterested, inoffensive man.[197]

No one advised the king to pronounce the penalty of death upon his son. The idea certainly emanated from his own brain, and pertinaciously stayed there. Don Carlos, of Spain, and Alexis, of Russia, no doubt, passed through his unsteady mind during the nocturnal apparitions, but his conscience, after all, was worth more than those of Philip of Spain and Czar Peter. And, besides, he was obliged more than they, to take the opinion of the world into consideration. He pre-

occupied his mind with what Europe would say,—in what she had already said. One of his complaints against Frederick and his party was, "that they did all they possibly could to represent him to the world as a tyrant." [198]

Throughout Europe "there was spread the report of the King of Prussia's cruelty." The States-General, Sweden and Saxony, wrote letters of intercession for the Crown Prince. The King of Sweden pleaded with Frederick William that, while placing himself between his duties as a king and his duties as a father, to listen to his paternal heart. "Your family, your people, the Protestants, all Europe, await this decision of your natural kindness, and implore you to make it." From London, Degenfeld (who replaced Reichenbach, recalled), wrote "that the court was astounded;" that "all the good Protestants of the nation were saddened and grievously troubled; all awaited that sentiment of His Majesty, which would give free scope to his paternal tenderness . . . and which would be merciful to the prince and pardon him, for the consolation of the Protestant religion." [199]

The king, it is true, received these supplications with a very bad grace. The Swedish Minister, who received the letter from his king the latter part of August, dared not then put it into the hands of Frederick William. It did not reach its destination until a month after. The king wrote on the margin a single word: "*Reponatur*," meaning, classify it.

Ginckel, bolder and in better standing at Court, acquitted himself of his commission from the "High

Powers." "Yes," responded the king, "I know that the whole world wishes to pass me off as a brutal man, and that the prisoner would like to circulate it abroad throughout Europe." He feigned to be insensible to all these rumors, as well as to all these petitions, and through his ministers made it known that he permitted no one, "whoever he may be, to meddle with his domestic affairs." Nevertheless, he was troubled. He thought to make a public declaration, and prepared a manifesto to the Powers.[209] Finally he said he was not free enough to decide alone this domestic affair. He was not only king; he was Elector of Brandenburg. Frederick was not only heir to the royal crown of Prussia; he was heir to the Electorate of the Empire. The Imperial Court, it is true, did not press him to act. It was not until the latter part of October that they suggested to the king, that if agreeable to him they would intercede between father and son, as they could not, and Frederick William was well aware of it, show indifference to the fate "of such an eminent member of the Empire."

All these exterior considerations, added to the scruples of his conscience, admonished Frederick William against these extreme resolutions. Besides, his real intentions must not be judged by these actions; the violent soothe themselves with violent words. I would not dare to say that he did not wish at times, that his son might die in prison, but he was incapable of having him poisoned or strangled there. It now remained to have the proceeding against him by means of justice. But before what tribunal? The title of

member of the empire would follow the accused and complicate the trial. And, besides, could the king hope that a Prussian tribunal would condemn the Crown Prince of Prussia to death? It seems to me, after the first burst of anger, that he saw the impossibility of a capital condemnation and an execution.

The idea to which he held the longest was to deprive his son of the crown. He treated him as if he were disinherited. He gave Frederick's regiment to William. He called his oldest son no longer the *Kronprinz*, but "Frederick, the son of the King of Prussia," or, "Prince Frederick."[201] But why, then, did he not accept the proposition that Frederick had made to the committee the second time that he had been heard by them, to renounce his rights? Why was he only contented to reply that he did not wish to have him again as an officer in his army? No doubt because he did not believe in the sincerity of the prince, and because he dreaded the troubles that would overturn the State after his death. He felt sure that Frederick would not abdicate his title of heir-apparent without mental reservation, and that the younger brother, William, would have to deal with a powerful opponent. And in addition to this, such an act would be void without the solemn confirmation that it would be necessary to demand from the Empire. This was a very slow proceeding to follow. It would be submitting, before the eyes of all Europe, this family history to the judgment of princes and emperors. Who knows what would come to pass? The malevolently inclined were not lacking among the princes, and Frederick

William knew well that he would be the one to be judged.

In truth there was but one solution—death. This was impossible. What was to be done? For it seemed something must be done.

From the first day Frederick William had qualified his son's act as desertion. Frederick, the colonel, wished to desert: he was then subject to examination by court-martial. The king was speaking of a court-martial, when the prince asked for communion at Cüstrin. The 21st of September he formally ordered the arraignment of the deserter. A month later he formed the court-martial under the presidency of Lieutenant-General von Schulenberg, and at the same time referred to him the accomplices of the prince: Keith, who really deserted; Katte, who premeditated desertion, and had partly put it into execution; Lieutenant von Spaen, who ordered the carriage at Leipsic in December, 1729; Lieutenant von Ingersleben, who knew of Frederick's plan (for he accompanied Katte on the night visit at Potsdam, the evening before the departure of the king), and besides this he favored the love affair of the prince with the daughter of the *Cantor*. The court composed of three major-generals, three colonels, three lieutenant-colonels, three majors and three captains, had its sitting the 25th of October, at Köpenick. Each group had one voice and the president one.

What judgment did the king expect of this council concerning his son? He had seen, little by little, in the course of the examination, the accusation weaken and melt in his hands. There had never been discov-

ered either the written promise given by Frederick to marry the Princess Amelia, or the intrigues of Rottenburg. The foreign relations were reduced to his asking England for shelter, which had been refused; the king himself was obliged to agree to that: "It is certain," wrote he to Prince Anhalt, "that England knew all, but that she tried to dissuade him from the desertion." The prince had declared that he wished to retire to France, and Katte had advised him to stop in Alsace, at Count Rottenburg's home, but of a political intrigue with France, of a complicity with her, there was no trace.[202]

There remained the simple desertion, but the accused did not acknowledge this crime. He wished to run away, because he was badly treated; he was a son who wished to fly from the mistreatment he received from his father – that was all. "This little knave," said the king, "has invincible cleverness and hard-headedness in defending himself, and is continually opposed to saying that he wished to desert." The king ended by fearing that he would find nothing convicting at all in this "trial of sorcerers." He even went so far sometimes as to treat the affair as an "escapade," then, the moment after, swore only by "the gibbet and wheel." He could not resign himself to let them say that all this harshness was excited over a "youthful prank." He promised Degenfeld to show him proof of a projected scheme, well and duly considered, that had been agitating for over a year. He watched the drawing up of the excerpts from the facts of the examination, prepared by the auditor, General Mylius,

which he had the design to publish (but which he did not publish, however).

The same day that he called the court-martial he had them read this mandate. He ordered the effacing of the title of "Highness" everywhere it was given to the prince. He complained of the minutes, and commanded Mylius "seriously" to bear stronger on the idea that "His Majesty has not without cause done what he has done . . . otherwise, for ten who would give the right to the king, there would be ten who would give the right to the prince." He wished that this document should not be simply an extract, but a very particular manifesto, "so that the people will not believe that the king has refused bread to his son, and that the prince has been constrained by necessity to do what he has done, while the king has had his motives to leave nothing to the disposition of the prince outside of his actual needs." If I am not deceived, he discloses by these words a sort of uneasiness of being condemned by the public; he was nearly resigned to content himself with proving that he had good reasons for being severe.

Those who observed Frederick William closely during these last days came to the conclusion that he had arrived at that point where he himself no longer knew what he wanted. It appears to me clearly that he gave no more thought to a capital condemnation, or even to Frederick's renunciation of the paternal crown.[203]

THE JUDGMENT.

For two days, the 25th and 26th of October, the court-martial heard the reading of the actions of the

examination. The 27th, the captains, majors, lieutenant-colonels, colonels and major-generals deliberated separately on their vote.

The judges were unanimous concerning Keith. He had shamelessly left the service, deserted; he must be called three times by beat of drum. If he does not appear his sword must be broken, and his effigy hung on the gibbet.

In regard to Lieutenant Ingersleben, the captains held against him nothing but the accusation of having made some commissions to the daughter of the *Cantor* of Potsdam, a thing he knew to be disagreeable to His Majesty; they stipulated for him, two months' imprisonment added to that which he had already endured. The majors, in the same cause, provided that the said lieutenant could have dispensed with the evening promenades with the prince, and still more with carrying presents to the girl, stipulated for six months' imprisonment, but, considering the long confinement he had undergone, begged His Majesty, in all submission, to consider well, in his gracious kindness, the penalty he had already suffered, and lighten his punishment. The lieutenant-colonels saw, besides his relation to the girl, the fact that, through the order of the prince, the lieutenant had notified Katte to come to Potsdam, and had sheltered him at his own house on the eve of the departure for Anspach; they agreed to six months' imprisonment, without extenuation. The colonels came to the same conclusion, adding that, if the accused had really informed Katte at Potsdam, through the order of the prince, he had known noth-

ing of the projected "*retirade*" (retreat). The generals counted only the participation in the gallant adventure, they remarked that the accused had never arranged the meetings; that he had only kept the prince company; and, all in all, carried some presents to the young girl. They voted three months' imprisonment in a fortress.

Concerning Lieutenant Spaen, the captains agreed that the accused had ordered a carriage for the prince at Leipsic, in the month of November, 1729; that during the journey from Anspach he had read, at Berlin, a letter written by the prince to Katte, and thus knew the plan; that, without taking part in the affair, he had not revealed it, as was his duty; accordingly he should be cashiered and receive two years' imprisonment. The majors, for the same reasons, agreed to cashiering him and six years' imprisonment. The lieutenant-colonels agreed that, as there was enough proof to presume that the lieutenant would have followed the fugitives, to his being cashiered and subject to arrest in a fortress until he should receive His Majesty's pardon. The colonels, who did not prejudge the intentions of the accused, cashiered him and subjected him to three years in the fortress. The generals cashiered him and gave him two years imprisonment.

Concerning Lieutenant Katte, the captains agreed, that the first proposition of flight had been made to the said lieutenant by the prince, who afterwards conversed with him often upon the subject and by different ways, but that the prince would not have gone so far

in his project if Katte had not supported him in it, if he had not made different propositions to him, procured the post-route, suggested, as a place of sojourn, the estates of Count Rottenburg, offered to dress as a postilion, so as to be able the more readily to fly with him, and ordered, finally, a gray coat with silver galloon; in consideration that Katte himself acknowledged that he would have followed the prince if he had left the country; that instead of revealing the design to Colonel Rochow, as was his duty, he had deceived the said colonel through his assurances; in consideration that his said excuse, "that he would have tried to turn the prince from his project," was void, since he was still ready at the last moment to go; but also, taking into account that he did not carry into execution these projected plans, he therefore could not be punished in the customary way for the accomplished act; and, to sum up, it was not to be presumed that the projects concerted between him and the prince would ever have been accomplished — conformably to the duties of their solemn oath, condemn Katte to imprisonment in a fortress for life.

The majors articled and numbered the principal accusations, and omitted no detail, neither the negotiation of money for the "*echapade*," nor the full purse of louis d'or in readiness for the desertion - they pronounced this word, evaded by the captains — nor the deposit at the house of the accused of the *pretiosa*, and some letters of the prince, nor the library that he had ordered to be sent to Hamburg. They added the complaints omitted by the captains, to-wit: The relations

with the foreign ministers, the intrigues with Hotham and Guy Dickens, the knowledge of the letters written to the King of England, and this complaint, above all, that the accused ought not to bring up in his defence the bad treatment that the Crown Prince received from his father, for it was unbecoming an officer and a vassal to interfere in affairs between father and son, king and successor. Consequently, they declared, that although the desertion was not effectually carried out, it resulted clearly, from facts enumerated, that Katte merited death by the sword.

The lieutenant-colonels, in consideration that this man — *dieser Mensch* — should have done everything to prevent the thoughtless projects conceived by this young seignor; in consideration that, if the act had been accomplished, he would have been the cause of great sorrow to His Majesty, and that other bad results would have been the consequence, concluded: That Katte ought to lose his life by the sword, to serve as an example; but, in consequence of his not executing completely his wicked design, and seeing that from the declaration made by the Crown Prince that, if the accused is condemned to death, His Highness will never have an easy conscience the remainder of his life, they beg His Majesty, in his mercy, to lighten the punishment.

The colonels decided on death, but prayed His Majesty to reflect well, in his goodness and mercy, that this enterprise, although fully meditated, had had no result whatever; that there was much "youthfulness" displayed in it all, and that the accused showed great

and sincere repentance. They begged His Majesty then to commute the penalty of death to that of imprisonment for life.

The generals, after having twice recalled the fact that Katte, by his testimony and by that of the Crown Prince, surrounded with difficulties the projected flight, concluded that, after having duly reflected and weighed the matter well — that Katte deserved imprisonment for life.

Concerning the prince, the captains declared, first, that although they were in the position of judging him as an officer, they could not regard as a real absence — *absentirung* — a plan of flight not realized; the prince seemed to them to be punished enough by depriving him of his rank as colonel, and by the rigorous imprisonment at Cüstrin. Then, considering that the principal point of the accusation rested upon the disobedience to the paternal will, they withdrew their decision. As this is a matter which concerns father and son alone, as the Crown Prince humiliates himself before His Majesty, and submits in all things to his will; as he asks for nothing but his pardon, and promises to do everything His Majesty exacts and commands, they cannot, in their functions as vassals and subjects, pronounce sentence upon the son and family of their king.

The majors, after having accused Katte (without whose agreement and complicity the design would have remained a mere matter of discourse), made for the prince the distinction, of which they refused to give Katte the benefit, between the intention and the act;

they also concluded that the affair rested between father and son; they recalled the submission and the promises of the prince, and declared themselves incompetent to judge; it is for the paternal power and royal authority to punish; the judgment of a court of justice would be usurping this power and authority; neither officer, vassal nor subject has the right to judge the son of the king. Such a judgment would not be valid.

The lieutenant-colonels enumerated at great length the complaints against the prince, but they partly exonerated him by blaming the very wicked men who had given him their counsel; they recalled his repentance, his promises, the rigor of his arrest, and, in consideration that they could find neither laws, edicts nor customs applicable to the circumstance, declared that they could do nothing, under their oath, duty and conscience, but to place the prince under the very high and paternal care of His Majesty.

The colonels, after having protested that they had weighed this delicate subject conformably to the solemn oath that they had taken to His Majesty and all his House, felt themselves obliged, according to their knowledge and conscience, as faithful and devoted vassals, as responsible judges not only before the world, but before the severe tribunal of God, to express in all obedience, submission and humility, that they felt much too small and weak to pass judgment upon the person of His Royal Highness, the Crown Prince. They considered that the projected retreat — *Retirade* — was an affair of State and family, between a great king

and his son; that it was an act relating to paternal power, in which no court-martial or laical power could have the audacity to meddle. They concluded with the repentance, the submission, the promises of the prince, who threw himself at the feet of His Majesty, his great and just king, who was also the most gracious and merciful of kings.

The generals, after careful examination of the acts, concluded, not only of themselves, but through the avowals and submission of His Highness, that the prince had offended His Majesty: but they also saw that he implored in all humility the pardon of the king, his father. In their character of officers and faithful, obedient vassals, in virtue of this innate duty of the oath under which they were bound to the king and all his Royal House, and to which they would cling until death, they concluded, in their restricted knowledge, and after conscientious examination, that an officer and vassal failed in the fulfillment of his duties if he thought himself authorized to pronounce, on such a matter, a legal sentence.

It now remained to have the *votum* of the president. In comparing the *vota* the general found, in that which concerned Keith, unanimity upon the penalty of death; in that which concerned the prince, unanimity upon the incompetency of the council; in that which concerned Ingersleben, one voice for two months' imprisonment besides that to which he had already been subjected, one for six months' imprisonment, with deduction of the time already spent there, two for six full months' imprisonment, one for three months'; concerning Spaen,

unanimity for cashiering, two voices for imprisonment for two years, one for six years, one for indefinite imprisonment, one for imprisonment for two years; concerning Katte, two voices for imprisonment for life, three for death.

The president-general concluded in pronouncing the penalty of death upon Keith, and incompetency concerning the judgment of the prince; for Ingersleben, he joined his vote with those who proposed imprisonment for six months, with the deduction of that to which he had already submitted; for Spaen, he voted cashiering and imprisonment for three years.

The life of Katte was in his hands: he could save it if he voted for imprisonment for life. This part of his *votum* was as lengthy as all the other articles put together. He therein expounds that, if Katte had given bad advice to the prince and promised several different times his aid in the flight, the plan was never actually accomplished; that there was never either place or day fixed, and for this reason there is lacking the conditions for the execution of a certain and infallible project. In consideration that his good sense could not prevent him from thinking that, even for the greatest crimes there was a difference between the perpetration and the preparation, according to his knowledge and conscience, and the solemn oath to which he was bound, he could not conclude for the penalty of death, and joined those who were for life imprisonment.

Consequently the judgment was rendered, through which the court-martial, upon a resumé of the *vota*, remitted the Crown Prince to the very high and pa-

ternal grace of His Majesty, condemned Katte to perpetual fortress imprisonment; Keith to execution in effigy, after the customary citations; Spaen to the annulment of his office and three years of the fortress; Ingersleben to six months of fortress, with deduction of imprisonment to which he had already submitted.

This judgment was rendered by brave as well as shrewd people. Upon them weighed the terror spread throughout the court and army, the hidden desire of the king, the feeling that, in judging the son and his accomplices they were judging the father also, that is to say, their master, and this before the kingdom, before Germany, Europe. To absolve the son was to condemn the father; but to condemn the son, what injustice! It was too evident that the son had good reasons for flight. The accused, whom the judges had before them, was not a Colonel Frederick guilty of attempted desertion; he was a son, beaten, outraged and dishonored by his father. This son was a prince, a Royal Prince, the *Kronprinz* of Prussia. To distinguish between the two positions of Crown Prince and colonel was impossible. The first, which included the second, was beyond the judgment of a court-martial.

In our days, in the limited and disputed monarchies, the person of the prince remains privileged. Even in our Republic (France) the inheritors to the rights of a broken crown, whose diamonds have been sold at auction, are placed above the common law, and submitted, as if they were exceptional beings, to exceptional laws. There is, for them, when they fall under the ban of these laws, a particular régime of prison life, and a lodging in the

tower of the old Palace of Saint Louis. Why should the Prussians, a century and a half ago, subjects of a budding royalty, which was the cause of the existence of the Fatherland, or rather was itself the Fatherland — why, I repeat, should they not feel themselves too small, too "weak," too "powerless," as the judges at Köpenick said, to judge the inheritor of their crown? And so it was necessary that the court-martial should send the son to his father: which was done, but with all kinds of precautions.

The judges weighed their words, one by one. They accorded, without caviling at a detail, the wrong of the premeditation, and the preparatory acts for flight, but they sought and found, in order to designate the act not criminal, words which diminished, attenuated, and finally did away with it altogether: *Retirade*, *Echapade*, *Absentirung*. They placed, above all, the wrong of disobedience to the father and king, so as to send him back to the father and king, as the only competent judge. Of this judgment, even, they pre-judged adroitly, delicately, forcing the pardon through the expression of submission and repentance of the culprit. In the drawing up of the judgment they gave to the prince his honors, the title of Highness that the king had crossed off, the name of Crown Prince, of which he had been divested. They made the king understand that their innate duty of fidelity was addressed not only to one, but to all his House. They excused themselves in meaning implied, although unexpressed, by doing only what they supposed to be his will, on their devotion, profound respect, and religious fidelity,

and then retired, after a salute as officers to their chief, after an obeisance as vassals before the king, their sovereign.

As for the principal accomplice, Katte, all the world believed him lost in advance. "He will not," wrote the French minister, "be spared the loss of his head." "He will have much trouble," said Grumbkow, "in getting out of this affair." Without doubt, this opinion had its influence upon the judges, and perhaps they wished, without acknowledging it, to do, in some points, the will of the king. Besides, Katte was very guilty. He was really an officer who wished to desert. Through obedience to the future master, he revolted against the then present master. It is certain that he "strengthened" the prince in his design, when a refusal to be his accomplice would have ended in the abandonment of the project, and certain also that his ambition assisted his chivalrous devotion to the prince. In strict justice, he was liable to the penalty of death; but what injustice is strict justice! The extenuating circumstances were numerous in the trial: this, primarily, that the prince, the principal one accused, was not condemned; then the execution had not followed the intention; lastly, the "amount of youthfulness" in it all. Two votes accorded to Katte the benefit of extenuating circumstances; two others pronounced the penalty of death, adding a petition to the king to accord this benefit to the condemned; one alone, that of the majors, voted for death without a reticent phrase.

Lieutenant-General Schulenburg, an honest and very religious man (who was seventy years old, and conse-

quently neither feared nor hoped for anything more from man), put in the urn the vote of Minerva. Thanks to him, the judges of Köpenick gave good judgment.

THE JUSTICE OF THE KING.

On receipt of the judgment, the king wrote the following note, in which there are two illegible words:

Votum Regiis (sic).

"They must judge according to the law, and not beat about the bush, and as Katte has well . . . , the court-martial will have to convene again and . . . judge otherwise . . ."[204]

Several days after, commenting on this order, he accused the judges of vile intentions. "I thought that I had found men of honor, who would not forget their duty, who would not adore the Rising Sun, and would consult alone their conscience and the honor of their king." He called the judgment an "infidelity committed against him," the cause of which was that these people were already "looking toward the future." These people he knew better now, and he promised himself that he would not lose an occasion "to annihilate those who upheld his children against him." So he felt himself condemned by this leniency: "They wished to have this project of the prince and his courtiers pass off as a childish prank, which would not deserve such a punishment."[205]

The note of the king was sent to the president general who wrote on the back: —The Fifth Book of Moses (Deuteronomy), Chapter XVI., verses 8 to 12; Second Book of Samuel, Chapter XVIII., verses 10 to 12; Sec-

ond Book of Chronicles, Chapter XIX., verses 5, 6 and 7.

The Holy Scriptures say in the passages cited from Samuel:

"10. And a certain man saw it, and told Joab, and said, Behold, I saw Absalom hanged in an oak. 11. And Joab said unto the man that told him, and behold, thou sawest him, and why didst thou not smite him there to the ground? and I would have given thee ten shekels of silver, and a girdle. 12. And the man said unto Joab, though I should receive a thousand shekels of silver in mine hand, yet would I not put forth mine hand against the king's son: for in our hearing the king charged thee and Abishai and Ittai, saying, Beware that none touch the young man Absalom."

The Holy Scriptures say, in the passage cited from Chronicles:

"5. And he set judges in the land throughout all the fenced cities of Judah, city by city. 6. And said to the judges, Take heed what ye do: for ye judge not for man, but for the Lord, who is with you in the judgment. 7. Wherefore now let the fear of the Lord be upon you; take heed and do it; for there is no iniquity with the Lord our God, nor respect of persons, nor taking of gifts."

In the citation from Deuteronomy the Scripture says:

"8. Six days shalt thou eat unleavened bread: and on the seventh shall be a solemn assembly to the Lord thy God: thou shalt do no work therein. 9. Seven weeks shalt thou number unto thee: begin to number

the seven weeks from such time as thou beginnest to put the sickle to the corn. 10. And thou shalt keep the feast of weeks unto the Lord thy God, with a tribute of free-will offering of thine hand, which thou shalt give unto the Lord thy God, according as the Lord thy God hath blessed thee: 11. And thou shalt rejoice before the Lord thy God, thou, and thy son, and thy daughter, and thy man-servant, and thy maid-servant, and the Levite that is within thy gates, and the stranger, and the fatherless, and the widow, that are among you, in the place which the Lord thy God hath chosen to place his name there."

Thus the Scripture forbids, in the Book of Samuel, "laying hands on the king's son;" it orders in Chronicles "to judge not for man." It wishes that he who has put "the sickle to the corn," in shutting his son up in the prison of Cüstrin seven weeks before, "shall keep the feast of weeks unto the Lord his God, and rejoice in the presence of the Lord, he, and his son, and his daughter." The judges, who had founded thus their judgment upon God and the Holy Scriptures, could not modify it for the note of a king. The court-martial met again for the second time, the 31st of October and maintained the vote that its president expressed in these terms: "After having again matured and reflected well, as to whether the sentence pronounced could remain intact, I find myself convinced, on my conscience, that I have voted according to my best knowledge and conscience, and according to the solemn oath under which I am bound, and it must remain unchanged. To change it would be against my conscience, and is not in my power." [206]

Then the king judged in his turn. He declared himself satisfied with the judgments concerning Lieutenants Spaen and Ingersleben,—he even pardoned the latter, in consideration of the long arrest to which he had already been subjected. "Concerning Lieutenant Katte and his crime, and the sentence passed on him by the court-martial, His Majesty, it is true, is not accustomed to increase the judgments of the court-martials; ordinarily they are made lighter than otherwise, but this Katte is not only an officer in the service of my army; he is one of my Body Guard. And if, in the whole army, all my officers must be faithful to me, the greater reason for having that kind of officers in regiments such as this one, which is privileged to be immediately attached to the very high person of His Royal Majesty and his royal House . . . So, as this Katte has plotted desertion with 'To-morrow's Sun,' and as he has intrigued with Foreign Ministers and Envoys . . . His Majesty does not know what bad reasons have prevented the court-martial from condemning him to death. According to this way of acting, His Majesty can no longer trust either in his officers or servitors that are on oath and duty at present; for things which happen once in the world can often come to pass afterward, and there are those who would do the same thing, taking example from that which happened to Katte, if he found himself getting out of the difficulty so easily and so well; they would believe that the same thing would happen to them. His Majesty also went to school in his youth, learned there the Latin maxim: *Fiat justitia et pereat mundus.* He intends then, that

by the law, Katte—although conformably to it he merits, on account of the crime committed of leze-majesty, to be tortured with hot tongs and hung—must be deprived of life, out of consideration for his family, by means of the sword. In announcing the sentence of Katte, the council should say it is done with great sorrow by His Majesty, but that it is better that he should die, than that justice should have no place in the world."[267]

A terrible letter, since it gives death; awful in its tone—so serious, solemn and unconstrained. But this judge, must in his turn, be judged. In law, he had reason. Katte wished to desert. He conspired with the Foreign Ministers; he had committed an act of high treason; but ought not the king to have searched his own heart, and sought to find his responsibility, and acknowledge, finally, that he himself had been culpable towards the prince, and that his son, on the other side, had been the instigator of Katte's crime? In equity, before God, he owed a reparation of his wrongs towards his son, and of the wrongs of his son towards Katte, and this reparation was clemency; but just that which was the true extenuating circumstance in Katte's favor, namely, that the initiative came from the prince, aggravated the crime in the eyes of the king.

It is no longer the impartial judge that speaks of the schemes plotted with the "Rising Sun;" it is Frederick William, with his passions, uneasiness and jealousy. He represents to himself what will come to pass at the "Rising" of this "Sun:" The doors of the fortress will open for Katte, and King Frederick, second of the name, and Katte, his favorite, will mock

him when he will be resting in his tomb. In the meanwhile, the world will think that "this project of the prince and his courtiers is nothing but a childish prank." If the trial ends with the sentence of the court-martial, it is the king who will lose. The reasons of public discipline and military honor that he gives in his considerations are grave and just; he says them sincerely, but he deceives himself if he thinks he has no others more secret than these — others that stir the very depths of a conscience and determine it. He wished to avenge and justify himself at one and the same time: for this, was necessary, not the pen— but the sword.

THE EXECUTION OF KATTE.

On November 2, Katte was led before the court-martial. Kept in rigorous secrecy, watched over as a prey, he had wavered during those long weeks between fear and hope.

When the judges read their sentence and that of the king, he accepted with a good grace: "I resign myself," said he, "to the will of Providence and the king. I have committed no bad action, and if I die, it is in a good cause." He tried, however, to save his life. He wrote to his grandfather, Field Marshal von Alvensleben, to beg him to intercede with the king. He hoped no longer for the influence of his father. General Katte, had, in fact, after his son's arrest, addressed a suppliant letter to the king, but obtained no other response than this: "Your son is of the *canaille;* mine also; we can do nothing for either one of them." The old

Field Marshal would perhaps have a better answer. Katte begged him to see that the following supplication, all burning with a vivid passion to live, should reach the king: "The error of my youth, my weakness, my foolishness, my mind, that thought not of the evil, my heart filled with love and pity, the vain illusion of my youth, which hid not bad designs, asks, in all humility, pardon, mercy, compassion, pity, clemency." He recommended himself to God, King and Master of masters, who makes mercy pass the bands of the law, and through His kindness leads those who strayed away to the right path again. He quoted the examples of noted penitents: "Saul," said he, "did not disobey so far, nor did David have so great a thirst for evil that they did not have, at least, sincerity in their conversion."

A most touching letter, notwithstanding its affected style: "A dying tree is even spared when there is hope of saving it. Why not my tree, which already shows fresh buds of new submission and fidelity, why cannot it find pardon from Your Majesty? Why must it fall, while yet in blossom?"

In transmitting this despairing appeal to the king, Alvensleben joined thereto his supplications. He hoped that his most gracious seignior "would harken to the prayers and tears of a very old man." He would bear all pain for his grandson. He only asked for "the life of the unfortunate one, so that he might ponder well over his faults, repent earnestly, and so save his soul." "The All-powerful God will bounteously restore," said he, "to Your Royal Majesty that which you will give in your great mercy to an old man bowed down with

grief." He recalled the sacrifice of his life so often offered to the Empire, the fidelity with which he had served His Royal Majesty, and the dangers the father of the unfortunate one had encountered so frequently in the service of the said Majesty, and of his Royal House. "I hold in all submission the confidence that Your Royal Majesty, since these few drops of blood can no longer serve you, will deign to return our son to us, for our prayer and tears, and that you will not wish my gray hairs to be borne to the tomb with such a sorrow." [208]

The king replied that he was pained to the heart on account of the misfortune that had come to Lieutenant Katte, since he was so near and dear to the field marshal. But he recalled the considerations of the condemnation pronounced by him. "I am not in a condition to pardon him," said he. He forbade a renewing of the intercession: "In this affair no one can meddle, unless I give the order." All the grace he could give he had already given. "This man much deserved being torn with red-hot tongs. However, in consideration of the General Field Marshal and Lieutenant-General Katte, I have mitigated the penalty, in ordering that, for the example and warning of others, he must have his head cut off. I am your most affectionate king." [209]

The 3d of November, Frederick William informed General Lepell that Katte was to be taken to Cüstrin to be beheaded. The execution should take place under the windows of the prince. "If this place is not large enough, another must be chosen, where the prince can

see it well."[210] The same day Major Schack, of the Body Guard, presented himself with an escort of thirty men before the prison;[211] he entered Katte's cell. "I have the order from His Majesty," said he to Katte, "to be present at your execution. Twice I have refused, but I must obey. God knows what it will cost me! May Heaven grant that the king's heart may be changed, and that at the last moment I may have the joy to announce to you your pardon." "You are most kind," said Katte; "I am content with my fate. I die for a seignior that I love, and I have the consolation of giving him by my death the greatest proof of my devotion."

In the carriage which took him away was seated Commander Schack, a sub-officer, and the Reverend Müller, Chaplain of the regiment of the Body Guard. As soon as the cortège had left the city the Chaplain commenced to intone Psalms, among which was this one: "Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone;" and when they arrived at the place where they were to spend the night, Katte expressed a desire to write to his father; they left him alone, but when the major-general reentered he found him walking to and fro. "It is too hard a task," said he. "I am so troubled that I cannot make a beginning." He wrote it, however, and it was a sincere, beautiful letter.

He stirred up his very inmost thoughts. He recalled the trouble his father had taken to give him an education, in the hope that his old age would be comforted with the success of his son. He too had thought to promote himself in the world. "How I believed in

my good fortune, my happiness; how I was filled with the certainty of vanity! Vain hope! Of what emptiness are the thoughts of men composed! How sadly the scene of my life ends! How different my present state to that which I imagined in my dreams! I must, instead of following the road to honor and glory, take that which leads to shame and a criminal's death!" But this road God had chosen for him: the ways of God are not those of the world, and the ways of men are not those of God! "Cursed ambition, which glides into the heart from early childhood," destroys you by separating you from God forever. "Understand well, my father, and truly believe that it is God who disposes of me, God, without whose will nothing can happen, not even the fall of a sparrow to the ground . . . The harder, the more bitter the form of death, the more agreeable and sweet the hope of salvation! What is the shame and dishonor of this death, in comparison to the great future? Console yourself, my father! God has given you other sons, to whom He will accord, perhaps, more happiness in this world, and who will give to you, my father, the joy for which you have vainly hoped from me, and this, I sincerely desire, will come to pass. I thank you with a filial respect for the true paternal love you have shown toward me from my infancy to this day. May the All-powerful God render to you a hundred-fold this love that you have given me! May He spare you to a ripe old age! May He nourish you in happiness, and quench your thirst with the grace of His Holy Spirit!"[212]

He added a few words for his father's wife, whom he

had loved as if she had been his own mother, and for his brothers and sisters, excusing himself for not expressing his whole thought at length. "I am at the portals of death! I must think of entering with a pure heart and sanctified soul. I have no time to lose!" He wished however to make a copy of his letter, written on a loose sheet of paper, but, the pastor having told him that his time was too precious, he had to be content with requesting the Major to make a cleaner copy. He ate and drank, and then commenced a spiritual conversation with the pastor. His piety exalting him, he made himself believe that he was going to the scaffold with joy, and that, if it had been permitted him to choose between life and death, he would have taken death, for never again would he be so well prepared. At ten o'clock, after being prayed for, he went to bed and slept profoundly.

The next day, along the route, he denied ever having been an atheist. Of course, he had oftentimes sustained the thesis of atheism, but it was to make his brilliancy admired; for he had remarked, in the bright conversations of society, this appeared to be a charm. They stopped over night once more *en route;* for this journey towards death, which could have been ended in one day, was made by order, with desperate slowness. In the evening, Katte was calm, and drank his coffee, his favorite beverage, with pleasure.

Towards noon, on the 5th of November, they were in sight of Cüstrin. As the escort arrived at the bridge of the Oder, the rain which had been falling incessantly, stopped; a ray of sunshine appeared. "That is a good

sign," said he, "here begins the sunshine of grace for me." Did he speak only of the divine grace? But Colonel Reichmann was already there to receive the prisoner, at the door of the fortress. He took him by the hand and led him to a room above the entrance gate; two beds had been prepared there, one for Katte, the other for the pastor. Schack learned then from the Colonel that the execution was to be the following day at 7 o'clock, and that he must lead the condemned, escorted by his thirty troopers, into a circle of one hundred and fifty men taken from the garrison. He immediately went to Katte and said with a trembling heart: "Your end is perhaps nearer than you think." Without flinching, Katte said: "When?" And, upon the Major's answer: "So much the better; the sooner it is ended the more contented will I be."

Charitable souls were employed in making this last journey more comfortable. General Lepell sent him a repast with some beer and wine. The President of the Chamber of Domains, Münchow, sent him a second meal, with some Hungarian wine. Katte did honor to both repasts. The Reverend Müller sent for his colleague, the Chaplain of the garrison of Cüstrin, whose assistance he implored. The religious conversations began again. Night came on. At eight o'clock, Schack and other officers entered the room, and they prayed and sang with the pastors and Katte. An hour after, upon the request of the two ministers, who wished to remain alone with the condemned, they retired.

It was perhaps on this last night that Katte wrote a few words to the prince. He said that he was leaving

the world without blaming him in the least for the cause of his death, and without having any ill-feelings toward him; that God had led him through this rugged path so as to awaken and excite his true repentance; that the main reason of his unhappiness was his ambition, and his contempt for God. He prayed the prince not to bear any anger toward the king since his death was only an act of God's justice; to submit to the Royal Majesty of his father who was his seignior and king. He implored him through Christ's wounds, to be obedient to His Majesty, and to remember the divine promises of the fourth Commandment. He hoped that his misfortune would teach the prince the emptiness of designs to which God has not consented, for the prince had desired to heap Katte with benefits and grandeur, and behold to what end all these fine projects had led! May the prince ponder these things well, and give his heart to God.[213]

Among these counsels and exhortations to piety towards the king and towards God, Katte glided his personal justification; he called the prince to witness that he had once implored him to submit to the Majesty of his father, citing the example of Absalom to him, and that he had given him some stirring example of it in the encampment in Saxony, and again in his nocturnal visit to Potsdam. Why these lines for his defence under which lie reproaches aimed at the prince? It seems to me, without acknowledging it to himself, the unfortunate man had still some hope left. A counter-order would perchance arrive. Or perhaps this testament would pass under the notice of the king, and the king would be touched in meeting, among these effusions of piety, this discreet protestation.

The hours passed. At 11 o'clock, Schack, who could not sleep, entered the room again. More troubled than Katte, he had need of strengthening himself with the courage of the accused. Until one o'clock he prayed and sung with him. He thought he saw from the color of the prisoner's face that flesh and blood were struggling with will. At the pastor's request, Katte retired about three o'clock, and went to sleep. He was awakened two hours after by the changing of sentinels.

At the same hour, Colonel Reichmann and a captain entered the prince's chamber and awakened him. Frederick was ignorant of the judgment of the court-martial, the sentence of the king, and that his friend had passed the night near him. We do not know exactly how he endured his prison life. It was said at Berlin, that he was sick, "that he threatened ruin," and that the designs of Grumbkow and Seckendorff, agreed to by the king, were going to be accomplished. Grumbkow, on the contrary, pretended that the prince was very gay and in good health; that, if he remained in bed, it was to evade the trouble of dressing himself; that he was still impertinent: when they told him his expenses were to be reduced to eight groschens, he replied that as long as he had to starve, he would rather be at Cüstrin than at Potsdam.[214] It is probable that between these contradictory statements Grumbkow's has the most truth in it. Frederick did not think he was threatened with death, and he could not refrain from his usual custom of indulging in dangerous pleasantry. He suffered principally from *ennui*, but his friends lightened this trouble; in spite of the king's interdict, they passed books to him, and Fred-

erick found delightful even the books read in a prison by the light of a candle. He also had pen and paper at his disposal and means of communicating with outside parties, for on November 1st he addressed the following letter to his sister :

My Dear Sister :

They are going to make me out a heretic, after the court-martial is finished that is at present pending ; for it only needs, to pass for a heretic, not to be of the same opinion as the master. You can judge then, without much trouble, of the nice way they will treat me. The anathemas, pronounced against me will disturb me very little, provided that I know my gentle sister inscribes herself my champion. What a pleasure to me to know that neither bolts nor bars prevent me from showing my true friendship for you. Yes, my dear sister, there still remain some honest people in this half corrupted century, to give me means of proving my love for you. Yes, my dear sister, provided I know that you are happy, the prison will become to me an abode of happiness and contentment. *Chi ha tempo ha vita!* Let us console ourselves with that. From the bottom of my heart, I wish that we need have no interpreter to talk with each other, and that we could go over again those happy days when your *principe* and my *principessa* kissed each other, or, to speak in plainer terms, when I shall have the pleasure of conversing with you myself—nothing can diminish my friendship for you. Adieu.

The Prisoner.[215]

Chi ha tempo ha vita. This was the secret of Frederick's patience. He had, in fact, kept his impertinence, his rather affected way of jesting, his smile, French fashion, but with a little stiffer lip. Now those were terribly serious things, that they told him, the night he was awakened by the colonel and captain. "Lord Jesus," cried he, "rather take my life!" For two hours, he groaned, cried, twisted his hands. He

sent to ask for Katte's pardon. He begged for a delay in the execution; an estafette could be quickly sent to Wusterhausen, to take there, in exchange for Katte's pardon, his renunciation of the crown, his consent to perpetual imprisonment for himself, and even the offer of his own life, if the king must have it. But the faces of those surrounding him said, that he prayed and cried in vain.

In the meanwhile Katte had received communion. To Schack, who had returned to him, he had told his last wishes; he left his clothing to the orderly of the major, who had assisted him, during the last night, had made his coffee and was ready to serve him on the scaffold; his bible, to a corporal who had earnestly sung the hymn with him: "Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone, etc" At seven o'clock the escort of body guards were ready. "Is it the hour?" said the prisoner. "Yes."

The door opened. Katte placed himself in the midst of the troopers, between the two pastors who were praying. He walked in an easy manner, with his hat under his arm, and was very calm. Outside the gate of the fortress, which faced the town, they turned around the building in order to go into a long court, which was between the main lodgings and the rampart washed by the Oder. Frederick was confined in one of the rooms overlooking the water. By order of the king the two officers conducted him to the window. As soon as he perceived Katte, who raised his eyes, he kissed his hand to him: "My dear Katte," cried he (in French), "I humbly ask your pardon." Katte bowed low and re-

plied (in the same language), "that there was no reason why the prince should do so."[216] When he arrived at the circle formed by the garrison, he heard his sentence read without emotion. He called near him the officers of the body guard, and bade them, as well as the whole assembly, farewell. He devoutly received the benediction of the pastors, took off his *perruque* which he handed to Schack's orderly, and put on his head a white cap; he began to take off his coat and open his shirt wide at the neck, tranquilly doing this like a man who bravely "prepares himself for a serious event." Then he knelt upon the heap of sand which had been placed there. "Lord Jesus," he cried. The orderly wished to put the bandage over his eyes; he pushed it aside with his hand, and began again: "Lord Jesus!" The stroke of the sword interrupted his prayer.

The Crown Prince fainted at the last look of the victim.

THE PARDON OF THE PRINCE.

From the place of execution Pastor Müller went directly to the prince, whom he believed to be dying. Müller tried to speak with him, but finding him so weak and terror-stricken, he left him. Frederick went back again to his window; his glance was continually directed towards the heap of sand, where the body of Katte had been left with a black cloth thrown over it. It was not until two o'clock that two burghers brought a hearse, in which they placed the remains, and took it to the Officer's Cemetery. The prince watched them do it. Müller then returned to the prince, and their conversa-

tion lasted until five o'clock. At seven he was recalled by Frederick.[217]

The king had prescribed his task to Müller in the letter he had received on the 3d of November: "I do not know you, but I have heard very good things of you, and that you are a pious and an upright pastor and servant of God. As you go to Cüstrin on the occasion of the execution of Lieutenant Katte, I command you to go, directly after the execution, to the chamber of the Crown Prince, to reason with him, and represent to him that those who abandon God, God abandons; and if God abandons and withdraws His benediction from man, he no longer does good but evil.

"Let him judge himself conscientiously; ask pardon of God with all his heart, for the grave sin that he has committed, and for having led some men astray, one of whom had to pay for it by forfeiting his life. If you find the prince amenable, you must have him fall on his knees with you, and also the officers who are with him, and ask pardon of God with contrite heart. But you must act in a good and prudent manner, for his head is full of stratagems, and you must have a care, so that all this will be with true repentance and a penitent heart. You must also represent to him, in the right way, into what an error he has plunged, in believing that such a one is predestined in this fashion, another in that, so that those who are predestined to evil can only do evil, while those who are predestined to good can only do good, and that nothing can be changed. . .

"As I hope that his present circumstances, and the execution, all fresh in his mind, will have touched and

softened his heart, I make it an affair of conscience with you to do all that is humanly possible, to represent well to the Crown Prince all the passages of Holy Scripture, upon *Pardon*, to convince and show him clearly your meaning, and as he is ingenious, answer each one of his objections plainly, but pertinently and fully. You must lead him to this discourse in the right way, without his perceiving it. If you find that the Crown Prince is content with your conversation, and that he welcomes your good doctrines, that they go to his heart, you must remain at Cüstrin and go to the prince every day and penetrate his conscience with your words in such a way that he will see his faults and be converted at heart to God. If you do not find him accessible you must leave, and write me; and, if I go to Berlin you must go there to speak with me. But if you find him repentant you must write me and remain with the prince."

We must compare this letter with the order given on the same day to General Lepell on the subject of the execution. When he had written these two documents the king had made up his mind. Not only had he decided to let his son live, but he thought no longer about disinheriting him. He gave back to him the title of Crown Prince that he had evaded giving him before. After so much hesitation he had chosen the punishment that he was going to inflict on the rebel: he condemned Frederick to the agitation of viewing a terrible spectacle. He composed the whole drama himself and foresaw everything to the minutest detail.

In the order to the General, he regulated the execution,

the place where it was to be consummated, the position of the body guard, who were to remain on foot (so as not to hide the condemned, who must be seen from the windows); he described the way that Katte should be introduced into the circle by the escort, the moment that his sentence was to be read; he named the magistrate who was to do the reading. "As soon as the death sentence is read, the pastor must say a prayer, and the executioner cut off the head." He said how the body should be exposed, and up to what hour, and to what cemetery the corpse should be taken by some burghers of a respectable standing, *hübsche Bürger*." He designated the officers who were to go to the prince before the execution, "to command him in my name to look at it with them," and who, immediately after, must go to seek the pastor of the body guard: "And he must speak, reason and pray with the prince." In the letters to the pastor, the king gives him the subject for his words and arguments, and even the tone of his prayers.

Upon the terror of the execution still "right fresh," he wishes him to pour the word of God and an exhortation to repentance. If his son is capable of being touched, he undoubtedly will be so at that moment. To the reasons which had decided the king to condemn the unfortunate Katte, must be added the hope of moving Frederick to the very depths of his soul. The king represented to himself the theatrical effect of the pastor entering the cell before the executioner had hardly time to wipe his sword.[218]

Müller obeyed to the letter, the king's orders. On this day of the first interview, he gave Frederick Katte's

last wishes, so as to keep his emotion alive, to "break" and "wring" his heart. The prince in the midst of tears and sobs, acknowledged that all his unhappy friend had written was true. He protested with vehemence that, as for himself, from the beginning, he had truly repented at heart. He added, alluding to his repeated pleas for pardon and mercy, that the king could not have known it, since he had this execution take place under the eyes of his son, who had repented of his sins and was and still continued to be submissive to his whole will.

The prisoner had a bad night. He had not eaten throughout the day and was very weak. The three persons who remained near his bedside, heard his delirium. On awakening he said: "The king imagines he has taken Katte away from me, but he is always before my eyes." He received the physician to whom he declared that he was very well; he asked him, however, to prescribe a powder which he had been in the habit of taking; he began then to reconcile himself with life. To the pastor he showed a more earnest repentance than the evening before. His sin, said he, appeared to him still greater. He regretted his effrontery during the examination before the court-martial. If, at the beginning, someone had only talked sensibly with him, without hard threats, his thoughts would not have gone to the extreme that he regretted now. He thanked God and his father for the humility inflicted upon him, and submitted himself to the paternal and royal will of His Majesty.

The prince and pastor then took up again the conver-

sation on things divine. Frederick, whom Müller had, as early as the evening before, reproached with his heresy as a Particularist, began again himself with the discourse upon grace and fatality. He exposed his doctrine, and provoked his interlocutor to contradict him. Müller quoted these words from St. Peter: "Not willing that any should perish but that all should come to repentance." The prince was surprised: "He had never seen," said he, "this passage of Scripture, which appeared to prove in fact that the intention of God is to save even the most wicked of men." Müller invoked, besides, the testimonies of St. Paul, no less conclusive. The prince tried to defend himself by comparisons: "Does not the arrangement of the wheels of a watch determine the movement of these wheels?" "Certainly," answered the pastor, "but these wheels have no will to resist." "Is not the power of fire over wood necessarily of one kind, and has it not a unique effect?" "Yes, but, if part of the wood is dipped in water, the power of the fire has no longer a unique effect." Müller took immediately the offensive: "Two men have fallen into the castle moat; to each one is thrown a rope. They are told that if they but catch hold of it, they will be saved. One of them does not care to take hold of the rope; if he is not saved, it is through his own fault."

While the pastor and he discussed in puerile terms the primordial and obscure question of our freedom, the prince managed his retreat. He knew that the king would never pardon his persistence in heresy. He was not yet fully assured about his fate. From time to time, he went to the window, and looked at the heap of

sand, that was still there, and he begged the Governor to have it removed. At last, he confessed his error. "There is no fatality," said he, "and I, alone, am the cause of Katte's death and my own unhappiness." Müller assured him that he was on the right road, in acknowledging and feeling the greatness of his fault; he had but to allow himself now to be conducted, through God's aid, to true repentance. Then the prince replied: "With all my heart, if there is yet grace for me, and if I have account to render to none but God." The pastor continued to speak only of God: "He has made you feel His anger, to force you to cry for His mercy!" But Frederick knew very well, that with God he could arrange matters always: "I believe that," he said, "but I fear I will never, in my life, obtain the king's mercy."

It is from the king that he wished to obtain pardon for his sins. Every time that Müller spoke of God's pardon, Frederick responded with the king's pardon. He feared that the pastor was hiding from him a fearful secret; he hesitated to put the exact question that arose to his lips. He turned his phrases about, and sought to make the pastor understand his anxiety. At last, as Müller was obstinately continuing his theological discourses, he risked saying: "Must I not conclude from your visit, that you wish to prepare me for death also?" Müller finally understood him; he denied it, and took much trouble to get this idea out of the prince's mind: "It all depends upon Your Highness as to whether you wish to remain here or not, and for how long." Frederick, reassured a little, began to pray. When he became calmer, he asked the pastor to remain still nearer,

to sleep at the Castle, if possible, so that he could see him as often as he liked, and converse with him for his edification. Müller obtained permission to stay at the fortress, in an apartment above that of the prince, who had only to knock on the floor to have him come down.

The worthy man believed in the sincerity of Frederick's repentance and conversion. He affirmed, before God, to the king, that he had not been able to discover in the prince the slightest trace of falsehood. At the same time he implored the king "to let a little of his royal mercy shine on the prince," for he was afraid His Highness, "through fear and an expectation of things that might happen, and through the effect of persistent and growing sadness, would fall into a dangerous malady of the mind." The fourth day he received and read with joy the response.

The king commanded him to stay on at Cüstrin, and to adjure the prince to search himself well, and to confess all the sins he had committed against God, the king, himself and his honor, for, "to borrow money when one cannot pay it, to wish to desert, this does not come from an honest man, but from hell—the children of the devil—and not from the children of God."

"You have assured me, on your conscience, and before your Maker," added he, "that the prince, at Cüstrin, has been converted to God; that many times he has asked pardon of his king, seignior, and father, for all he has done, and that he has regretted bitterly not having submitted to the good wishes and will of his father. If now you find the prince disposed to promise

this firmly before God; if it is true that his heart has suffered for his sins; if it is his real intention to do better in the way that I direct, you can signify to him in my name that, verily, I cannot give him entire pardon, but that, through a mercy that he does not deserve, I will release him from the fortress and again appoint some people to watch over his conduct.

"The town will be his prison. He cannot leave it. I will give him occupation from morning until evening in the chamber of war and domains and the government. He will work in economics, receive the accounts, read the acts, and take notes. But, before this happens, I will make him take an oath to act in all obedience, conformably to my will, and to do everything befitting and belonging to a faithful servitor, subject, and son. But if he revolts or flies into a passion again, he will lose the succession to the crown and to the electorate, and even, according to circumstances, his life. . . . I notify you to represent to the prince, in my name, that I know him well. Does he think that I do not know him? He ought to be convinced that I know his wicked heart well.

"If this heart is not bent or changed, if it still remains the same, if he has the intention of abjuring this oath, he will content himself with muttering it, and he will not express it in a loud voice. Tell him in my name that I advise him, as a faithful friend, to swear in a loud and clear manner, and to feel himself obliged to hold to his oath, word for word. Here, we mean nothing to be in mental reserve. We understand nothing except what is written. If he wishes to violate or break this oath,

he will have no excuse. Let him ponder it well. Let him constrain and change his bad heart through Divine assistance, for it is a question of grave importance.

"May the Most High God give him His benediction! And, as often through some marvelous means, some miraculous channels, through bitter pathways, He leads men to Christ's kingdom, may He bring back to His communion this wayward son! May He prostrate this impious heart! May He soften and change it, and tear him from Satan's clutches! May God, the all-powerful Father, grant this, through the mediation of the sufferings and death of our Lord Jesus Christ . . . Amen!"

This time it was pardon, enveloped in a strong sermon. As soon as he received the letter, Müller went to the prince's chamber. He found him reading the Bible and plunged in deep meditation. Frederick undoubtedly did not see by Müller's expression, that he had anything new to communicate; otherwise, he would not have begun the discourse with the pastor upon the claims of our Saviour and the debt which His death caused us to contract with Him. Müller let him say it; he even took occasion in this effusion of piety, to press him to confirm his promises of amendment by an oath that he would withdraw all his suspicions and ill-will from the king. The prince did not see where he was leading him, nor how the king could give him pardon for an oath. The pastor finally began to explain, and spoke, this time, in the king's name, as he had received the order: "Is it possible," cried the prince, whose eyes filled with tears. Müller drew the letter from his pocket and gave it to the prince. Frederick read it, and saw that he was saved.

He began by expressing his gratitude to his father; then he said that he knew very well what was meant by an oath, that there must be no mental reserve, on the contrary, it must be taken in the sense and spirit of the one who had ordered it. Of course, he would take it in a loud and intelligible voice. To prove that he accepted the proposition seriously, and wished earnestly to pledge himself, he expressed the hope that the king would order nothing in the formula not "paternal and acceptable" to himself; he begged His Majesty to communicate to him, in advance, the said formula, "so that he would precipitate nothing, and could prepare himself conscientiously, with sufficient reflection, to pronounce well and observe closely all the points of the oath." The good Müller transmitted this petition to the king, commending it to him.

Nothing now remained but to regulate the last formalities of setting the Crown Prince at liberty. The king concerted with Grumbkow and Seckendorff. Seckendorff assumed the hurried air of a rescuer. To complete the success of his intrigue, he wished to give out the impression that the prince owed his salvation entirely to the intercession of the Emperor. It came not from that source at all. Frederick William had certainly taken this stand of himself. The representations coming from foreign countries would not have sufficed to determine him. When he learned from his minister at London the severe censure in England of his execution of Katte, he replied: "If there had been a hundred instead of one Katte like that, I would have cut the heads off them all. . . . As long as God allows me to live, I will sustain

myself as a despotic Seignior, *als Herr despotique soutenirен würde*. . . . The English ought to know that I will never tolerate a co-regent by my side." The Emperor even would have had a hard time of it, if he had attempted to play this rôle. However, he did not pretend to do it, and his intervention was discreet. There had been sent by Seckendorff to his Court, as early as the 2d of December, the model of a letter to be written in behalf of the Emperor in favor of the prince, but he did not wish to precipitate things. He had had the satisfaction of being supplicated by his vanquished enemy the queen, who said to him, "That the Emperor alone could save her son;" he had responded that it "was impossible to meddle in the affairs of the royal house while the king did not authorize it," His Majesty having no need of foreign aid "to procure his domestic peace."

When he received the Imperial letter, he wrote to Vienna that he would keep it until the moment he was sure that the king wished to proclaim pardon. He awaited, in fact, the permission of the king to remit to him the autograph missive of his sovereign. It is true that the king declared soon afterward that his son owed his pardon to the Emperor. "For the pardon of the Crown Prince," wrote he to his minister at Vienna, "we have, above all, considered the intercession in his favor of His Imperial Roman Majesty." But he wrote also to his minister at St. Petersburg: "For the pardon of the Crown Prince we have considered, above all, the intercession in his favor of His Imperial Russian Majesty." Frederick the Great saved by the father of Maria Theresa, would be a history worthy to relegate to legendary

lore; but it suited the King of Prussia, who was very much irritated then against France and England, to recall his imperialistic fervor, to make his son believe that he owed to Austria his liberty and the preservation of his rights to the Crown.[219]

He then requested Seckendorff to regulate himself, the conditions of the pardon of the prince and his release. It was Seckendorff who proposed to the king to exact the solemn oath from the prince, and put him in semi-liberty in the town of Cüstrin, obliging him to work in the chamber of domains or administration.[220] He had asked besides to be sent to Cüstrin with the commissioners designated to receive the oath. He thought that nothing would serve better to make the prince know "that the Emperor, in true friendship for His Royal Majesty, had interceded for him:" he wished to read him the imperial letter, and make him understand that, through regard for His Imperial Majesty, the king "preferred pardon to justice." But Frederick William would not permit a stranger to say the last word in so important an affair. It was Grumbkow whom he sent, with five other generals, to Cüstrin, where they arrived on the 15th of November.

The day following, Grumbkow had a long conversation with the prince. What passed, we do not know. Grumbkow was the man to do just the necessary thing; to laugh or cry with the prince, to console or advise him, to make him wrong on certain points and right on others. He did not fail to explain his own conduct, how and why he had done what he did, how much it had cost him to thwart the projects of His Highness. He certainly

promised him his future aid and devotion. The prince was a man to understand everything, even the most subtle suggestions. They had need of each other, and their consciences were tractable to the movements of their interests; they came to an understanding. To show his gratitude to this new ally, the prince made him a present, with tears and sobs, of the last will or testament of Katte, which will, it seems to me, he ought to have kept until the day of his death.

The 17th of November, the prince took, unquestionably in a loud and intelligible voice, the oath "to obey strictly the orders of the king, to do in all things that which devolved upon and befitted a faithful servitor, subject and son." He assented, in advance, should he fall again into his old errors, to the loss of his hereditary rights. He was then given his liberty, with the town for his prison. The Governor General returned his sword, but without the sword-hanger or sabretash of an officer; for the king's pardon did not go so far as to reinstate his son in the army. The post-guards could not come out and present arms as he passed; the military were forbidden to salute him. Frederick, sensitive to these marks of indignity, addressed to his father immediately a petition to give him back his soldier's garb. The king answered that a deserter lost the right to wear uniform, and added: "It is not necessary that all men have the same calling; some should work as soldiers; and others must apply themselves to learning and such like things."

Then he had him listen to these serious and true royal words. "It is necessary now," said he, "that the prince

learn, by taking part in affairs, that no State can exist without economy and a good constitution. The welfare of a country exacts that the prince himself should be a good economist and administrator; otherwise the country remains at the disposition of favorites and prime ministers, who profit by it and put everything to confusion. . . . The Crown Prince ought to see, by examples that are not wanting, that most of the princes pay no attention to the economy of the household, and that, while they have the finest countries in the world, they do not know how to make use of them, but, on the contrary, run into debt and ruin themselves."[221]

Thus ended the prison life of the Crown Prince of Prussia. In the strife between the father and the son both were greatly at fault; the father, for refusing his son the right to live according to his nature, and smothering in this young soul, by his odious brutality, all disposition to filial piety; the son, in deceiving his father, in intriguing against him, in not loving him, in provoking him to anger by the whole course of his life. Both suffered: the father was tortured by uneasiness, uncertainty, indecision and anger; the son, by the sight of Katte's blood, and by the fear of dying; but neither one nor the other had the right to be pitied. Their sufferings are not the kind that move the heart. They both kept, each in his own way, a superhuman coolness, the father in arranging the drama, the son in playing the rôle as he did. Of course, the young man cried, and cried and twisted his hands, and asked the Lord Jesus to let him die, but the following day he ordered a powder from his physician; he discussed with perfect freedom,

as if he took a real interest in it, the question of knowing if Christ died for all men or only for the elect. Into his theology and metaphysics, he adroitly glided questions as to his own fate, interrogating the pastor, and insinuating his repentance, in words the most liable to strike the king favorably, knowing well that they would be repeated. He did not hesitate to sign the compact of reconciliation that Grumbkow offered him, and as token of his friendship he gave to this Grumbkow (one of the authors of the catastrophe), the last lines written by the victim. We soon hear that His Royal Highness is "as merry as a lark." Later Frederick will accuse Katte of having been maladroit. This young man was ready for the hazards and perils of the life of a prince; he was ready for great state affairs.

In a letter, wherein he gave an account to Prince Anhalt of the manner in which he had "regulated the bad affair of Cüstrin," Frederick William said, speaking of his son: "If he becomes an honest man, it will be a happy thing for him, but I doubt it strongly."[222]

CHAPTER V.

THE SECOND EDUCATION OF THE CROWN PRINCE.—THE FIRST SIX MONTHS IN THE CHAMBER OF ADMINISTRATION.

On the 19th of November, 1730, the Crown Prince of Prussia left his prison. The next day, he was introduced into the Chamber of War and Administration at Cüstrin. His function and work had been regulated by the king in an order addressed to Münchow, the president, and to Hille, director of the chamber. He had the position of auditor, and had to sit at a small table "lower down," and sign the papers not on the same line with the councillors but "lower down." The king wished to keep him in modesty and humility, as beseeming a penitent not yet absolved. But this little table, on emerging from a prison, was equal to a seat in paradise. The prince tasted the joy of being sure of living, and the sweetness of his semi-liberty. He took part in the deliberations of the chamber, and entertained himself with it. An officer of the navigation around Cüstrin, believing himself to be the victim of an injustice, was advised to address his cause to the prince. This was the new auditor's first business affair. He began by saying, that as he was conducting himself very well, he hoped that the chamber would give him a small department. "All those of terra firma" being already distributed, he laid claim to those of the sea. "Now the Oder," said

he, "empties into the Baltic Sea; the cause of the officer of navigation was then in his department." Upon which the President, von Münchow begun to laugh, and Director Hille was delighted to see that "His Highness was as gay as a lark."[223]

Frederick knew well that after all, he was and would still remain the Heir-apparent of Prussia. It did not escape him that his "superiors" knew it also. President Münchow was a brave man, who had proved in the prison of Cüstrin, his good sentiments, in a time when he risked his head by so doing. Director Hille, who considered himself the prince's tutor in economy and morals, took up his rôle seriously, but Frederick admired in him an extended learning and a profound knowledge of French literature, and he took kindly to him for having "sensibility" and intellect. He received strict lessons from Hille, but they were well given, and the young man pardoned everything for *esprit*; when they made him laugh at his own expense, he was disarmed, because he had laughed. After all, with this president, and this director, existence was bearable in the chamber of administration. At his dwelling, Frederick lived with his Marshal of the Court, Von Wolden, and two young nobles attached to the chamber, Von Natzmer and Von Rohwedell. The Marshal had the best intentions in the world. By order of the king, he addressed to him frequent reports but they were written in a way to mollify, more and more, the father's frame of mind in regard to his son. He hoped that the prince, "my subordinate," as he said, would give satisfaction by his good conduct and would not make him

tell falsehoods.[224] As for the two young nobles they could not be such terrible guardians. More even than Münchow and Hille, they thought of the future. Frederick entertained them with his hopes and plans; with them, without precaution, he assumed his position as Heir-apparent.

However, the gaiety of the lark did not continue. The secret of the prince's good humor was, that he hoped the régime in which they had placed him would not last a long time. A month had hardly passed by, ere Hille communicated his fears to Grumbkow; we must keep up the prince's hope, "if only in a very small way; otherwise, I do not know what will happen." But the king from afar, made him feel that he was not yet pardoned; that he still distrusted him.

He read in one of Wolden's reports, that his son persisted in his doctrines of predestination. Quickly, he expedites a courier to Cüstrin, with a letter, which makes poor Wolden regret his imprudence. "The scoundrel must give up his false predestination. If he wants to go to the devil, let him go! I have nothing with which to reproach myself! . . . However, you must all three, never relax a moment reproaching him with his error, taking your arguments from the Holy Scripture. . . . You finally will learn in time to know this saint better and better. You will see that there is nothing good in him, but his tongue. Oh! As to the tongue, there is no fault to find with it." Then pouring out, as was his custom, all his bad humor, he taunted his son with his appearance and manners. The rascal is never shaved; when this knave walks it is in

cadence, making a *coupé* or perhaps a step of *passe-pied*, or a *contre-temps*. He walks on the tips of his toes. He stoops over when he walks. . . . He never looks an honest man in the face."[225] The succeeding letters became more and more furious. The king wanted to know who had preached this satanic doctrine to his son. He established at Berlin a tribunal of inquisition, before which he made all those appear whom he suspected. The prince, summoned to deliver the names, sent a list of books wherein he had found reasons for his faith. "The books have neither feet nor wings," replied the king. "Some one brought them. Who? Who?" As the prince did not wish to betray anyone, the king, who had learned that he was sick, trusted he would die without daring to hope: "He is predestined; so be it. If there is anything good in him, he will die; but there is no danger of his dying. Ill weeds grow apace."

On the receipt of these letters, the household of Cüstrin was thrown into consternation. "I am at my wits end," wrote Hille: "Since submission up to the smallest detail is no use, I might just as well do the contrary and perish with honor," said the prince. However, he thought better of it. Hille convinced him that the thesis upon which predestination was established, was in a mere play of words. After all, concluded Frederick, "it is not worth martyrdom." He wrote then to his father that he renounced his doctrine, and was persuaded that he had been deceived by philosophical and political arguments, happy besides to abjure it, since it was displeasing to him.[226]

To evade the return of storms like these, Wolden,

Münchow and Hille, had recourse to the protection of Grumbkow, whose influence was stronger than ever. The clever man wished while serving the king, to manage the prince. He sent instructions and advice. Cüstrin asked even for the model of the letter that the prince must write for the New Year. "I recommend our little company to the protection of Your Excellency," said Wolden to him. Grumbkow acceded to the difficult task, and the "little company" returned once more to its tranquil life.

Too tranquil, alas! the prince did not know how to occupy himself. The sittings lasted only a few hours in the morning; after dinner for two hours he had to copy documents, but even though he did this regular work, the days would still be long. Wolden asked that the prince might be permitted to study some works on finance and administration. "Why not give him at once, flute and violin," replied the king? "No, he must have no books unless, they be the Bible, Psalm Book and the 'True Christianity' of Arnd. Books teach nothing. What is now necessary, is practice. It is the reading of a lot of useless books that has led the prince to do evil. Let him study in the registers of the chambers, the old papers of the time of the Elector Frederick William, and the acts of the Margrave John of Cüstrin."

It is probable that Frederick did not look at these old papers. What was he to do then? He talked with the "three gentlemen." The king had permitted this amusement; he had even regulated it. The conversation should turn upon the word of God, the constitution

of the country, manufactures, police, accounts, farm-rent, procedure. If the prince takes it into his head to speak of peace, war, or other political questions these gentlemen must hush him up. They certainly did not obey this command. The prince often talked politics with Natzmer, who was very glad to give him a reply, for he thought himself born for great affairs; but subjects were soon worn out, and the four interlocutors, finding nothing to say, remained silent.

It was forbidden to change the prince's company. He must never dine out, never. He must always dine with the "three gentlemen," without extending an invitation to anyone else. No music, no dancing: "He is not at Cüstrin to amuse himself, *um sich zu divertiren.*" They lived in this way, these four personages of our history, in a small plain house and with strict economy. The king forbade oysters, salt-water-fish, capons of Hamburg and other delicacies. The allowance for the first month was 147 thalers and 8 groschens, out of which were to be paid three lackeys (22 thalers), the cook (7 thalers, 8 groschens), the rent (6 thalers, 8 groschens), food (60 thalers), light and wood (20 thalers), shoes (20 thalers). The remainder was to cover incidental expenses. The prince had to keep his own accounts; he did not fail in this, for the king examined them closely. In the accounts of the second month, Frederick made excuses for having paid too much for the butter: "there was a distemper, from which came the scarcity of butter, *daher entstandene Raritet der Buter.*" He refrained from complaining of the paternal parsimony. The least demand, and the most simple and

natural care of his person became crimes. He wished, summer coming on, to have some suitable clothing. The king refused: "This is neither a Brandenburg nor a Prussian fashion; it comes from the French." Behold the state to which this prince is now reduced who was "well disposed toward magnificence."

He was bored, the others were bored. Cüstrin yawned in her confidential letters. Hille gave notice of the constant diminution of the prince's good humor. He said: "His Highness is beginning to tire of this." "The rest of us in the convent will die, if this kind of life continues" added Wolden, to whom his physician had just prescribed *helleborum-nigrum*.[227]

They were like a party of ship-wrecked people, thrown by the tempest on a desert island and without resources; they lived upon themselves, but no longer satisfied with doing that, the eye was continually fixed upon the silent horizon. Frederick and three noblemen were enclosed in a little town of narrow streets, its people poor and plain, with provincial, pedantic functionaries, and a mechanical military code. They could see, from the height of the ramparts, the Oder and the Wartha flowing by, and the extension of the plain, but the postern did not allow them to pass. The king forbade them to go farther. He only enlarged his son's prison; he kept him closed up, with his youth, his impatience, his dreams, within those walls at whose base streamed Katte's blood.

However, those Cüstrin days, so long and so empty, counted in the life of Frederick. Will or nill he learned about affairs, in the daily sittings of the chamber. He

saw there, detail after detail, all the economy of the royalty of Prussia: rentals, contributions, excise, mills, foundries, manufactures, customs, those elements of the financial power which produced the military power. Hille taught him finance and commerce. He had the talent of making himself interesting, in enlarging upon the subjects he treated. One day, after a lesson upon commerce, he traced rapidly the commercial history of Brandenburg. He told how the city of Frankfort-on-the-Oder had been the centre of trade, in the Middle Ages, when she received through Venice and Augsburg the merchandise of the Levant, and bonded it, so as to distribute it, in the *Marche*, in Poland, Prussia, Pomerania, and Mecklenburg. After the discovery of the route around the Cape of Good Hope, the products of the Levant came by way of the North Sea and the Baltic. Frankfort lost then "her country back of her," the whole side of the Baltic, but gained Silesia and Bohemia, which no longer received anything from Italy. Unfortunately, the commerce of Frankfort has been for a long time trammeled by the Swedes, the masters of Pomerania, that is to say of the mouths of the Oder. At present, Pomerania belongs to the king of Prussia, but the main branch of the Oder runs through the dominions of Austria, which possesses Silesia, and King Frederick William in lowering the customs duties on the Silesian frontier to please the Emperor, permits the merchants of this country to compete with his own subjects. "There is no hope for a good commerce in Brandenburg," concluded Hille, "until the Silesians are forced from their immediate commercial intercourse. How can that be

done? It is a point that higher and cleverer heads than ours must decide."[228]

In pronouncing this conclusion, Hille thought to himself: a word to the wise is sufficient. And the future conqueror of Silesia was a good listener. It is not possible that Frederick, in hearing this lesson, could fail to comprehend the great law which was involved in the development of the Prussian monarchy. Brandenburg, the heart of this monarchy, was a poor level country, between mountain and sea, separated from both, intersected by parallel streams, which were roads of invasion, of which they held neither the starting point nor the end. Open from east to west, as well as from north to south, swept by all gales coming from Germanic Poland, it would have perished like Poland, if it had not baffled by the strength of its laws, its own weakness and the defects of its own constitution; if it had not been "planted firmly on its feet," in the justice hall of Brandenburg; if it had not finally gone up and down its rivers, conquering mountain and sea. "Frederick," said Hille, "knows perfectly Aristotle's poetry, but he is ignorant as to whether his ancestors gained Magdeburg at cards or some other way." His new master taught him the use of conquests, and that they were, for Prussia, the only means of life.

I imagine, however, at this date, during the first months of his sojourn at Cüstrin, he did not take a real interest in economy. He was a docile auditor, because he had a wish to rise from this "little seat," to leave the city, to close his account book of household expenses and go away. In order to do this he must flatter the paternal

mania. He gave himself the air of being a good economist. Wolden affirmed that at the end of four months the prince knew "all that could be learned of economy by theory." He defied President Münchow to make "a better *Anschlag* than our illustrious *auscultator*;"[229] but the marshal of the court was as anxious as his pupil to "leave the galleys." Hille declared that the prince had composed, all alone, a statement sent to the king "on the subject of the improvement of flax-husbandry," but Hille made the most of his pupil's attainments, and he certainly aided Frederick "to do his task," as the school boys say, if he did not do it entirely. The king was not deceived. "You very much astonish me," wrote he; "do you imagine that I am going to believe that the prince is the author of such matter! I know well enough what is in him. Besides, this does not please me at all for him to begin to form projects. I have told you that I want him instructed solidly. I do not wish to hear of empty formulas. One has no need of a master to manufacture wind."[230]

"What is in him," is that the prince learns and comprehends quickly, but wishes to make believe that his apprenticeship is finished. The Cüstrin people seek every pretext to give themselves air. When the princess Wilhelmina is at last betrothed, Wolden asks that the prince may be invited to witness the marriage of his sister. "Refused," wrote the king on the margin; "a man under arrest should be kept close." Besides, he knew well, said he to Grumbkow, that the prince was as happy as a king to be over there without his father. He wished him to lead a quiet, retired life. "If I had

done what he has done, I would be ashamed to live, and I would not allow myself to be seen by any one. He must obey my will, get out of his head those French and English mannerisms, and only think like a Prussian, be faithful to his seignior and father, have a German heart, get out of his mind that damnable idea of a *petit-maitre* French fashion, call on the grace of God earnestly, have God always before his eyes, and then God will arrange things for his welfare, both in this world and the next." Again Wolden laments "not seeing the end of this drudgery." He hoped that the king would have his son at the grand review in the spring, but the time arrived and Frederick was not called. He redoubled his entreaties to Grumbkow, who thought that the next journey of the king through Prussia would be a good opportunity to ask for an interview. On this advice Wolden implored for the prince the favor of going to "kiss the hem of the king's garment." The king answered: "Must remain at Cüstrin. I will know the moment this wicked heart will be corrected for good, without hypocrisy." At last one day, Wolden received an order from the king to announce to "his subordinate" an approaching paternal visit; he added, "As soon as I look him straight in the eyes, I can tell whether he has improved or not." [231]

THE ROYAL VISIT.

Frederick William had chosen for the date of meeting again, his own birth-day, August 15th.[232] On arriving at Cüstrin, he went immediately to the Governor's house, whence he sent for his son. The prince threw him-

self at the king's feet, who commanded him to rise, and then addressed a discourse to him.

It was a very strange one. First, reproaches upon the "impious project"; a solemn tone: "I have tried everything in the world, both kindness and harshness, to make you a man of honor"; in a more familiar tone: "When a young man commits foolish acts, makes love to women, etc., he may be pardoned for these youthful faults." Then, with anger: "But to do with premeditation, such impious things, this is unpardonable!" And with threats: "Listen my boy, even if thou wert sixty or seventy years old, thou couldst not order me. I have, up to the present moment, sustained myself against the world, and I know how to bring thee to reason!" An interlude of comedy: the miserly father reproaches the prodigal son for having run into debt, when he knew so well that he could not pay, and for not having acknowledged the bills of his usurers. But the king appears again: "You have never had confidence in me; I who am doing everything for the aggrandizement of the House, the army and finance, and who am working for you; for this will be for you, all this, if you show yourself worthy of it!"

In the meanwhile what was Frederick doing? Did he look his father straight in the eyes, as he wished him to do? Suddenly, the father reproached him, for all his efforts to gain his friendship—vain efforts. At these words Frederick burst into tears and fell on his knees. The king possessed with the thoughts of the "impious project," pressed the culprit on: "Let us see . . . so it was to England that you wished to go." On receiv-

ing the answer in the affirmative, he said these terrible words: "Well now! listen to what would have been the sequel to this. Your mother would have fallen into the greatest trouble; for I should have suspected her of being your accomplice. I would have placed your sister for the remainder of her life, where she could never again see the sun or moon. I would have entered Hanover with my army, and burned and sacked the country, and had it been necessary would have sacrificed my life, my country and my people. Behold what would have been the result of your wicked conduct. To-day, I should like to employ you in both military and civil commissions. But how dare I, after such an action, present you to my officers and servitors? You have but one way of raising yourself up again; that is, by repairing your fault, at the price of your blood."

For the third time Frederick fell on his knees. Then, the father, always with this fixed idea: "Didst thou corrupt Katte or Katte thou?" "I tempted him." "Ah! At last! I am pleased to know that you have told the truth once!" Here, a moment of relaxation, and this irony: "How do you like Cüstrin? Have you still as much aversion for Wusterhausen, and your 'shroud' as you called it? I know why my society does not please you. It is true, I know nothing about French manners; I do not know how to make *bons mots*, nor have I the manners of a *petit-maître* . . . I am a German prince! Such as I am, will I live and die." And then he began again with his old grievances. Every time he distinguished a person, Fritz slighted him, looked contemptuously on the favored one. An officer was arrested,

Fritz sympathized with him. A fine some body in truth was this Fritz! A great person! It was really worth one's while to make so much ado over him! To-day, no one throughout Prussia, nor at Berlin was occupied about him. It was not known whether he was in the world or not. If such or such a one, coming from Cüstrin, had not related that they had seen him play at foot-ball with his hair dressed in the French fashion (in a bag), people would not know whether he was living or dead.

Then came the question of religion. The king preaching against predestination, points out to his son "the horrible consequences of that doctrine which makes God the author of sin, and denies that Christ died for all men." But the prince hastens to declare his adhesion "to the Christian and orthodox doctrine of His Majesty." Paternally, gently, his father adjures him to distrust these unholy beliefs. If he meets any one who excites him against his duties, against God, the king and his country, he must fall upon his knees and pray earnestly to his Maker to deliver him, through the intervention of His Holy Spirit, from these bad thoughts and lead him to mend his ways. "And if you put your whole heart in it, Jesus, who wishes all men to be saved, will grant your prayer." At last, the king pronounced pardon: "I forgive you all that has passed with the hope of your better future conduct." Frederick, at these words, burst into tears again, and kissed his father's feet.

The king went into another room. Frederick followed him. They were speaking of His Majesty's birth-day. The prince dared not present his best wishes, but fell on his knees. The king raised him in his arms. The

terrible visit ended, the king went out and re-entered his carriage. Before the assembled crowd, Fritz kissed his father's feet again; before the crowd, the father embraced his son.

THE NEW RÉGIME OF LIFE.

A few days after, Frederick William, "in order that his son should feel a little of paternal and royal pardon," prescribed for him a new régime of life. Three times a week, in the morning, the prince was to go to the chamber of war and administration, where his seat was no longer low but high, by the side of the President; but he was to sit on the left of the king's place, which was empty. The remainder of the time was at his disposal. He could leave the town, on condition that he notified the Governor each time, to visit the domains of which a list was given. The present thing to do, was to learn by practice, what he already knew by theory, of economy. Some member of the chamber would always accompany him, to explain the cultivation of a domain; how to work it, fertilize it, and sow the seed; how to brew, and all the details of a brewery, from the preparation of the malt to the casking of the beer. Above all things, they must reason with him, make him understand why such or such a thing is done in such or such a way, and if there is room for it to be done in a different and better way; show him how farmers are able to pay their farm rent and make money out of it besides. Wolden must always be with him on these little trips. He must have a care that the prince puts questions about these things "himself," about everything he sees, and in-

forms "himself well upon every detail." These expeditions, be it understood, are no pretext for pleasure parties. The employé of the domain, who receives the prince, will lay covers for five only, at eight *groschens* per person.[233]

Besides this, the king desired Wolden "to give him a pleasure from time to time," such as an excursion on the river, hunting and other things permissible, but he must teach the prince to use his own hands and load his gun "himself." The prince could have the right to invite two guests at each repast, and dine out twice a week, but no woman must be invited. One of the "three" must always accompany him, sleep by his side, and prevent him from speaking to anyone alone, above all to any girl or woman. French books, German "laical" books, music, the play or the dance were interdicted, as before, for Wolden must teach his subordinate "solid things." Of course, the prince must thank God fervently for having changed, through His mercy, his bad heart, and for having led him back to Jesus Christ. Continue to invoke His powerful aid, and for this purpose they must have morning and evening prayer with hymns, and a chapter in the Bible read with befitting thankfulness and devotion.[234]

The King of Prussia was severe even in his pardons; the exiles of Cüstrin had hoped for better things, but were resigned. They had taken a step towards liberty. It was much for the king to pronounce the word of pardon, which never fell readily from his lips. "I have believed, up to this time," said the prince to Hille, "that my father had not the least sentiment of love for me.

I am now convinced that he is . . . . finally to sever this reconciliation which is to be for all time, the devil himself will have to interfere . . ."[235] To keep the devil from meddling, Grumbkow, continued his good offices. He also wrote his little instructions for the Cüstrin people.

The clever man knew wonderfully well "the slippery dangerous ground," where he had maneuvered for so long a time without falling. He recommended, first of all, religion, "that source upon which depends all happiness in life and interior tranquillity." Towards the king, he advised "an even, natural and respectful conduct." The prince must always give to the king the title of Majesty. In his conversations with his father, he must answer questions precisely, never vary, give his advice when asked; he will have need, if he foresees that this advice does not conform to the paternal ideas, of always using this expression: "If Your Majesty orders me to do so, and if I must say what I think, it is such or such a thing, but I can nevertheless be very much deceived in the matter and my little experience can easily err." Particularly, no spirit of raillery, nor expressions of jest, even though it refer to the lowest domestic. Neither must there be a reserved, gloomy, austere air. The king detests raillery, but likes a pleasant manner.

In all that the prince does in the king's presence, he must always affect to take pleasure in it, whether he does or not. "It is very important that the prince should appear to take more pleasure in the society of the generals and officers of the king than in all others: a gracious smile or look to one of the civil rank will be

enough." Avoid those who have the misfortune to displease the king; do not show them too much compassion, do not imitate the conduct of those spoken in Second Samuel, 15th chapter, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 verses. Take care not to show outwardly a preference for the queen, "for the suspicions that have been aroused on this account have been the cause of much sorrow to the illustrious mother and well-beloved son. The incomparable Crown Princess has the right, in a thousand ways to the affection, confidence and friendship of her brother, but in the beginning, it must be limited." And finally much prudence must be shown in intercourse with foreign ministers, preferring those whose interests are the same as the king's, and whom His Majesty favors. As for affairs, whether they be military, political or domestic, do not mix with them on any account, either directly or indirectly; do not show the least curiosity. If His Royal Highness is anxious to know anything, let him address himself to those people in whom he can trust, who have the king's confidence, as well as some justice and honor.

For the rest, Grumbkow trusts, in order to supply all that is lacking in his counsels, in the sagacity and discrimination of His Highness. He gives a last advice. When the prince comes to Berlin, let him request the king to assemble in an apartment, the ministers and generals. Then let him declare to them, in a little discourse, his repentance for having displeased his father, and his desire to wipe out this fault with his blood, when an opportunity offers, wherein the glory and the arms of the king are interested; the oath at Cüstrin might be

supposed to be forced; he wished to renew and confirm it. It could be terminated by raising two fingers and saying: "I, Frederick of Prussia, swear to the all-powerful God, that I will remain faithful to my king, seignior and father unto death. If I tell the truth, may God through Jesus Christ, aid me. Amen."

In drawing to a close, Grumbkow praised the disinterestedness of the prince's friends. He asked no other favor of the prince than to believe him to be his and the king's faithful servitor, and not to give ear to the ugly reports which had been circulated about him. "Now the only thing left for me to do," said the honest man, "is to put my trust in God. *In te, Domine; speravi, non confundar in æternum.*"[236]

Frederick was, in fact, endowed with "enough intelligence and discernment" to take pleasure in reading these suggestions of his father's courtier, who aspired to become his, also. He hated Grumbkow. He counted well —on becoming the master —upon confounding, in time, this man who flattered himself that he would not be confounded in eternity. But he resolved to be agreeable to his "dear general," as well as to all others whose bad offices he dreaded.

He was admirably docile, and appeared contented with the permitted pleasures, but he added to them. It is impossible that his "superiors" could have refused him "laical" books.[237] Frederick could not keep from reading; he, above all others, who when but a child, arose in the night to devour romances by the light of a lamp hidden in a chimney. We do not know much about his intellectual history during the Cüstrin days;

his daily companions were very careful to keep it out of their reports. A few confidential messages in the letters from Hille to Grumbkow, and from Grumbkow to Seckendorff, give us the information, however, that he continued to eat forbidden fruit. He was always "Frederick the Philosopher." His obstinacy in the doctrine of predestination, and his dangerous backsliding all came from philosophy: this dogma interested him because it enveloped the great philosophical question that occupied his whole life,—that of human freedom. He discussed it with Hille as he had done with Müller in the prison, as he will do later with Voltaire. It was one of the noble pleasures of this young man to reason, discourse and argue upon these profound questions. He already thought that he was a "moralist." Science solicited also his intelligence; he was curious about the great problems and the answers that philosophy then sought to give to them. "I have become," said he, "philosophical and mechanical."[278] Again, he said: "I am a musician." But above all, he believed himself to be a "great poet." He knew verbatim the "Art of Poetry," of Aristotle; that is to say, the admirable treatise on the ways of finding, through the mind, the elegant expressions in language of the human passions. Odes, satires, epigrams, idyls, epics, tragedies, he knew the rules of all, by the translation of Aristotle, and certainly by Boileau also, for whom he confessed later his admiration. But he was not contented to merely admire these masters: he tried to imitate them and applied himself so well to the work that "he bit his nails to the quick." Hille could not refuse to listen to his poetry. He makes

game of the young poetic aspirant by reminding him of the scene of the sonnet in the "Misanthrope." "Ah! those beautiful verses of Moliére," cried the prince. But he was not discouraged, and he continued to compose verses, like the following, for example, which he addressed to Grumbkow:

CONSEIL À MOY-MÊME.

SUR L'AIR: *Badiner.*

Parmi les tristes circonstances
Souffrez avec patience,
Jamais n' allez outre cela.
Raissonnez, mais restez-en la.

Ne donnez point dans la tristesse,
Fuyez surtout la paresse;
En bon train alors vous voilà.
Raisonnez, mais restez-en la.

Faites bien des chansonettes,
Car ce seront pour vous des fêtes,
Badinez avec tout cela.
Raisonnez, mais restez-en la.

La chambre et les commissaires
Qui font le métier des corsaires,
Vous pourrez avec tout ceux-là
Raisonnez, mais restez-en la.

Ne faites à personne de querelle,
Restez à vos amis fidelle,
Et pour le reste, lon, lan, la
Raisonnez, mais, restez-en la.

Donnez tout le respect au Maître,
Gardez-vous toujours des traître
Et faites tout pour ce but-là
Raisonnez, mais restez-en la.

Ennuyez-vous bien pour complaire
Et faites toutes vos affaires
Et soyez content, lon, lan, la
Raissonnez, mais restez-en la.

Reconnaissez bien les services
D'un Ministre les bons offices,
Aimez-le toujours pour cela,
Raisonnez, mais restez-en la.

ADVICE TO MYSELF.

SUNG TO THE AIR: *Badiner.*

In all the sad circumstances of life, suffer with patience; never over-step this bound. Reflect, but go no farther.

Yield not to sorrow, fly above all things from laziness; behold yourself then in excellent spirits. Reflect, but go no farther.

Compose snatches of song, for this will afford you pleasure; have some sport with it. Reflect, but go no farther.

The Administration and the Commissariats carry on the trade of Corsairs; upon all this you may be able to reflect, but go no farther.

Do not quarrel with anyone; remain true to your friends, and as for the rest, la, la, la. Reflect, but go no farther.

Give due respect to the Master. Always be on your guard against traitors and do everything with this object in view. Reflect, but go no farther.

Incommode yourself to please others and attend to your own affairs, and be contented, la, la, la. Reflect, but go no farther.

Be very grateful for favors given, and for the good services of a Minister. Love him always for them. Reflect, but go no farther.

Hille, whose opinion the prince asked upon this selection, responded that these verses were "good for a prince, but would not be worth much had they been composed by a private individual." This is true, but the young man who, in the midst of *ennui*, can divert himself with a song to the air of "*Badiner*," will be the man who, in reverses and on the eve of calamities, will seek consolation in the delights of philosophy and poetry.

Frederick had the opportunity at Cüstrin of trying a few love verses. A few days after his father's visit he dined, for the first time, at Tamsel, a short distance from the town, at the home of Colonel von Wreech. The place was very pretty; a slight outline of hills sheltered one side of it; then opened the endless plain, watered by the Wartha, a sluggish stream, which joined the Oder, likewise a slow stream, a short distance farther on; a real Holland landscape both in sky and water. The house was also beautiful. It had been built by Field-Marshal von Schoning, a Brandenburg hero of the days of the Great Elector, who made himself illustrious by fighting the infidels under the walls of Ofen. He had left a legend. The peasants of Tamsel relate that he set out to fight the Turks at the head of a forest of pines; when he arrived before Ofen, he changed his trees into giant soldiers, who took the assaulted place. Schoning was for that time and that country a great lord. It was a real castle that he had built, with high windows facing the park, where trees covered the incline of a knoll. He had had the apartments panelled and ornamented in relief by Greek workmen whom he brought back with him from his oriental campaign. The stair-case and the ancestral hall inlaid with wood, which still exist, gave a grand air to the building. This was something to please Frederick, coming from the plain little house at Cüstrin, for he loved elegance and rich surroundings. But the pearl of the place was, the granddaughter of the legendary field-marshal, Madame von Wreech.[240]

She was very much younger than her husband. A

blonde, with "a lily and rose complexion," she was graceful and intelligent, and something of a coquette. The joy, the pride, at receiving a Crown Prince, who had had such a terrible adventure and was yet so young, made her still more amiable. To be brief, her twenty-three years quickly harmonized with Frederick's eighteen years. After a few days, the prince obtained permission to say: "My cousin," instead of: "Madame." He wrote, at first, in prose, but he met on the banks of the Oder the muse Urania, who reproached him for not praising the one he loved in verse. You must, said she to him, be very heartless and very German. He began then to rhyme, alas!

> Permettez moi, Madame, en vous offrant ces lignes,
> Que je vous fasse part de cette verité,
> Depuis que je vous vois, j'ai été agité,
> Vous êtes un objet qui en êtes bien digne!

These verses are the worst that the muse dictated to the prince, but the others are not much better. The young poet was not master of his style; he was not sure of his language. His mythology, his Apollo and Muses, are lost in Brandenburg, like the Greek temples, the Italian porticos, and the statues after the antique, that one sees in the parks surrounding the German châteaux, and which seem to be cold, and exiled from the south, under these northern clouds. If any real sentimentality is in it, I cannot see it.

To Frederick's first poetic declaration, the lady responds in the same manner, but with a pretty little malicious intent:

> C'est toute ma maison qui y a concouru . . . .
> (It is all my household that has aspired, etc.)

All the household—that means the Colonel himself. Nothing proves that she ever had a secret from Von Wreech; the reports spread at Cüstrin and Berlin, when she became *enceinte*, seem mere calumny. She took pleasure in this badinage; she was flattered by it, nothing more. Did the prince ask for more? There is in this maker of love sonnets of eighteen years a little too much of the *literati*. Even his writings in prose are of a young man of letters, who foresees the publisher.

Nevertheless, he had for the cousin some pretty sentimentality; he admired her beauty, majestic carriage, manners, her whole style, which outshone even princesses. He loved her because she was graceful and had intelligence; he had respect for this young wife, and if he had committed any "imprudence" in her presence, he begged humbly to be forgiven. In short, he passed happy days at Tamsel, and it gave him some pleasant impressions, the only ones of the kind that he ever tasted in his life. It was a fête for him to return to the "Island of Calypso," as Wolden called the park surrounded by the Wartha. When he left Cüstrin, he sent his picture to the "cousin," with a letter, wherein he expressed the desire that she would deign to look from time to time on his image, and think: "He is a good enough boy, but he tires me, for he loves me too much, and often angers me with his inconvenient affection." There is a grace and a little air of melancholy in this farewell. Tamsel is an oasis in the life of a prematurely dead heart.[241]

Frederick composed prose, too, and very prosaic it was, particularly that addressed to the king. He gave an account of his visits to the Domains. Economy is

the principal subject of the correspondence, upon which he enlarges many details, that happen there by chance, but he chose them with an exquisite art, so as to compose the physiognomy of a son after the father's own heart.

Three days after the visit to Cüstrin, he thanked the king for the favors that had been given him; he confessed his faults again; he acknowledged himself more culpable than his father supposed him to be, and revealed at last the secret engagement he had made with the Queen of England to marry none but an English princess. Then he earnestly requested to return to the army, not "out of flattery," but from his very heart: "Do whatever you wish with me in the world; I will be content with everything; I shall be delighted if I can only become a soldier once more." If he served and wished to serve his father, "it was through love and not duty."[242] He applied himself to economy and to "household accounts." He had visited the Domain of Wollup, whence formerly, the king only drew 1,600 thalers and which then brought in 2,200, an excellent revenue. However, it is possible to make a "number of improvements," and to obtain, by drying up the marshes, an increased value of 1,000 thalers, for it is good wheat ground.[243] At Carzig, the soil is not so good as at Wollup; there is much sand and in some places lime. A forest on this domain has been burned. This is to be cleared; if they waited for the wood to grow again, they would have to wait thirty years for the revenue. The intendant thinks it would be better to establish a *métairie* (small farm)

there: the prince is of this opinion; he estimates that the operation would bring in a revenue of some hundreds of thalers. He visited the sheep fold and stable which were in a very good condition.[244] At Lebus the crops were sown; the weather was fine for tilling the soil. The prince had seen a big fellow destined for one of the king's regiments, and while looking at him, his heart bled. The king had sent him a pious book; he thanked him for it and recognized, in all submission, the good and holy intentions of his father.[245] He had made the plan, statement and contract for the farm of Carzig; they could only grow rye and barley there, but the fields which they could work would yield ten per cent. At Himmelstadt, the out-houses were in a very bad state; the brewery was falling in ruins. An abandoned church near by could be transformed into one at very little expense. The barns should be moved nearer; they are three hundred steps away; it is too far and impossible to watch over the cattle. The prince was to return to Wollup to gain some instruction from the intendant, who was very knowing in these things, and make some "solid improvements."[246] In the meantime, he speaks of the hunt, where he regrets being still awkward, for he missed some ducks and a stag.

Even the Marionettes, that he detested, interested him. He is too perfect. The father reading these letters could not believe his eyes; he did not wish to believe them. He answered in a friendly tone, addressing him in the old familiar way as "My dear son." He congratulated him upon learning economy by theory and practice. He discussed the propositions with the prince,

recommending him, "to observe minutely everything himself, to get at the bottom of things, to go into detail, *in das Detail gehen*;" but in the Fritz of Cüstrin, he always saw the Fritz of other times. "You tell me that you wish to become a soldier again. I think this does not come from your heart. You only wish to flatter me." He had done everything, said he, to inspire his son with a love for military life, but he had not succeeded. Whoever loves a military life must love manly pleasures, not the occupations of women, not to take care of oneself, not to be afraid of heat and cold, hunger and thirst. And Fritz, on all occasions, took good care of himself, preferring to service and fatigue, a French book, *bons mots*, a comedy, or his flute. He had neglected his company of cadets, which was so fine, and was such a good one. "Ah! if I send to Paris for a flute-master, a dozen fifers, a troupe of comedians, a grand orchestra, two dozen dancing masters, a dozen *petits-maîtres*, or if I were to build a fine theatre, this would please thee more than the Grenadiers; for they are of the *canaille*, in thy eyes, while a *petit-maître*, a little Frenchman, a *bon mot*, a little musician, a little comedian (*ein petit-maître*, *ein französchen*, *ein bon mot*, *ein musiqueschen*), behold all these are noble and royal and worthy of a prince (*das scheinet was nobleres*, *das ist was königliches das ist* digne d' un prince). Dost thou know thyself well? These were thy true sentiments up to the time of thy installation at Cüstrin. What thy inclinations may be at present, I know not, but I will find out by thy conduct."—To become a soldier again, so be it! But thou must first become a good economist.

A soldier who does not know how to take care of his money, who makes debts, is a worthless one. Charles XII. was a brave soldier, but a bad administrator. When he had money, he wasted it. He let his army starve to death, and was not able to establish himself again, after he had been vanquished. Occupy thyself with thy household accounts; learn the art of buying bargains; save something each time; do not spend thy money in little snuff-boxes and cases. . . ."[247]

It is easily seen, however, that the king only desired to be convinced little by little. The letters, in which Fritz, the flute-player, the Fritz of snuff-boxes, cases and *bons mots*, the little French Fritz, talked about farms, breweries and sheep-cotes; these letters were written to please him. He guessed that the young man had but repeated the lessons that were given him. It certainly was not Fritz who had discovered "a number of improvements" possible on the Wollup domain; it was the intendant. And, in addition to this, the king must have recognized the work of Hille, but his son had listened, since he repeated it; he had understood it; the fine mannered Fritz had entered the stables and his delicate nostrils had inhaled the odor of the manure. The proof that the king had been insensibly won over, and that he was disposed to make his ordeal lighter and to shorten it, is that he permitted the prince to return to Berlin, the latter part of November, 1731, to witness his sister's marriage.

THE MARRIAGE OF WILHELMINA.

At last the King of Prussia was going to have his eldest daughter married.

After the terrible scenes of the month of April, 1730, Wilhelmina had been a prisoner in her own apartments at the castle, in Berlin.

The king had decided to settle the fate of his daughter, so that she would be no longer a cause of embarrassment, trouble and anger to him, but he did not yet know to which aspirant he would give her. For a long time, he had thought of marrying her, in case he had to renounce the English marriage, either to the Margrave of Schwedt or to the Duke of Weissenfels. The Duke was a prince of the Empire; we already know that the Margrave was of the House of Brandenburg, and a branch issue of the second marriage of the Great Elector. In the interval, Frederick William talked of sending his daughter "to the country," and of making her Coadjutrix of Herford. Then it became known that he had fixed his choice on the Hereditary Prince of Baireuth, of the Franconian branch of the Hohenzollerns. Then again, it was said that he had not renounced the English marriage for Wilhelmina. It is certain that the queen continued to negotiate with London, and clung to this hope. It is probable that the king himself, in the tumultuous depths of his thoughts, agitated this project together with the others, and that he would have been contented if King George, by a definite and decisive step, had asked Wilhelmina's hand for the Prince of Wales; but he had placed the negotiation in such a light that England, who had never even shown any generosity in all the matrimonial negotiation, would not give him the pleasure of an *amende honorable*.

She (England) would have been quite willing to arrange the double marriage of Wilhelmina with the Prince of Wales, and Frederick with the Princess Amelia, because that would have implied a concession on the part of the King of Prussia. But for the single marriage she refused to make the advances ardently solicited by the queen.

Wilhelmina relates[248] with a great elaboration of detail, the history of the days, weeks and months that she suffered in awaiting her misfortune, as she termed this marriage, which she held to be a misalliance.

One day the king made known to her through the *concierge*, Eversmann, that she must be resigned, as she was positively going to become the Duchess of Weissenfels. The *concierge* had begun by declaring to her that he had always loved her, having carried her about in his arms many times when she was a child, and "everybody's favorite." He then told her what was going on at Potsdam, where the king made the queen suffer a thousand martyrdoms and she had grown to be very thin. Wilhelmina responded haughtily to him, but the next day, on awaking, she found Eversmann near her bed. He related another scene which took place the evening before at Potsdam, and the order that he had received to make some purchases for the nuptials, and the horrible threats that the king made to all those who would raise opposition to the marriage, particularly to Mademoiselle von Sonsfeld, whom he was going to have whipped publicly on all the squares of the city.[249] Turning toward this lady-in-waiting, Eversmann sympathized with her for being condemned to such infamous punishment, at the same

time saying that it would give him pleasure to see the appetizing spectacle of the whiteness of her back relieved by the blood coursing down it.

While this "vile domestic" acquitted himself of the king's messages, the wife of a *valet de chambre* brought Wilhelmina word from the queen. She entreated her daughter to consent to nothing: "A prison," said she, "is better than a bad marriage." Mlle. von Sonsfeld, whom the king's threat did not move, earnestly advised the princess to obey the queen. Wilhelmina, not knowing how "to rid herself of her torments," closed her door and began to play on the harpsichord. A frightened lackey entered, announcing that four gentlemen were there, who had come to speak with her from the king. "Who are they?" she inquired. In his fright the servant did not recognize the faces. Mlle. von Sonsfeld came before the gentlemen: it was an embassy of State, conducted by Grumbkow. Introduced into the apartments of the princess, they requested the lady-in-waiting to retire, and closed the door carefully. Wilhelmina "was in a terrible state of fear, at sight of these proceedings."

Grumbkow stated that the negotiations relative to the marriage were broken. He recalled the unhappiness that the obstinacy of the Court of England and the intrigues of the queen had brought to the House. He announced other misfortunes that would befall the queen, the princess and the Crown Prince, who was leading a miserable life at Cüstrin. The family peace was depending upon Wilhelmina's resolution. It is true that she had been reared with ideas of grandeur and flattered herself with

the prospect of wearing a crown, but great princesses were born to be sacrificed for the good of the State. Besides, grandeur after all did not constitute happiness. The best thing to do then was to submit to the decrees of Providence. If the princess obeyed, the king would give her double the amount he gave his other children and, immediately after the nuptials, would accord entire freedom to her brother. If she was head-strong, the order that Grumbkow carried, and which he then showed to her, was to conduct the princess to the fortress of Memel immediately, and Mlle. von Sonsfeld and the other domestics were to be treated with severity.

In the course of the harangue, the Minister had named the designed husband. It was no longer the "gross Weissenfels;" it was the Hereditary Prince of Baireuth. "He is of the House of Brandenburg," said Grumbkow, "and will inherit, after his father's death, a fine estate. As you do not know him, Madame, you can have no aversion to him." Wilhelmina responded with her customary cleverness that all she had heard was right and sensible, and that she found no objections to it. "She did not know," she added, "how she had merited the disfavor of the king. He had disregarded her feelings in the matter. Why had he never spoken to her himself of her marriage? He had only addressed himself to the queen, and made use of the services of that Eversmann to transmit his orders to her, to whom she had not deigned to reply, not judging it proper to communicate with him through a low domestic." Now, as she learned that the tranquillity of her family depended upon her decision, she determined to submit to the will

of the king. She only asked for the permission to obtain the queen's consent. But the four gentlemen objected. "You exact the impossible," said Grumbkow. "Everything is at stake," added another, tearfully. Wilhelmina walked to and fro seeking an expedient. Three of the gentlemen retired to the embrasure of a window; the fourth, Thulemeier, who was on the queen's side and that of France and England, took this opportunity to approach the princess; he advised her to assent to all they exacted, promising that the marriage should not take place. He charged himself with making the queen understand that the announcement of the marriage with the prince of Baireuth was the only means of drawing from England a favorable declaration. Thus the eternal intriguing comes up again at this tragic moment. Three men bring the king's order; a fourth, the advice to feign obedience. Wilhelmina grasped the subterfuge; she approached Grumbkow, declared that she was ready to sacrifice herself for her family, and, under his dictation, wrote a letter to the king. When she was alone she fell into an arm-chair, where Mlle. Sonsfeld and the "company" found her in tears. Everybody in dismay began to cry with her.[250]

At the same time that she wrote to her father, Wilhelmina wrote to the queen. She asked pardon for the fault she had committed in obeying the king; but she was only too glad to become the instrument of the happiness of her dear mother and brother. She soon received responses to her letters: the king said that he was pleased to find her so submissive to his will, that God would bless her and never abandon her; as for himself

he would take care of her all her life, and prove to her, on all occasions, that he was her faithful father. The response of the queen was that she would no longer recognize her as her daughter; that she would never pardon her for having sacrificed herself to the *coterie* of her persecutors and swore eternal hatred.

Wilhelmina soon learned through Eversmann that the king and queen were to return to Berlin. When she found herself in the presence of the king, she was surprised to see such a furious look on his face. But to the question: "Will you obey me?" she answered by throwing herself at her father's feet and swearing to be submissive. The whole physiognomy of the terrible man changed; he raised her up, embraced her, and gave her a piece of stuff with which to adorn herself, and sent her to the queen, who overwhelmed her with abuses. Sophia Dorothea was not resigned to the loss of her aspirations. She made herself believe that the king was playing a comedy, to constrain King George to say the decisive word; and as the king, the days following, spoke no longer of the marriage, as no one besides had had any news of the prince of Baireuth who was thought to be in Paris, she assumed a most charming humor. With the best grace possible, she did the honors of the castle to a numerous company of princes whom her husband had invited to a grand review of twenty thousand men to be given the 24th of May. But the day before, the king, after having requested her not to fail in going to the review with her daughter, commanded her to entertain the "princedom" that evening and have them sup with her. Then he retired at seven o'clock. "Prince-

dom" played at faro until the hour for supper. Just as the company was about to be seated at table, a post-chaise crossed the court-yard and stopped at the grand staircase. Princes alone had this prerogative; but no prince was expected. The queen, surprised, inquired who it was; she learned that it was the prince of Baireuth.

"The head of the Medusa never produced more terror than this news caused to this princess." You can imagine how the supper progressed. When the guests had retired, Wilhelmina begged the queen to release her from going to the review the following day, but the king had ordered it, and therefore it must be done. The princess passed a sleepless night, watched by Mlle. von Sonsfeld. She arose at four o'clock in the morning, "and put on three *coiffes* to hide her trouble," and presented herself in this guise to the queen, whom she accompanied to the review.

They passed at the head of the troops; then the colonel, who was conducting the queen, having placed the carriage near a battery, said to Her Majesty that he had orders to present to her the prince of Baireuth; this was immediately done. With a proud air, the queen received her future son-in-law and, after a few uninteresting questions, made him a sign to retire. Wilhelmina, disturbed by the heat and her emotion, left the queen's carriage to go and hide herself in that of the ladies-in-waiting.

After the dinner which followed the review, the king, in an abrupt manner, seized the hand of the Margrave and conducted him to his daughter. During the repast he asked for a large covered goblet, and drank the health

of the Margrave, addressing himself to Wilhelmina, who was forced to drink a responding toast. The trouble, anguish and despair of the princess drew tears from the witnesses of this scene.[251]

The 31st of May the king led the Margrave to the queen's apartments, and presented him to her as her future son-in-law and left them in tête-à-tête. Sophia Dorothea, who had given a good welcome to Baireuth, in the king's presence, then said "sharp things" to him. But the prince did not lose his self-possession, and, in the evening, as the queen was withdrawing, he paid her a very pretty compliment. He was not unaware, said he, that she had destined her daughter to wear a crown, and that the rupture with the two Courts of England and France had given him the honor of being chosen by the king. He was the happiest of mortals, for daring to aspire to a princess for whom he felt all the respect and sentiment due her, but these same sentiments made him cherish her too much, to plunge her in unhappiness, through a marriage that was perhaps distasteful to her. He begged that the queen would express herself freely on the subject. Upon her answer would depend all the happiness or unhappiness of his life, for if it was not favorable he would sever all his engagements with the king, however unfortunate it would be for him. The queen was silenced, but she doubted the sincerity of the prince, and responded that she could only obey the orders of the king. "He made a very clever little speech," she said to one of her ladies, "but he did not catch me."

The betrothal was celebrated June 1st. That morn-

ing, the king, while embracing Wilhelmina impetuously gave her the betrothal ring in which was set a large brilliant. He added a present of a service of gold, saying that it was a mere *bagatelle*, since he intended to give her more valuable presents if "she did the thing with a good grace." In the evening the court and the princely guests awaited the king in the state apartments. The king appeared with the prince. He was agitated to such an extent that instead of having the betrothal in the grand hall where all were assembled, he immediately approached his daughter, and holding her *fiancé* by the hand, made him exchange rings with her. The queen was so changed that everybody noticed it. The princess was pale; her hands and knees trembled, and had she not been supported by her mother and another princess, she would have fallen.[252] She inclined before her father, to kiss his hand; the king raised her up and held her a long time in his arms; they mingled their tears together, for he also cried. He was in tears the whole evening, and just as the nuptial ball commenced, he advanced and embraced Mlle. von Sonsfeld, whom he had threatened a short while since to have publicly whipped.

He, as well as all the guests, was sad during the lugubrious repast that followed the ball. "Never," said the English minister, "was supper more melancholy. All eyes were fixed upon the queen and princess; silence and the tears that coursed down the cheeks of those present, showed the sympathy that scene of injustice awakened in their hearts."[253]

From this injustice, the author suffered as well as the victim. For six years the marriage affair had tormented

the king. He had managed very badly indeed, but others had also been at fault. England had never attacked the question with sincere good will; the Queen of Prussia, the Crown Prince, and the Princess Wilhelmina had intrigued until it had amounted to treason. And so the king determined to put an end to the affair, but he was troubled by the resistance and the tears of his daughter and wife. He felt acutely that in forcing his daughter he was committing a mean act. To distract himself from this trouble, he had recourse to the ways already familiar to him, of dining out and having one of his orgies, which ended in insomnia and night-mare.[254] He dreaded these scenes of reproach and lamentation so much that he evaded tête-à-têtes with the queen and Wilhelmina. Several times we see him communicate with them by letter or messenger. During the days preceding the betrothal, he betrayed, on every occasion, his embarrassment and something of a secret shame. He did not forewarn the queen of the arrival of the prince of Baireuth, whom he had presented to her by a colonel. At the dinner after the review, when he introduced the suitor to Wilhelmina, and in the betrothal ceremony, his inward disturbance was revealed by his gruff, abrupt manner. And then he overwhelmed his daughter with caresses and presents; he covered her with his tears. Wilhelmina saw clearly "that he was reluctantly giving her in marriage."

It seems that there was a fatality hanging over the heads of this family, condemning all the members to make one another suffer.

These sad betrothal ceremonies gave no repose to

the princess. The queen, who still hoped to break the marriage, forbade her daughter to show any politeness to the Prince of Baireuth, or even to speak a word to him. She sought every opportunity "to taunt" her son-in-law, praising the grand qualities of her daughter, and the great extent of knowledge that she would give him. "Do you know," said she, "anything about history, geography, Italian, English, and music?" "I trust I know my catechism and the *credo*," answered the prince, laughing. The king, on his side, made the prince's life hard, whose polished, reserved manners he did not like; he essayed to inebriate him every day, "so as to form and strengthen his character."

The suitor's situation in such a family was a singular one. As the marriage was not to be celebrated until November, he asked the king for a regiment; it was given him. Before leaving he had an explanation with Wilhelmina. He repeated to her what he had said to the queen, that he would not have dared himself to aspire to her hand; the king had first made the proposition to him, but he was ready, if she wished it, to sever the engagement, and make himself unhappy for the rest of his existence. He said, with tears in his eyes, the first words of love that Wilhelmina had ever heard. "I was not accustomed to such jargon," she said. But she found a pleasure in it that the arrival of the queen interrupted. Her mother did not lose sight of her an instant. The same evening of this interview, as Wilhelmina and the prince were breaking together a *bon-bon* with some device on it, she arose from the table and led the princess away. She was ashamed of her "for not having more modesty."

Sophia Dorothea was always expecting good news from England. One day she thought she had received it. It was at Wusterhausen, where the Prince of Baireuth had just come to join the royal family. The queen shut herself up with her daughter. "To-day," said she, "your atrocious marriage will be broken, and I think your silly prince will depart to-morrow," but she again was deceived. Nevertheless, she was not discouraged. She retained her daughter near her, as much as she could, watching her, and, from reports, accused her of coquetting with her *fiancé* on the sly; but days and weeks passed. The marriage was fixed for the 20th of November. Wilhelmina relates that on the evening of the 19th, after a day, which she had spent overwhelming her daughter with unaccustomed caresses, the queen took her aside: "You are going to be sacrificed to-morrow," she said; but added, that she was expecting a courier, who would give the king entire satisfaction, only she did not know exactly when he would arrive. As she could find no expedient for delaying the celebration of the ceremony, she had an idea, which would ease her mind: "Promise me," said she to her daughter, "to have no familiarity with the prince and to live with him as brother and sister, as this will be the only way to dissolve your marriage, which will not be valid unless this comes to pass."[255]

The 20th of November, at four o'clock, the princess appeared for the sacrifice. The queen wished to preside at the toilet, but she was not clever in the vocations of a maid. She disarranged the coiffure, of which fashion decreed twenty-four curls of hair, as

thick as the arm, surmounted by the crown. Under this burden, clothed in a robe of silver cloth trimmed with Spanish gold point, the train of which, twelve yards in length, was carried by four ladies, the bride advanced toward the great hall, where the King of Prussia had amassed all his luxury: portraits with solid silver frames, silver lustres worth 50,000 crowns, silver tables, and an orchestra stand of the same metal. Instead of ordinary wax-tapers which were unworthy a place in this great *salon*, on this eventful day, large wax-lights spread their smoke abroad, blackening the faces, and dropping their grease upon the heads and clothes of those present.

The benediction was attended by salvoes of artillery. Then they were seated at table, around which were ranged thirty-four princes. After supper they danced a torch dance according to the etiquette of the German Court. The Marshals of the House carrying their *batons* of office began the march; the generals followed, each one holding a lighted taper. The newly wedded pair walked gravely around the room twice. The bride took each one of the princes in turn by the hand and walked around with them; the bridegroom did the same with the princesses. The fête was over. The Margravine was first conducted into a gala chamber, where her sisters undressed her, the queen having considered her daughter unworthy of the honor of her assistance, which etiquette gave to her; then she went to her own apartment, where her father made her recite aloud the *Pater* and the *Credo*. At supper, the king had the satisfaction of giving the husband, "just a little too much wine." [256]

THE CROWN PRINCE AT THE MARRIAGE OF HIS SISTER.

A few days preceding her marriage, Wilhelmina claimed the execution of the promise given her, to pardon her brother. At Cüstrin, the permission to leave was looked for impatiently; at last it arrived, but only for the third day of the nuptials. Neither the queen nor the princess was notified of Frederick's arrival. The king suddenly presented him to the queen, saying these words: "Here, Madame, is Fritz, who has returned." There was a ball in the grand apartment, where six hundred couples were dancing. The bride was leading a quadrille in the royal picture gallery. "I loved to dance," said she, "and was taking advantage of this opportunity." Grumbkow interrupted her in the midst of a minuet: "Madame, you seem to be bitten by a tarantula. Do you not see those strangers who have just arrived?" She stopped suddenly and, looking all around her, saw only a young man dressed in gray, "who was unknown to her." "Go and embrace the Crown Prince," said Grumbkow, "he is before you." "Oh! Heavens! my brother!" cried she. But still she was looking for him; Grumbkow conducted her to the stranger. When she recognized him, (though not without some trouble, for he had fattened and his face was not so handsome as it was before,) she threw herself on his neck, laughing, crying, and talking in a desultory way. Then she fell at the king's feet, thanked him and begged him to give back his friendship to Fritz, whom she held by the hand. Again she embraced her brother, adding the most tender words of affection. The assembly was in tears, but Fritz only responded by monosyllables. His sister pre-

sented his brother-in-law to him: he did not say a word. "He had a proud air and looked down upon everybody." At the end of the evening festivities she reproached him a little for his changed manner. He responded that he was still the same, but that he had his own reasons for acting in this way.

The next morning Frederick had a long conversation with his sister. He told her of his misfortunes; she related hers, and gave him to understand that she was sacrificing herself for him. He thanked her, with caresses, but they did not come from his heart. Then he led her into a conversation on different subjects, to break up these confidences, and went to see her apartments. He met his brother-in-law who had discreetly withdrawn from the princess' chamber, when Frederick had entered. He looked at him "from head to foot and, after having proffered a few cold polite phrases, retired." It was only at the end of this visit, at the moment of farewell, that the emotion of the young wife moved Frederick. "The leave-taking was more affectionate than the first interview."

"I no longer recognize this dear brother, who has cost me so many tears, and for whom I have sacrificed myself," wrote the Margravine. She did not see clearly either her own heart or Frederick's. She, however, allows us to see her heart, without knowing it, in her *Memoirs*. It is a poor heart, not naturally tender, and is hardened by the cruelties of life. She had ardently desired the marriage with the Prince of Wales, because she had heard every day since her infancy, that she was destined to wear a crown. She was,

although she was careful about saying it, proud, ambitious, and haughty, and felt herself capable of playing a grand rôle in the world. She had wit and prudence, and keen perceptions; she was mistress of herself, and calm in dissimulation. She certainly would have comprehended State affairs. The resemblance to her brother was still strong; she had Frederick's high forehead, large clear hard eye, thin drawn lip, and even his bend of the head. She admitted, the day of her marriage, that the arrangement of her hair made her look like a little boy. She was not feminine, except through a certain sad charm, through her tears and her crying and fainting spells.

To be Queen of Great Britain, to be seated on the throne that the Protestants thought to be the first in Europe, what a dream, particularly if her mother had told the truth, "that the husband destined for her was but an ordinary man and easy to manage;" for, then, the queen would be the true king. Several times, she had thought of attaining this desire; but the repeated deceptions, the knowledge that she had of the character of the king and queen, the violent acts of the one and the unskillfulness of the other, the melancholy in which she lived, had brought her at an early hour, to look for no good for herself. Existence had strengthened in her mind the belief in fatalism; she abandoned herself to it. During those days that the will of the king had been declared to her, she seemed to be resigned to the marriage with the Prince of Baireuth. She no doubt had spells of resistance and revolt. When she heard that the English

were murmuring against their king, that they still desired to see her established in England, and that the Prince of Wales could not resign himself to the idea of losing her, her pride rejoiced, but her hope did not return. She wished to make herself believe that she had no inclination for the Prince of Wales, and that it would be perfectly absurd if she did, as she did not know him. She accustomed herself little by little to the marriage with the Prince of Baireuth. The day she received the first compliment from her *fiancé* by a low bow without words, she remarked that he was tall and well-formed, and that he had a noble mien, and in default of beauty, his physiognomy was open and pleasing. Besides, he was of a great House, since he was of the Brandenburg blood; Wilhelmina had heard it said that the court of Baireuth was magnificent and greatly surpassed in richness that of Berlin. These fine reports flattered her; she sought and found reasons for resigning herself to the inevitable.

One can follow, in the *Memoirs*, her progress in the art of deceiving herself. In her writings, she lived again, one by one, those days of the year 1731, wherein her fate was being decided. It must have been exactly at the moment that her resolution had been taken, that she put in it a little digression upon the Baireuth family, and the description of the hereditary prince. A pretty picture of a man, who, although he had some few defects, a little too much levity, for example, "and such a thickness of speech that he expressed himself with difficulty," yet, had many good qualities, "the power of maintaining an extreme gaiety, a quick conception,

penetrating mind, kindness, generosity, far-seeing politeness and an even temper, all the virtues, in fact, without a single vice." To be brief, the perfect suitor for a prudent marriage. But underneath this, the sentiments that she tried to hide from herself re-appeared at the same time. She felt sharply her fall, and measured it by the diminution of respect shown her: "I was every one's idol, while I had hope of a brilliant future; they courted me so as to have a share some day in my good fortune. They turned their backs as soon as their hopes vanished." Then with her customary bitterness of expression: "I was,"[257] said she, "the target of this Court." She rendered to them disdain for disdain, and vanquished at last, "tired of being the toy of fortune," she came to a decision. She married so as to put an end to it all and go away.

The Margravine is so sincere on these points, that she leaves to a second consideration, the sacrifice of her life for the peace of the family, for the happiness of her mother and the liberty of her brother. This devotion, in her heart as well as in her *Memoirs*, was of a second consideration. She may have ended in believing that her love for her brother was the principal reason for her conduct, but it came, in reality, from those subtle resources of self-pride, which find noble motives in actions, that are first resolved upon without noble intentions. No doubt Wilhelmina believed she was telling the truth when she explained to her brother "the obligations he owed to her." She imagined she had the right to complain of this "dear brother, who had cost her so many tears and for whom she was sacrificing herself." But

her brother knew the real state of things, the sad, ugly, reality; hence, this embarrassment in the interview.

When Frederick heard at Cüstrin the first news of the approaching marriage of his sister, –it was in May, — he was "in perfect anguish." "Behold," said he, "my sister is to be married to some beggar, and made unhappy for the rest of her life." This was the first emotion, a revolt of pride, at the same time, sorrow through fraternal friendship, for these two sentiments blended: "He had a deep regard for this worthy princess," wrote Hille, "and would like to see her upon the most brilliant throne of Europe." But, after "hours of reflection, he became a little more reconciled." He felt that his sister was in redoubtable hands that would not once relax their hold. From him, all resistance was useless and dangerous. He did not care about provoking a new conflict. "In the rigid and tiresome state" in which he was held, he had accustomed himself not to complain. Each day "increased the desire to leave." So he also gave himself reasons for being resigned. "The glory of the king," as he said, "exacted that the House of Brandenburg should not humiliate itself longer before the House of Hanover." "He stormed against the haughty pride of England." He ended at last in eulogizing his future brother-in-law.[278]

In this state of mind, he reached Berlin. He arrived in the midst of the assembly as the festivities were about drawing to a close, — invited at the last moment, — a stranger in a gray coat. Since he had left this Court, he had passed days in which he had come face to face

with death. And this Court was dancing. His sister was enjoying it to the fullest extent; she had not seen him enter; the minuet must be interrupted; Grumbkow had to point out her brother, whom she did not recognize; Grumbkow put her in his arms. Upon these seven hundred couples, upon all this vast assemblage enjoying itself, — as if he were not himself, not the Crown Prince, still a prisoner in semi-liberty, and detained in the routine of a provincial chamber and the degradation of a civilian's dress, — Frederick looked with the disdainful, contemptuous, threatening glance of a royal heir. The next day when he found himself in presence of his brother-in-law, he forgot the fine praise he had given this personage; he eyed this contemptible fellow from head to foot; he did not pardon his impertinence in having accepted the hand of the Crown Princess of Prussia. Neither did he pardon the sister for having given this hand. Did she speak of sacrifice? The true sacrifice would have been to allow herself to be conducted to Memel, to endure everything, to save the future. Of the future, Frederick thought incessantly, to console himself for the present. He cast his glance into it and that look went far. I am certain, for my part, that in his calculations he had summed up the utility of a sister, as Queen-of England.

He and Wilhelmina understood each other no longer. The time was already long past, of their youthful sports, when they posed together under a sunshade held by a negro, before the Court painter; when the little brother listened to the lessons of La Croze in the apartments of his big sister; and even that time, which

seemed so recent, when these two beings shielded each other in their intimacy, by means of their affection, their music, and their malicious talks, from the miseries of life; they drew together in the storm. Now in this tête-à-tête they were no longer the same. "His caresses," said the Margravine, "did not come from the heart," but in Frederick's heart there were no longer any caresses. With him also the hardships of his fate had produced callousness. The fatality of life was weighing upon both of them. It pushed them to egotism and separated them, casting both brother and sister to their destiny, one here, the other, there.

THE LAST DAYS AT CÜSTRIN.

Frederick, during his stay at Berlin, had made rapid progress in the reconciliation with his father. The king gave him permission to be present November 29th, at a grand parade. An immense crowd, that assembled to see him, showed great demonstrations of joy, for the presence of the Crown Prince at a review was the best proof that the king wished to pardon him. Three days after, the generals, at whose head was Prince Anhalt, presented a request for reinstating the prince in his position in the army. The king promised them to soon give him a regiment, which was in garrison at Ruppin, and gave permission for him to wear the blue coat, the rest of his visit. Frederick was "colonel elect" when he set out again for Cüstrin on the 4th of December.[259]

There he put on his civilian's coat, and took up his work again in the chamber, inspecting domains and corresponding with the king. It was always the same

tone. First, gratitude to his father for having permitted him to wear the officer's coat for a few days; an effusion of protestations of fidelity, respect, love, submission, gratefulness. As stubborn as he was in resistance, so constant would he be in well doing. After our Lord God, he knew no other seignior than his most gracious father. If there still remained in him a single false vein, if he was not completely devoted to his father, may that father do his will.[260] In the next letter he sent "a plan for the commerce of Silesia," where he exposed the ways of disturbing the commerce of this province, to the profit of that of the kingdom. Then he related a visit to Marienwalde, where he drew up a new lease with a net revenue (*en plus*) of 640 thalers. He proved an error of surveying and made them recommence the operation. He noticed that the peasants every day furnished *corvée* services with one horse, which was ruin to them. Would it not be better to ask this service but three times a week and have two horses? Every one would gain by it, the peasants would have freedom every other day, and the intendant of the domain, who did not have need of daily service, would like the *corvée* better with two horses. Another day he sent some sample glasses from the glass works that he had established at Marienwalde. He proposed a way to draw a larger profit from these glass works.[261]

Through all this, flow compliments and humble language of submission. Frederick announces that he will go to devotion "to-day and to-morrow." He asks of his "very gracious father the permission to solicit from him a favor;" which is to be so kind as to send the new

regulations for the infantry. He could only give to his father his heart and his life, but his father had them already; the only thing left for him to do was to redouble his earnest prayer to God, so that He would accord to the king the celestial benediction, without which we can do nothing. Three times he refers to the regulation which he intended to study "bravely." He courts his father with delicate attentions. As he had been informed that an animal had been slaughtered at Wallup, he sent for a piece which would make a fat roast, and expedites it to his gracious father whom he knows is fond of it. As for himself, he regulates his household accounts as well as he can. The king asked him if his cook was a "good manager," or if he wasted the wine and the butter. In all submission, the prince confesses that in the beginning, he managed his household affairs badly; he went over his accounts every evening with the cook, but he was cruelly (*grausam*) deceived, without knowing how or where. Then he allowed so much per day, and as the cook agreed to these terms, he never saw anything wrong after that; but this half-way kind of domestic never kept anything in order, and let everybody meddle with his affairs. The essential thing after all is, that the prince economizes with his provincial allowance for each month. Now in January, he saved in his household 20 thalers and more. He accustoms himself to drinking beer; beer is good. It is true that he has taken some champagne, but it was through order of his physician, and not through preference; he will not drink any more.[262]

Of all this, the king believed what he wished to believe; but he had not been discontented with the prince during his visit to Berlin. He remarked with pleasure that his son's letters were more precise and penetrated more into detail. After the proposition relative to the service of *corvées*, he is surprised and delighted, *sehr content:* "If you have found this yourself without aid," wrote he, "you are already far advanced in economy." And he promised him a horse, "a fine horse." Very soon he had an extraordinary fit of generosity: "I have three horses for thee. . . . Always have God before thine eyes; only be obedient. Learn to keep thy household accounts well, to manage thy money in the right way, to spend nothing until thou hast duly reflected whether it is not possible to buy the article cheaper. Apply thyself so that I can be prouder and prouder of thee. Then thy position will improve through the grace of God, and I will establish thee well." In *post-scriptum*, he promised him a service of silver.[263]

It seems then that all was for the best, and that the father and son understood each other marvelously well on all points. But, at this time, when the King of Prussia ceases to abuse Frederick in his letters, and begins again to say *thee*, mixing *thou* and *you* together, as in the reconciliations of lovers, he prepares a trial for him, in every way resembling the one that Wilhelmina had just undergone; he wishes to marry him according to his own inclination. His demonstrations of affection resemble those of the knight who strokes his horse's head so that the animal will open his mouth for the bit.

Before arriving at this new crisis in the life of the Crown Prince, we must pause a moment, in order to seek the point of development to which he has advanced since his sojourn of one year and a half at Cüstrin.

His sister had not recognized him. He was, in fact, much changed. A portrait, which seems to have been taken in his eighteenth year, before the prison life, gives him a long face, or rather, to better describe it, an attenuated face, a distrustful look, half sad, uneasy, an indefinable expression of melancholia and vice. At Cüstrin, he gained strength; his shoulders broadened and his face became fuller: "You will see," said Hille to Grumbkow, before the visit to Berlin, "Your Excellency, that he is changed. He has a firm, easy carriage. I find that he no longer has that marquis-like air that he had before." A visitor remarked that he had "grown, and looked as though he was in good health and spirits." This was the effect he produced on everybody when he was at Berlin. The king, who was not easy to please, noticed that he still walked in a careless fashion, but he had to acknowledge that the boy held himself firmer on his feet. A thing that must have given the king great pleasure was, that Frederick, in growing stouter, began to resemble him. Several times Hille was surprised to remark in the two physiognomies a family likeness. Naturally it was, when the prince was in a bad humor that this similarity was more noticeable. "It is surprising how much he resembles, at certain times, Jupiter armed with his thunder."[264]

Several of the prince's traits of character made those around him, who observed them, uneasy; first his im-

moderate taste "for the brilliant, what the French call *esprit*." "The prince," said Hille, "prides himself extremely upon having this brilliancy. The best way of gaining his friendship will be to praise him, and not by procuring recruits about ten feet high. He is capable of being deceived in his councillors later, on account of this failing. Plain good sense does not please him, even added to all knowledge, solidity and virtue. . . . A sentiment, seasoned with a *bon mot*, with some point to it, will call him from the bare, solid facts. He hardly knows German. He finds that the men who haunt Potsdam are not filled with the ideas that form a man of *esprit* and polish, through the reading of French books. Whence comes his predilection for this nation? He believes the French are what they paint themselves in their books. The ones that he sees do not undeceive him, for he thinks them a little spoiled by contact with the Germans. . . . Through prejudice in their favor he finds merits in them of which they themselves are ignorant."[265]

Like the French, Frederick piqued himself upon "a scrupulous politeness," even in regard to people who were not his "equals," but his politeness is that of a grand seignior. He knows his rank and shows it. After a very familiar conversation, some officers are presented to him; he receives them in a kingly manner. He suffers "at being reduced to the level of the civilians of a little town, as much by the intercourse with them as by his occupation." He has pride, the haughtiness of a Crown Prince and a nobleman, and cannot conceal his disgust for the men of the people. He is delighted at the death of

a certain Thiele, whom he detests as much as he does his brother, the colonel, because they are not of noble birth; they occupy too high positions. One day Hille, questioned by him as to what was going on in the chamber, answered that they were examining the accounts of the *Landrath* of Selchow. The prince uttered an exclamation, finding it very extraordinary that a nobleman should be obliged to give an account to civilians. Hille, who was of the people himself, found this impertinence a little too much. He replied, that "effectually, everything was reversed in this world, and that one could better account for it, when one considered that princes, who did not have common sense, and only amused themselves with *bagatelles*, had command nevertheless of very sensible people. That ended it. If it made him angry, I have had the pleasure of telling him a truth that he will not always hear." It is quite evident that the prince is a mocker; he acknowledges that what pleases him the most is to observe others ridiculed.[266]

His morals are very light. By his proposals he scandalized Schulenburg, the President of the Council of War, whom he went to visit in the autumn of 1731. The old man had undertaken to read him a lecture. He passed in review all the duties of this life. Upon filial obedience which, "according to all human and divine law," said Schulenburg, "ought to be blind," Frederick made many objections, giving thus a singular commentary upon his letters to his father, so full of protestations of absolute submission. "I fear nothing," said he, "so much as to be again near the king." However, he showed usually very good sentiments in

regard to the king. Hille, to whom these sentiments had at first appeared very doubtful, ended by believing them. "He is sure," he wrote, "that those who suspect the prince of not loving his father and his House deceive themselves." Yes, it is certain that he loved his House. As to his father, it is probable that he was grateful for his leniency in his disobedience, and that he may have even begun to render the justice due to the organizer of the Prussian power; but did he love him? When he learned that his sister of Baireuth was *enceinte*, he wrote to the king to congratulate him, and expressed the hope "that his very gracious father would see the children of his children, in contentment and health."[267] I am afraid that Frederick, who told many lies in his life, only repeated in this case, one of his greatest falsehoods.

Upon the subject of marriage, Frederick's ideas shocked all the Cüstrin colony and the good Schulenburg. As he had reasons to fear a marriage not according to his tastes, he tranquilly declared: "If the king wishes me absolutely to marry, I will obey; after which, I will settle my wife somewhere and live at my ease." Schulenburg objected that, first of all, such conduct was "against the law of God, since He says expressly that adulterers will not inherit the kingdom of heaven, and, secondly, against honesty, since one must always hold to one's engagements." "But," replied the prince, "I will give my wife the same liberty." New exclamations from Schulenburg. The prince responded to them "as a young man." He repeated that he was

young and wished to profit by life. "Take care," replied the mentor, "do not give yourself up to women; the king, notified of it, would give you much sorrow; you would ruin your health; without counting the many heartaches which accompany this sort of pleasure."—"Bah!" Frederick began again, "when you were young, you were not any better; and even now who knows what passed on your last visit to Vienna?"

Schulenburg was always leading to subjects pertaining to God. The prince did not express himself on the topic of religion. He contented himself with saying that God is good and will pardon our peccadilloes, but he was in reality becoming irreligious, he who spoke to his father of his devotions. When Hille expressed the wish that God would give to the prince "a little more piety," he employed a euphemism.

The way of living imposed upon him, and to which he resigned himself in his letters to his father, was nevertheless very distasteful. He ate little but was "fond of side dishes and high-living." It is not true that he became accustomed to beer, nor that he drank champagne but to obey the physician's orders. However, he drank very little; the wine he preferred for daily use was Burgundy, with water in it. He continued not to like the chase, however much he may have appeared to take pleasure in it. One day as Hille asked him how he would arrange his life, if he were master, he said: "Do not say anything about it, but I assure you that reading is one of my greatest pleasures. I like music, but I am fonder of dancing. I hate the chase, but delight in horseback riding. If I were master I would do all this

whenever I chose; but I would employ a good part of my time in my affairs. . . . And then, I would see that my table was properly and delicately served, although without profusion. I would have good musicians, but only a few, and never music during repasts, for it sets me to dreaming and keeps me from eating. I would dine alone and in public, but I would invite my friends to sup with me and treat them well." For his dress, he would always wear a uniform, "but with very magnificent surtouts." In telling these projects of the day when he would be master, he "entered into a kind of ecstasy."[268]

While awaiting the hour, Frederick continued to carry on his mock economy, and his business as inspector of domains. When he set out for Berlin in the month of October, 1731, he sent to Madame von Wreech a proposed plan that he "really made himself" of his entrance into the city. "I will be preceded by a drove of pigs that will be made to squeal loud. After them will come a troop of sheep and lambs. These will be followed by oxen from Podolia, which will immediately precede me. . . Mounted upon a great ass, whose harness will be as simple as possible, instead of pistols, I will have two sacks filled with different kinds of seed . . . ; instead of a saddle and blanket, I will have a sack of flour, upon which my noble form will be seated, holding instead of a whip, a switch in my hand, having in place of a cap, a straw hat on my head. . . . Around me will be peasants armed with scythes; behind, will follow the noblemen; upon a car heaped with manure, the heroic figure of

Natzmer; on the top of a hay wagon, the frightful face of the terrible Rohwedel. The procession will end with Herr von Wolden, who will have the kindness to pass away his time upon the top of a load of wheat and barley."[260]

Frederick can never be trusted when he rails in this manner. He went beyond and did worse than the French fashion. It is in vain for him to deny it; he knew economy. He had studied the soil, cultivation, animals and peasants. He knew how a farmer "converted everything into money," and what it cost a laborer, as his father said, to save a thaler. He had said to Hille, that, when he should be occupied in his own affairs, he would not attend personally to the State: "I will confide this part to you and others," but he was as capable of making an examination of State affairs as his father. One sees already that he will not be prodigal. Hille remarks, and this is of importance, "for that which pertains to generosity, he has need of habitual practice." It was not in vain that his father forced him to learn the price of butter; Frederick will never sell it under price.

The things which interested him the most in economy were the State affairs, intermingled with politics. His "plan for the commerce of Silesia" must have been made with the collaboration of Hille, who laid the matter before him, but he was extremely interested in it. "I am at present up to my ears in my commerce of Silesia," wrote he to Grumbkow. The work occupied him to such an extent that, when they asked him if he desired mustard with his beef, he was about

to reply: "Let us see the new list of customs." "When he is occupied with a thing," he added, "he is over head and ears in it."[270] Now this is the true way to do everything. In order to compose a memorandum, he found, on looking at the map, that his father possessed "nearly the whole coast of the Baltic from Memel to the Peene,"[271] and that Silesia, whence came all the commercial trouble of the kingdom. He certainly made on the subject of this province, and that of Poland, which interrupted, by the mouth of the Vistula, the Prussian line, dangerous reflections for the Austrian and Polish neighbors.

He could not keep from talking, what is rightly called politics. One evening he had a conversation with Natzmer which was prolonged far into the night, and which never came to an end, sleep overtaking the two young men while they were "selling their merchandise." The prince wished to conclude it and give a resumé of his "system" in a letter to Natzmer.

Here it is in a few words; for the present, peace; for a King of Prussia, whose countries traverse Europe diagonally, "and have not a great enough connection, all enclosed as they are by neighbors, can be attacked from more than one side."

In order to protect himself from all his neighbors, he would have to place the whole army on the defensive, and there would be nothing left for the offensive. But it must not remain in this state. This would be "a very bad policy and come from a person devoid of all invention and imagination. When one does not go forward, one goes backward." The question is, to procure more and more the aggrandizement of the House.

"The most important thing is 'to draw the Prussian countries more together, to connect the severed portions, which belong naturally to the portions we possess, such as Polish Prussia.' . . . These countries being acquired, not only will it make an entirely free passage from Pomerania to the kingdom of Prussia, but the reins can be drawn on the Poles, and it will place us in a state to dictate laws to them." But, "let us go farther. Here is Citerior-Pomerania. It is only separated from us by the Peene, and would make a very pretty effect combined with our territories. One would gain more revenue, but the word revenue belongs to financiers and commissioners." The true profit in the acquisition would be to place the House above all insults which might come from the Swedes, to give more liberty to the main body of the army, which would otherwise have to defend the Peene, to enlarge the country more, and to open in this way, "the road to a conquest, which, you might say, offers itself to us; that is, the country of Mecklenburg." Advancing from country to country, from conquest to conquest . . . . like Alexander . . . . he moves on toward the Rhine. To the Prussian countries of Cleves and Mark, he wishes to add so as they may not be so "lonely and companionless," Berg and Juliers. Once united, these provinces can sustain a garrison of 30,000 men. They will then be in a state of defense, instead of which, as it stands, the single country of Cleves, is incapable of defending itself, and belongs to the king only as long as the French have the discretion to let him keep it. Over these territories, Brandenburg has some rights, but the

prince does not plead them; "he reasons only in pure politics," and can not stop before each word to make a "digression." He simply wishes to prove that there is "political necessity" to acquire these provinces. He hoped that all he said would be found reasonable, "for when things are in the state that I have just laid before you, the King of Prussia will cut a fine figure with the great of the earth, and play one of the grand rôles. . . . I wish this House of Prussia, to rise up entirely out of the dust in which she is now lying dormant.[272] . . ."

If King Frederick William had read this manifesto, he would have been reassured about Prussia's future. It was this future entire that the Crown Prince foresaw and examined. His theory of the "political necessity" of certain conquests, with posterior allegation and subsidiary "reasons of right," he first, and others following, applied. He speaks to perfection in that very unique Prussian manner, where bitter irony, which cuts, alternates with humanitarian and religious phraseology, and the indelicacy of power with the mysticism of a priestly devotion; for this philosopher, speaks like a preacher. Upon the same leaf of paper, the space of a few lines from the proposition of the conquest of Swedish Pomerania to "enlarge" Prussian Pomerania, and that of Juliers and Berg, to keep company with Cleves and Mark, which are "so lonely," he protests that his House "has no other enemy to fear but celestial anger." If he wishes Prussia "to rise from the dust," it is "to spread the Protestant religion, to be the shelter for the afflicted, the support of widows and orphans, the sustenance of the poor and the judge of the unjust." He

would rather see her abused, "if injustice, lack of religion, favoritism or vice should prevail over virtue from which may God preserve her always. . . ."

One can almost imagine this to be a Bismarck or a William I. who speaks.

Frederick was eighteen years old when he wrote this letter, which throws a strong light upon his character. His genius has not yet matured. Contrasts and contradictions, which astonish and worry those who observe them, are found in him. Some judge him wrongfully. Schulenburg, imagines "that passions rule him entirely and pleasure holds a larger place in his heart than anything else;" Schulenburg only saw him for a short time; the prince was mocking him. Wolden was a great admirer of his "subordinate." He found in him "all the requisite qualities of a grand seignior." He saw all the profit the prince had gained by his sojourn at Cüstrin: "In addition to adversity, which has formed his heart and mind, the prince begins to have a just idea of the good of many things which he never knew before." And, "he is capable of everything, with the penetration that he has," but he is not yet matured, and Wolden twice utters the wish "that God may accord the king some years more of life. Otherwise we would see very sad calamities befall the poor country, by a sudden change." Hille knew better than anyone the value of his pupil. He divined that Frederick would be one of the greatest princes of the House of Brandenburg, but he found, like Wolden, that he lacked something. They had reason to have some uneasiness: the true Frederick was not yet disentangled from the contradictions of his own nature,

and the opposing influences which were at work within him. They also had reason to hope; they saw the young eagle of Prussia leaving the egg. They were not the only ones who saw him. Prince Eugene, to whom the letter to Natzmer had been communicated, observed that "the ideas of this young lord went far," and that he would one day become "very redoubtable to his neighbors." The old servitor of Hapsburg had a presentiment of the young eagle's talon.

CHAPTER. VI.

THE MARRIAGE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.—THE INTENTIONS OF AUSTRIA.

We have made several allusions, in the preceding pages, to the marriage of the Crown Prince. We must now take up again the history of this new trial imposed on Frederick by his father. This chapter of Frederick's youth completes our knowledge of him, and points out to us curious traits of political morals; great forces put into action in order to obtain poor, contemptible, low results; great personages solemnly committing foolish acts,—for the history of Frederick's marriage is that of an attempt made by Austria to take possession of the Crown Prince of Prussia, and make him her dependent.

The policy of the Court of Vienna was difficult, at this stage of the eighteenth century. The Emperor Charles VI. seemed to be the most powerful monarch of Christendom. The regulation of the Spanish succession and the Peace of Passárowitz had added to the old hereditary provinces and to the kingdoms of Hungary and Bohemia, on one side, Milan, Naples, and Sardinia soon exchanged for Sicily; on the other side, Banat, North Servia with Belgrade, and Little Wallachia up to the Aluta. The imperial dignity was ornamented, besides, with the brilliancy which it had acquired by pre-

serving this mosaic of kingdoms and principalities; it gave the Emperor some authority over the Germanic corps. But the House of Austria had many enemies: first, her two traditional adversaries, France and Turkey, then the Bourbons of Spain, who coveted the two Sicilies. Against a coalition always possible of these three powers, Austria could not depend upon the support of England and Holland; these countries were hostile to her not only through religious antipathies, which were not yet extinct, but since Austria possessed the Belgian provinces and claimed her part of the ocean commerce, the two maritime powers united to refuse it to her. The kingdom of the Hapsburgs, which extended from Ostend to Belgrade and from Breslau to Palermo, was in a dangerous position.

It was incoherent both in its *ensemble* and in its divisions. The kingdom of Hungary, for example, was not a single country. Her annexes, Croatia, Slavonia, and Transylvania, were nothing less than Hungarian. The old hereditary countries were of a mixed race. Even in the groups of homogeneous races, there were some differences, between the Tyrol and Breisgau, between Naples and Milan. It is true that the nationalities had not yet been awakened. They lived an obscure life, very different the one from the other, by race and tongue, geographical position, traditions, sentiments and interests; but provided they were not disturbed in their local customs, they did not think of revolting. Every one of these fragments recognized the sovereignty of the Hapsburgs.

The Emperor conformed to the exigencies of his condition. He did not pretend to submit to the same régime

all these diverse beings. He was not one sovereign; he was a collection of sovereigns, a congress in one person, but this multiplicity rendered activity difficult; there was in the eighteenth century an Hapsburgian inertia. Austria held together only on condition that she made as few moves as possible. Now a great crisis menaced her. Charles VI. lost in December, 1716, the son who was born to him in the month of April of the same year, after eight years of married life. Since then, he had had two daughters given him, Maria Theresa, in 1717, and Maria Anne in 1718. No prayer or pilgrimage, had obtained from heaven the gift of an heir. Thenceforward, the disunion of the empire of the Hapsburgs was foreseen and expected; the Austrian succession entered into the calculations of politics, as did the succession of Spain in the preceding century. The whole policy of Charles VI. had for its object the procuration integrally to Maria Theresa, of the paternal inheritance. The Pragmatic Sanction, which regulated this great affair, was presented on all occasions, to the powers of Europe. It was covered with signatures, which were just so many falsehoods. Even in this cold Europe of the eighteenth century, which did not know the passions of the souls of nations, everybody felt that the Hapsburg chaos had no cause for existing, and that for Austria, political expression was not necessary.

The principal care of the ministers of state of Vienna ought to be to assure themselves against all German enemies, and even to find allies in Germany, by paying them the price necessary. The designed ally was the King of Prussia.

Now as Austria had but a hundred and some odd thousand men to defend Belgrade against the Turk, Milan against the King of Sardinia, Naples against the King of Spain, Brussels against the King of France, the King of Prussia could fall any day upon Silesia with a large army, since it was open on all sides and badly protected. The ally that must be paid well, was this king. Austria knew what she had to dread from Prussia, but her pride of position as an old power, and an incapacity — which we find even to-day — of making at the right moment the sacrifices necessary, restrained her. She thought that it would be sufficient to court the King of Prussia with words upheld with vague promises, to surround him, to have him watched, to provoke and pay the treachery of his ministers, ambassadors, fools and domestics. To hold this maniac in check, all that was necessary, was the presence of Seckendorff at the "Tobacco College," a few thousand florins distributed each year, and about twenty giant recruits sent at the opportune moment.

The success of this policy was qualified to deceive the court of Vienna. The tumultuous King of Prussia was continually pulling, but never breaking, the cord that Vienna held out to him, relaxing or tightening his grasp, whenever it suited him. Austria knew, as well as and better perhaps than the rest of Europe, the changeableness of Frederick William's mind. She was, on the whole, contented with him and, in all sincerity, wished him a long life.

Unfortunately, the King of Prussia compromised his health by his way of living. Seckendorff and Prince

Eugene, the one near, the other at a distance, watched him with solicitude. The greatest pleasure of this prince was to know that the king was well: "I am delighted," wrote he to Seckendorff, "that you have found the king in such good health. I hope that it will last; I earnestly wish it with my whole heart. If he would only habituate himself little by little to temperance, abstain from smoking and drinking so much!"[273] Seckendorff made a respectful representation of it, on behalf of both Prince Eugene and himself: "You smoke too much, Sire!" And the king would smoke several pipes less, to please Prince Eugene. But he would fall again into his passions; hardly a year passed that he did not risk his life. And then, he seemed to approach so near to madness that he might any moment reach it; there was no dependence to be placed in him; in order to be assured of the future, they must assure themselves of the Crown Prince.

It was a first step towards it to have broken the marriage alliance with England. They must now render the rupture permanent by marrying the prince, and choosing the future Queen of Prussia from the dependents of Austria. Hardly had Frederick left his prison when Prince Eugene engaged Seckendorff to prepare the way for Frederick's marriage with a niece of the Empress, the Princess Elizabeth of Brunswick-Bevern. Seckendorff, as early as the month of December, 1730,[274] required the aid of Grumbkow, and the prince, some days later, was questioned upon his intentions in regard to marriage. His first declarations were not encouraging. He said to Hille that he would not marry young; a spying wife who, each year, would become "older and uglier," would

soon be intolerable to him. He would marry then at forty, a princess of fifteen, who would be in the bloom of beauty.[275] Several months later, in April, 1731, a queer idea came to Frederick.

At midnight, he sent for Hille, who arose and went to him, and under his dictation, wrote out a scheme, destined for Grumbkow. The prince began by complaining of the useless efforts that he had made to regain the king's favor. As he feared that his father would suspect him of having secret views in regard to his marriage, he declared that, if he had had any, he there renounced them willingly. He was ready to abide by the king's intentions, if his majesty had any, as he had heard, towards the House of Austria. He would voluntarily marry the Arch-Duchess Maria Theresa, provided they did not require him to change his religion, "which he protested before God that he would never desire to do, for no human consideration of whatever nature and importance it might be." Foreseeing that Europe would be alarmed at seeing the hereditary States of Austria and the House of Prussia united, he proposed to renounce the latter, in favor of his brother William, provided they would assign him something wherewith to live befitting his rank during the life of the Emperor.

On reading this strange message, Grumbkow was struck with amazement (fell from the clouds). He immediately sent it back to Cüstrin, begging Hille to burn it as soon as possible. The king, said he, will be in a fine state of anger, if he has an inkling of this fancy. His majesty not only has never thought of such a marriage, but he would have any one hung that would suggest the idea to him. The honest Grumbkow, before

sending this document back, of which he so strongly feared the revelation, made a copy that he communicated to Seckendorff. He in his turn transmitted it to Prince Eugene. The two Austrians almost split their heads trying to find out the explanation of this mystery. These marriage reports having been circulated by news mongers, they thought that the prince wished to know exactly how he stood, and that he had thus given a new proof of his "falsity." It is more than likely, however, that Frederick had thought of this means for discovering the king's projects. At the same time, he seized the opportunity of showing his docility, and affirming his definite renunciation of "secret and disagreeable views," evidently with the hope of moving the king at last, and leaving the "drudgery" a little sooner.

The effect of this fancy proved to be entirely contrary to what he expected. Prince Eugene had found the project astounding, *wunderlich*. He compared it to the letter written to Natzmer, upon the politics of Prussia, and concluded from these signs that, if the prince was not yet very reflective, he was not lacking "either in reason or vivacity." He returned then to the idea of the marriage that he had had in mind, possessed with the thought that the only way of correcting the false "principles" of Frederick was to make him accept the Princess of Bevern: "There was no hope outside of the Bevern marriage." [276]

THE DECLARATION OF THE KING.

No sooner said than done. Eight days after Prince Eugene had sent his orders to Seckendorff, the King of Prussia wrote Wolden to prepare Frederick for marriage.

It was one of those strange letters, wherein was mingled a medley of household accounts, the question of wood for fuel, reproaches for his son's treason, raillery at his mannerisms, his ways of a *petit-maître*, and the invocation of the grace of God. "Besides," said he at the close, and as if in *post-scriptum*, "my son . . . , if I deem it proper, must marry and not with a princess of the House of England; I will give him his choice among a few. You can tell him this,—and I am your very affectionate king."

"Good God!" cried Hille, "how unlucky will it be, when they attempt to force the inclination of the prince, who is not so easily disposed to making a choice without having seen and bagged his game!" However, the prince felt that resistance would be impossible. Wolden asserted that he had accepted the thing "with entire resignation to Providence and blind submission to the order of his majesty." The good Marshal wished to make himself believe that, tired of his mode of life, and ardently desiring an end to his domestic troubles, the young man would just adapt himself to circumstances, when it was a question of marrying, provided that they gave him a little liberty, and that the wife who was destined for him would be pleasing, and that he would have something with which to maintain his little Court. But will these conditions be granted? Wolden is melancholy. "All this is not very rejoicing," he said. Like Hille, he felt that fresh storms were brewing.[277]

The king took note of the submission of his son: "Let him continue," wrote he, "it will bring him fine profit." As he had promised the prince to allow him to choose

from among a few parties, he commissioned Grumbkow, the middle of June, 1731, to take to Cüstrin a list of princesses. There were but three names: Saxe-Gotha, Eisenach, Bevern. Grumbkow, who knew the play, presented the forced card. Frederick made a pretense of taking it; he decided for Bevern; but on two conditions: first, that the princess was "neither stupid nor disgusting;" second, that the king would give him enough for a maintenance. Besides, he affected at this moment to be above all worldly affairs. It was then that he was boasting to Grumbkow of having become a great poet. He added that he "would be neither a general nor warrior, not wishing to mingle himself in any of the details of his affairs: to render his people happy, he would choose good ministers and allow them to do it." Seckendorff delivered to Prince Eugene this happy prognostic.[278]

Frederick always hoped that some incident would arise to disarrange the king's projects. He was not at all resigned. The marriage topic was often renewed in his conversations at Cüstrin. In advance, he began to hate the Princess of Bevern. "She is silly and ugly," said he to Hille. "But, even supposing this is true, could you not love her and live with her?" — "Assuredly not, I will settle her somewhere as soon as I am master. I ought to be pardoned for getting out of the affair as well as I can." It is the same speech that he repeated some days after to Schulenburg, adding to it a wicked word. As Schulenburg wished to make him fear that the king might take the part of his abandoned daughter-in-law: "I will

arrange everything in such good order, that she will not dare to complain."[279]

However, Frederick, like his sister Wilhelmina, saw day succeeding day, and nothing come to pass which could give him the least hope. After he had the sorrow of being present at the marriage of his sister, he felt that his time was now approaching. He fought against it. No doubt, one of his reasons for his repugnance to the Princess of Bevern was, that her House was not illustrious enough; she was, in his eyes, a beggar, like Baireuth. He would much prefer not marrying at all, said he to Grumbkow; but if they were absolutely determined to marry him, why could he not espouse, instead of a niece, one of the daughters of the Empress? He would be contented with the second; provided she had "a *dot* of some duchies." Another time, he talked of marrying Anne of Mecklenburg, grand-daughter of Ivan, on condition that she would renounce the throne of Russia, and bring him a *dot* of two or three million of roubles. But all these were expedients, and ways of talking for the sake of talking. At the end of a letter in which he treats of a marriage with a daughter of the Empress, he puts a *post-scriptum:* "No, I will never take a wife, even were it from the hands of Madam, the Princess of Baireuth." He became more and more exasperated against the Bevern princess, saying that he knew very well that she was ugly, heavy as a log, and half dumb. He repeated that, if they forced him to marry her, he would banish her as soon as he was master.[280]

At this time, Prince Eugene, seeing that the sojourn at Cüstrin was soon coming to an end, resolved to make

fast the bonds of the intrigue with which he had enveloped the King of Prussia and his son. The latter part of January, 1732, he sent instructions to Seckendorff, which resembled the plan of a campaign. Seckendorff must move secretly, hide from all others except Grumbkow the part that he took in the work of this marriage, to have the appearance of not interfering at all, to give the queen no excuse for denouncing the Emperor to the Court of England, with whom it would be necessary to deal cautiously; for it had not yet renounced the marriage of Frederick with an English princess. However, things must be quickly done; arrange "as soon as possible," the first interview between the Crown Prince and the Princess of Bevern, and then "without the loss of a moment's time, proceed to the marriage." It was of the highest importance to gain the confidence of the prince, but it must be done without the king's knowledge, who might take offense at this step. For this, he had better concert with Grumbkow. He was not to lose an opportunity of saying and repeating to the prince that his imperial majesty had for him and for his House a particular predilection. But no doubt words alone would not be sufficient: the best way of being agreeable to the prince would be to aid him, in his need of money. His imperial majesty put then at the disposition of Seckendorff a sum of from 2,000 to 2,500 ducats, that he must extend to the prince, at several different times, with the greatest prudence, with "the strictest secrecy;" for no one must be in his confidence, except the prince and Grumbkow.[281]

At the receipt of these orders from Field-Marshal

Prince Eugene, General Seckendorff, who had skillfully led the first operations of the siege, made ready for the assault.

It was precisely at this date, in the beginning of the year 1732, that the letters of the king to his son became more amiable; he gave him a horse, and announced he was going to send him a service of silver, knives, forks, spoons, dishes, candelabrums, "enough to laden an ass."[282] As the prince was sick, his father was very much interested in his recovery. In the meanwhile, he talked of a good establishment, *gutes Etablissement* and promised that he would soon give him reasons to be very contented. These repeated letters, these unaccustomed tones, these largesses, must have put the prince "in agony." He was also, at that time, troubled with the idea of a journey that he had to make to Berlin, to offer salutations to the Duke of Lorraine, who was expected. First, he had fear that this prince, the affianced of Maria Theresa, would have but a mean opinion of this miserable Court, just returning from those of France and England. He dreaded it much more on account of meeting his father again. "Far from Jupiter," he said, "far from the thunder." He went so far as to feel a tardy affection for Cüstrin, even to wish "to remain here longer, living in perfect peace." On the 4th of February, 1732, at midnight, he was awakened by a courier, who brought him a letter from the king. This letter, at this unusual hour, could only announce grave news. It began with a formula which the king never employed: "My dear son Fritz;" ordinarily he only said: "My dear Son." "Fritz" was a burst of tenderness, added to all the preceding indulgences:

Potsdam, February 4th, 1732.

My Dear Son Fritz:

I am very much rejoiced that you have no longer need of medicine. You must take good care of yourself yet for some days, on account of the intense cold, for I and all here are indisposed from rheumatism. So watch yourself well. You know, my dear son, that when my children are obedient I love them tenderly. When you were at Berlin, I pardoned you with all my heart, and, since that time I have thought of nothing but your welfare and to establish you well, not only in the army, but with a suitable daughter-in-law, and have you married while I am still living. You can rest assured that I have had the princesses of the country examined by others, as well as possible, through reports of their conduct and education. . . Now, the Princess of Bevern, the eldest, has been found good and modestly reared, such as all women should be. You must tell me your sentiment immediately. I have bought the house at Katsch, which will be for the Field Marshal Governor; I will rebuild (for you) the house of the Governor and furnish it. I will give you enough to carry on the expenses of your household and, in the month of April, I will send you to the army. The princess is not beautiful, but she is not ugly. You must not speak of this to any one, but write to your mother and tell her that I have written, and if you have a son, I will let you travel. The nuptial ceremony will not take place before next winter. In the meantime, I will seek occasions sometimes to show you honor, and I will thus learn to know you. She is a being who fears God, and that is everything. She will demean herself as well with thee as with her parents-in-law. May God bless this union! May He bless you and your successors! May He keep thee a good Christian, and have thou God always before thine eyes, and do not believe in the damnable faith of a Particularist, and be obedient and faithful, then all will go well for thee in time and eternity. And the one who desires this with all his heart says: Amen. Thy faithful father unto death,

"F. W."

"If the Duke of Lorraine comes, I will send for thee. I believe that thy betrothed will come here. Adieu. God be with you."[283]

THE DOUBLE PLAY OF THE CROWN PRINCE.

In reading this masterpiece of endearment, this proposition of marriage, followed by the information that the house would soon be ready for the newly married couple, this portrait of the princess, in two morsels, separated, so as to better swallow them, by the promise of a journey, after the birth of the first-born; finally, in the *Post-Scriptum*, the word betrothed, with the announcement that the young girl will perhaps come, and he also may be called, Frederick comprehended that everything was arranged, decided, settled. He wrote then to his father, "in all submission," that he would not "fail to obey his orders;" he wrote to his mother, as the king had commanded; but he sent at the same time a very short note to Grumbkow, in which he called the princess "a vile creature." The note finished, he again took up the pen: "P. S. I am sorry for the poor soul, for with all this, there will be one more unhappy princess in the world."

He began a vigorous correspondence. The king having announced that the marriage would not be before winter: "We have time *multum*," wrote he to Grumbkow. Two days later he repeated his promises of submission to the minister, but he called the princess the *corpus delicti;* he requested that they would at least give her a second education, and charged Grumbkow "to work this affair." He did not wish to have a stupid woman, who would enrage him by her silly remarks, and whom he would be ashamed to bring forward; he would like better for her to be a . . . . He hated heroines of romance; he also feared a too virtuous person,

and, rather than a devotee, with a hypocritical smile and a half-dozen bigots at her heels, he would prefer the greatest . . . . of Berlin. Let them teach the princess verbatim "*L'École des Maris*," (School for Husbands); and "*L'École des Femmes*," (School for Wives). This will be better than *Vrai Christianisme* (True Christianity) of the late John Arnd. If she can still dance on one foot, teach her music, and to become rather too bold than too virtuous. But if she is stupid, let her go to the devil. The prince assured Grumbkow that he would much prefer to marry Mademoiselle Jette, without ancestors or advantages. Now Mademoiselle Jette, was Grumbkow's own daughter, and he, on comparing this passage with the preceding, did not relish much this impertinence of grand seignior to vassal.[284]

Grumbkow tried to calm the prince. He represented to him that the Princess Elizabeth was a peaceful, modest person, and that wives of this kind are the ones that give the least cause of disturbance to their husbands, whether they be great lords or simple folk. "My very dear general" responds Frederick, "I will believe you on every other subject outside of woman, although I know that you perhaps have known something of them in past time. . . . I firmly persist in my sentiment, and one would have to be a great philosopher to prove to me that a coquettish woman has not many advantages over a zealot." Grumbkow was not discouraged. He pictured Frederick's betrothed to him, avoiding, designedly, a flattering portrait, so as to give Frederick the agreeable surprise of finding her better than he imagined her to be. He

reported the conversations of the king, full of promises; the king will give his son time "to know the person in question;" before deciding, he will give him back his confidence, and treat him, not as his son, but as a friend; he will give him a separate household; for, "I comprehend," said his majesty "that we must not always be together, and that it will be something new for us, when we meet again," briefly, he will do everything in reason and kindness, and, if he is content with the conduct of his highness, he will give him occasions to travel and know the world.[85]

The king was ignorant of the correspondence of the prince with his minister, and held him to the first declaration of obedience. As soon as he saw the betrothed, he was "infatuated:" he wrote to his son in praise of the young girl and guaranteed that she would please him; in consequence of which, he announced that he would proclaim the marriage as soon as the prince arrived in Potsdam. Frederick answered that he was charmed with the picture his father sketched of the princess, but even if she had been otherwise, he would submit to the paternal will. The king, on receipt of this letter, was touched. He showed it to the Prince of Bevern, father of Elizabeth, and to Grumbkow. "Here," said he to the latter personage, "read. . . . What think you?"—"Well, Sire," responded Grumbkow, "what do you say to this obedient son? What more can you wish?" Frederick William replied with tears in his eyes: "It is the happiest day of my life." Then the king repaired to the adjacent chamber with the Prince of Bevern, to embrace him at his ease. Grumb-

kow came to the conclusion, at this moment, that the prince was at last resigned. Everybody was in a good humor at Potsdam; the queen herself was gracious towards Bevern. After dinner she had the coffee served in her Holland house in the park. Grumbkow reassured, found the betrothed very nice indeed and did not scruple to confess it to the prince: "I must acknowledge she has changed greatly to her own advantage, and that the more one sees her, and the more one becomes accustomed to her, the prettier one finds her . . . . and if she gains more flesh, and her form becomes rounder (and there are already signs of it) she will be very seductive." [286]

Two days after he had related to Frederick the joy of the king and the satisfaction of all the family, Grumbkow received in his turn a letter from the prince in which he named his *fiancée* "the abominable object of his desires," and declared flatly that he would never marry her. Neither hope of peace, his rights, nor fortune would make him change his mind. "It is only exchanging one unhappiness for another." He wished to marry for himself, not for the king. His father should reflect, as a good Christian "if it is well doing to force people to obtain divorce, and to cause all the sins that a badly assorted marriage makes one commit." Frederick urged Grumbkow to come to his aid: "If there are honest men in the world, they ought to think of saving me from the most perilous step that I have ever taken in my life." If he were abandoned, he would take counsel from himself alone: "I have been unhappy all my life, and I believe it is my destiny to remain so.

Let come what will. I have nothing with which to reproach myself, I have suffered enough for a crime of indiscretion, and I will not engage myself to extend my affliction indefinitely. I have still some resources, and the snap of a pistol can deliver me from my trouble and life. I believe that the good Lord will not condemn me for it, and will have pity upon me instead, and in exchange for this life, give me salvation."[287]

Grumbkow was struck with amazement once more—(again he fell from the clouds): he felt the danger of his double play: "How is it?" wrote he to the prince, "that while your royal highness agrees with the king in everything, you are in despair, and wish me to turn the course of affairs, a thing which would cost me my head? No, my lord, blood is thicker than water. . . . I am not obliged to ruin myself and poor family, for love of your highness who is not my master, and whom I see rushing to his own destruction. I fear God too much to attach myself to a prince who wishes to kill himself without any reason whatever. . . . My lord, you may have all the intelligence possible, but you do not reason like a good man and a Christian, and, beyond that, there is no salvation." He tried to excite his compassion for the queen, and to frighten him in regard to his own fate. "I will never forget what the king said to me at Wusterhausen, when your royal highness was at the fortress of Cüstrin, and I desired to take your part: 'No, Grumbkow, think well on what I am going to say: May God will that I may be deceived, but my son will not die a natural death; may God

will that he die not by the hand of the executioner.'" Grumbkow brought his epistle to a close by "declaring that he withdrew entirely from the prince's affairs; he bestowed "his blessing" on him, and quoted the words of Solomon: "a prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself; but the simple pass on and are punished." At the same time, he wrote to Wolden, that he left it to his care, "to clear up the trouble" and took his very humble farewell of the society "not having enough spirit to have his head cut off with a good grace." He excused the marshal from answering him, and requested that he (the marshal) would dispose his royal highness to forget him entirely. [288]

These letters arrived at Cüstrin, just as Frederick, who had been notified from Potsdam, was making ready to depart. Grumbkow expected a renewal of "the old scenes." He expressed his anxiety to Seckendorff; the prince is not master of his passions; they will betray him; the seven wise men of Greece would not be capable of appeasing father and son. But Grumbkow, who thought he knew his Crown Prince so well, was deceived; everything passed off in the best possible manner. Frederick arrived at Potsdam the 26th of February. Two days after, the king officially asked of the Beverns the hand of their daughter. The king gave to his son, a beautiful watch set with diamonds, enclosed in a handsome jewel-case, to present to the princess. He also ordered taken from the royal treasury, a wedding ring, valued at 24,000 thalers one of his own father's jewels, which he had kept for the betrothal ceremony. The Crown Prince appeared at his

ease. He said to Grumbkow, it is true, that he could never love the princess, but that he had no aversion to her, that she had a good heart and he wished her no harm. With Seckendorff, he was gracious and "open-hearted." He showed that he was perfect master of himself. Even in a letter to his sister, two days before the betrothal, he did not tell his thoughts except in veiled words: "The person is neither ugly nor beautiful, not lacking intellect, but very badly educated, timid, and lacking much in the ways of good-breeding. You can judge by this as to whether I find her agreeable or not."

March 10th, 1732, the ceremony of betrothal was solemnized. As they exchanged betrothal rings, the eyes of the prince were suffused with tears. He received the customary congratulations, then moved back several steps, and began talking with a young lady of the Court, without again glancing at his *fiancée*.[239]

FROM THE BETROTHAL TO THE MARRIAGE.

Prince Eugene came forth conqueror in the first engagement, but the battle was not yet won. With a *fiancé* like Frederick, promises were not yet marriage.

Seckendorff, while maneuvering like a docile and clever lieutenant, feared that they had made a bad business of it. He was convinced that, if the king died before the nuptial ceremony, the Crown Prince would regain his liberty. Then suppose the marriage accomplished, the prince would only resign himself to it in order to have the license to lead afterward a dissolute life. "And he will blame the Emperor, and altogether the

consequences will be bad." He disapproved the precipitation with which they had carried on the affair. Why did they not allow the red spots on the princess' face (she had just recovered from an attack of small-pox) time to disappear? In this manner, the crafty minister took every precaution to appear innocent of the intrigue of which he was the main leader. He even pretended to place obstacles in the way: "Neither the king, nor anyone will be able to accuse me of being urgent in this affair, either directly or indirectly. The king has recently spoken of it to me. I advised him not to be in such great haste." He did not fail, to make known to Frederick, through Grumbkow the good service he had thus rendered him.[290]

Prince Eugene, however, was full of confidence. He gave new instructions: to obtain from the king the promise that he would thereafter treat his son better, and tell the prince that he owed to Seckendorff and Grumbkow this happy change in the paternal humor; to form the Court of the newly wedded pair, "of faithful adherents,"— on whose sincerity one could absolutely depend, and who would give to the prince "only honorable principles, conforming to the imperial interests,— who would be attached to Grumbkow and Seckendorff." The Princess Elizabeth, on her side, will know how to gain, little by little, the love of her husband, particularly if she will assume "a more open manner," "a gayer humor." The mind of the prince is still flexible; the bad impressions which have been given him by the evil-disposed will disappear. In the meantime, they must afford him every pleasure, through

money and other means. "With these light, uncertain dispositions, it is necessary to enter into their passions, so as to make yourself agreeable to them, and then you can manage them usefully afterwards." All this seemed very easy to Prince Eugene. He already saw the Crown Prince penetrated "with ideas capable of strengthening the friendship of the two royal and imperial Courts," and imbued with sentiments of respect and love for his imperial majesty and the august archducal house. He concluded that affairs would end much better than could be imagined from the beginning; but the marriage must be hastened, every means possible must be used, *auf alle thunliche Weise*, for the health of the king and his manner of living was always cause of much anxiety; and then general affairs might take another turn It is therefore very desirable to obtain from the king a fixed date, but there must be no appearance of haste, nor of a wish to urge him.[291] Prince Eugene left it to the skillfulness of Seckendorff and Grumbkow, whom he never separated from one another: he always said, "Grumbkow and you."

Seckendorff obeyed to the letter. He took much trouble to form the future Court of the prince. He thought to give him for Marshal, Count Schulenburg, and this candidate was discussed at length by Grumbkow, Prince Eugene and himself. From Vienna, Eugene sent objections; Seckendorff and Grumbkow responded from Berlin. They ended by agreeing that the old general was the honest man that was needed, and a good Imperialist, *gut kaiserlich gesinnt*; but Schulenburg declined the office. Wolden remained then in his

rank of Marshal near Frederick. As he was insignificant, Seckendorff and Grumbkow were reconciled to him. They succeeded in sending Natzmer away, the political confidant of the prince, his accomplice in forbidden pleasures, notably his "love affair;" but their greatest success was the appointment of Madame von Katsch to the dignity of First Court Lady to the betrothed princess. Seckendorff "placed his greatest hope" in this lady, because she was clever, full of good will, and capable of exercising "a healthy influence" over the prince. As she would receive from Bevern and from the king but the sum of 100 thalers, he proposed to Prince Eugene, or, as he said, "to the enlightened sense of his most princely highness," to give to the First Lady of the Court a pension from 1,000 to 1,200 florins, by means of which she would be able to live, "and would be entirely won over to the imperial interest."

Seckendorff also counted upon Madame von Katsch to form the manners of the Princess Elizabeth, and he proposed to aid her in this to the best of his ability. He was glad that the Beverns had to leave the Court in about twenty days after the betrothal ceremony, to return to Wolfenbüttel. The princess could then commence her new education. The prince complained that she danced "like a goose." Seckendorff sent to Dresden for a renowned master, to teach her to dance like a human being. He trusted that the betrothed would improve in her appearance. "She really has as fine features as any one may wish to see. She is well formed. Her facial beauty will soon return; the last spots that the small-pox

left are going away, and her bust will develop with her years."

Unluckily, Frederick became very restless. "His principal defect," wrote Seckendorff "is dissimulation and falsity. One can not trust him except with the greatest precaution. His most ardent passion is sensuousness. They say that the strength of his body is not sufficient to sustain him in his evil desires, and that he seeks in "gallantries" a vain glory, rather than the gratification of a vicious passion. He does not lack intelligence, but there is but little solidity in him. He is more preoccupied in forming a *bon mot* than telling facts." Seckendorff thought, as did Prince Eugene, that the best way of winning his highness was by giving him money; but they must go to work with great prudence. In the palace, *valets de chambre*, lackeys, and pages, had their orders to give a faithful report to the king of all they saw and learned, "under penalty of losing life, honor, and reputation." If they saw a supply of money, this extraordinary event would not fail to put them on the alert. And the prince was also very capable of expending this imperial subsidy on his mistresses instead of paying his debts. There were many difficulties in the way: Seckendorff overcame them to the best of his ability. He had an understanding about everything with Grumbkow; he always said: "Grumbkow and I," or "I and Grumbkow." They hoped at last that together that they would be able to efface "the bad impressions which had been given to the prince about honest people;" and "to lead him, through God's aid, into better paths."[292]

There remained but one thing now to satisfy Prince Eugene, and that was to obtain a date for the marriage, but, in spite of all attempts, the king was in no hurry. It may be that he hesitated, as usual, before the accomplishment of an act which bound him to Austria, or perhaps he did not know what he wanted. The date was fixed several times and postponed: fifteen months elapsed between the betrothal and marriage, filled with events.

The two accomplices passed through great apprehension. The marriage of the Crown Prince was always considered in Europe a political affair of the most supreme importance, and England disputed with Austria for the future King of Prussia. Degenfeld, who had notified the Court of London of the betrothal ceremonies of Frederick and the Princess Elizabeth, wrote that the English nation was "terribly piqued." He had undertaken to play the opposing part against Seckendorff and Grumbkow; he put on an air of great importance, and, on returning to Berlin, entered into favor with the king. He soon hazarded propositions: the Prince of Wales could marry one of the daughters of the King of Prussia, and Frederick, the Princess Amelia. Grumbkow becomes uneasy, although the queen speaks to him of the Bevern marriage as if it were already accomplished, and promises to take the best care possible of her daughter-in-law. She even affects sympathy for Elizabeth: "She has not the ways of the world yet, but has a very good presence and the rest will come;" however, Grumbkow knew well that the queen hoped for "the amendment;" he had no confidence in her, and he had reason.[393]

In reality, the queen detested her future daughter-in-law, and continued to wish for the English marriage In the intimacy of her little Court, she freely expressed herself about the Beverns; her children knowing that it would please her, imitated the princess. In the month of August, 1732, Wilhelmina being at Berlin, Frederick obtained permission to visit her there. As the king was absent, the tongues were given full sway At table, the queen, speaking of the bride elect, said to Wilhelmina: "Your brother is in despair at having to marry her, and he is right. She is a stupid animal; to everything that is said to her she answers with a 'yes' or 'no,' accompanied by a silly laugh, which makes one sick." Upon which, the Princess Charlotte, a lovely girl, whose heavenly blue eyes were half hidden by blonde curls, interrupted the conversation to say: "Oh! your majesty does not yet know all her accomplishments. I was present one morning, at her toilet. I thought I should suffocate. She smelled like carrion. I noticed she had a very bad form. Her skirt was padded on one side and one of her hips was higher than the other. . . ." This was said before the domestics, and made the Crown Prince "change color." [294]

If Seckendorff and Grumbkow had only been sure of the king! But he himself kept them uneasy. "God knows whether we have not as much at stake as our adversary," wrote Grumbkow on the subject of the English propositions. He saw his master pass through all the emotions, "fear, despair, rage, impatience;" sometimes crying out the health of the Emperor at table: *Floreat Augustissimus;* and then again being very much flat-

tered by the advances of England and multiplying the secret interviews with Degenfeld. Grumbkow was furious, for he held this Degenfeld to be but a mean politician, and was humiliated to think that men like Seckendorff and himself were vanquished like the Philistines of the olden times "by the jaw-bone of an ass." The king, of course, spoke of the contracted marriage, as if it had already come to pass. At the news that Madame von Wreech was *enceinte* and that the Crown Prince was accused of it: "This gives me pleasure," he said; "he will give that many more to the Princess of Bevern," but he did not hasten to conclude the ceremony. "He is very capable," said Grumbkow, "of consulting no one but himself, and doing the contrary of that which one advises him to do." Nor was Seckendorff at heart feeling more reassured. He saw the king, on receiving the letters of congratulation from the Emperor on the betrothal of the Crown Prince, "kiss them devoutly." "Grumbkow and I," wrote he to Prince Eugene, "will neglect no opportunity to push forward the marriage secretly *unter der Hand zu poussiren;*" but he knew very well that his majesty would not be led by the nose, and, after all would only do whatever came into his head.[295]

However, Seckendorff and Grumbkow tried to see which one could best circumvent the Crown Prince. A correspondence was established among these three personages (who hated and had a contempt for one another), full of spirit, reciprocity, good will, and cordiality. Seckendorff began the placing of the *Augustissimus* ducats soon after the betrothal.

"A true, zealous, servant of your royal highness,"

wrote he to the prince, "has so much at heart the restoration of harmony in the royal family, that he cannot help warning your royal highness that all care must be taken to preserve it, and, for fear that during the sojourn at Cüstrin, a few debts could not be prevented, it will be absolutely necessary to liquidate them, before it comes to the knowledge of the king, who would believe, if he knew it, that the money had been misused. A beginning will be made by extending to your royal highness 500 ducats, to be used toward paying the debts. But, as it will create surprise if they are all paid at once, the prince will have the prudence to pay but a part every month, and make his most intimate friends believe that this payment comes from the money that he saves from what the king gives him for his monthly allowance, and from the revenues of his regiment."

Seckendorff explains after this the way to proceed about it. The bearer of the letter is a trustworthy man, a faithful servant of Grumbkow, and will not awaken suspicion, for they are in the habit of seeing him bring books to the prince. His highness must tell him to go for the answer; the man will return, place a package upon the table and go away. His highness will have the kindness to "break" the present note and give a few torn pieces to the bearer of the ducats.

Frederick was delighted with this aid which was a godsend to him. "The book that you have obligingly sent me," wrote he to Seckendorff, "is charming, I send you in this envelope the song you have requested," —that is to say the fragments of the broken letter.

He assured his dear general that although he could say "but few words" he was none the less with much consideration of affection and esteem, his most perfect friend and servitor.

On sending the "second relay," Seckendorff said to the prince that if his highness approved of the manner in which it was extended to him, he could always be served in this way. The prince approved, and the exchange of letters and songs continued. Seckendorff made an advance of 2,000 florins to the prince in order to pay for the great recruits that came from Austria. The prince, who knew this sum would never be reclaimed, presented his thanks. His letters became more and more "gracious and amiable." He acted "with his dear general" as with a true friend. After he had eaten up the 1,300 ducats that his father had given him to pay for new recruits, he sent his creditor to Seckendorff. He paid and even passed the limits that Prince Eugene had suggested; he asked for instructions from Vienna, but he was of the opinion that it was best to do the thing on a large scale. When the prince is married, said he, the king will not give him more than 12,000 thalers a year, with which it will be simply impossible for him to live. The 2,500 ducats of imperial pension will not be a sufficient supplement. If they do not wish to abandon the Crown Prince, they must give him a pension of at least 6,000 ducats, taking the precaution to declare to him, that beyond this sum, he need expect nothing from his imperial majesty. If they prefer to lend instead of giving, "the prince will have no scruples in making a written agreement, but they

would have more glory and it would be better for the future for them to exact nothing." [296]

Seckendorff would perhaps have ended in believing that it would be possible to win Frederick, had he not known of the letters the prince wrote to Grumbkow. Frederick, with the assurances that his position gave him as the heir of a sick king, poured out his confidences into the ear of the other "dear general." "They wish to force me to fall in love," wrote he to Grumbkow on receipt of a letter, wherein the king reproached him for not writing oftener to his Dulcinea; "but, unluckily not being of the nature of an ass, I very much fear that they will not succeed." He acknowledged that he did not write often to the princess, but it was "because he lacked subject matter and was many times at a loss to fill up his page." He recalled to mind that they had "proposed this marriage to him *nolens volens*, and that liberty was the price of it." Then he becomes angry; he suspects that the paucity of his correspondence as a lover has been denounced to the king, by his future mother-in-law whom he calls "that coarse tripe-woman, the duchess," and whose "proud *fontange*" * he wishes that God will strike. He repeats the declarations already made upon the conduct he is going to maintain after marriage. He is going to marry like a "gallant man," that is to say, to allow Madame to act as it seems good to her, and on his side to do as he pleases, and "long live liberty." He hopes that the king will not meddle with his affairs after the nuptials, or else the

*A *fontange* was a knot of ribbon worn on the top of the head-dress in the seventeenth century. It was so-called from the name of the first wearer, the Duchesse de Fontanges.—TRANSLATOR.

princess will suffer for it. "Marriage renders me of age, and as soon as I have reached that point, I am sovereign in my own house, and the king has nothing to do with it; for, no woman ought to be in the government of anything. . . . A man who allows himself to be ruled by women is the greatest coward in the world." Finally, he confesses all his sentiments in regard to women, "as he thinks before God." He "loves the sex, but with a fleeting love, only the desire for pleasure, and, after that, contempt." He is "not of the metal of which good husbands are made." He is enraged at becoming one at all, but he makes a virtue of a necessity. For the tenth time he threatens: "I will keep my word, I will marry, but after it is done, then good bye to Madame, and the right path."

However, he decided to write to his betrothed, and also to the Prince of Bevern, his future father-in-law. The latter took the prince's compliment seriously and thanked him. "The duke sends his thanks," wrote Frederick to Grumbkow, "as if I were a man very much fascinated with the graces of his daughter; he adds a panegyric on the high esteem which I have already shown her and pays me compliments like a tavern-keeper. All that I have just said has had so much of an effect upon me, that, desiring his supreme happiness, I would wish most earnestly that the Emperor of Morocco would fall in love with this princess through the reputation of her charms, carry her off and marry her. To be Empress of Morocco is worth twice as much as to be a Crown Princess of Prussia. You can judge after this whether I am

a Christian or not, or whether I do not wish all the good in the world to happen to those who have caused me sorrow. . . . I can not comprehend how one can be so good. . . ." [297]

Seckendorff began again to doubt when he read these letters. He was in great haste to complete the contract. The king fixed for the date of the marriage January 15th, 1733: "God will that we may be there!" wrote he to Prince Eugene.[298] The intrigue of the reconciliation with England still disturbed him. He has not yet suspected, but he is soon going to find out that Vienna entered into this intrigue and worked to break the Bevern marriage.

THE ANGLO-AUSTRIAN INTRIGUE.

The Emperor had been reconciled with the maritime Powers, since the year 1731.[299] He had obtained from them one of those treaties for the guarantee of the Pragmatic Sanction, for which the Secretary of State, Bartenstein, knew so well how to negotiate, and in which nothing was lacking and nothing was valid. He wished to be on good terms with his new friends, having need of their support against the house of Bourbon, whose designs on Italy were not disguised. He was, besides, preoccupied in the Polish succession, the opening of which was expected and led, as everyone knows, to great trouble in Europe. Now England requested of the Emperor, among other gratifications, to aid her in marrying the Prince of Wales to a Prussian Princess. It was very difficult for the Court of Vienna to undo the work that had been so laborious; however, Prince Eugene

had begun by prescribing redoubled caution to Seckendorff; he gave him to understand more and more clearly the necessity of managing England.

In the month of April, 1732, the King of Prussia had an ardent desire to see the Emperor, who was going on a trip to Carlsbad. Prince Eugene, notified by Seckendorff, was very much embarrassed. "This visit," he responded, "will be greatly commented upon both in England and elsewhere. Try to thwart his plan, doing it in the most secret way, without having the least appearance of doing so. If you do not find the means, make no opposition; declare to the king, on the contrary, that it will be very agreeable to his imperial majesty, (who considers him the most precious of his friends,) to embrace him." But the king was determined: "I will certainly go and see the Emperor," said he; "it is necessary for me to know him personally; nothing can prevent me." Prince Eugene had to yield: "Assure his majesty," wrote he, at last to Seckendorff, "that his imperial majesty will feel a great pleasure in becoming personally acquainted with him. As for me, nothing in the world could have happened more agreeably than this so much desired opportunity, of expressing, by word of mouth, my most submissive devotion to his royal majesty." The interview actually took place the latter part of July, in a castle of Bohemia. The Emperor arranged matters so that it would be as insignificant as possible.[300]

The Court of Vienna was soon obliged to give a positive proof of her good will to England, who persisted in desiring at least a Prussian Princess for the Prince of

Wales. She consented to enter into a very complicated plot.

Before the betrothal of the Crown Prince with Elizabeth of Bevern, a marriage had been arranged between Charles, a brother of this Princess, heir-apparent of Bevern, and the Princess Charlotte, sister of Frederick. Austria and England decided that Charles of Bevern should renounce the hand of Charlotte, and receive, in exchange, that of the Princess Anne of England, while Charlotte of Prussia should marry the Prince of Wales. Prince Eugene made known the combination to Seckendorff. The latter who, every day, for several years, had been employed in exciting the bad feelings of the King of Prussia against England, was dismayed by this communication: "Of all the very high commissions with which his imperial majesty has charged me, I have never yet found any as difficult as the one his highness has transmitted to me on the subject of changing the marriages." He immediately sought Grumbkow and told him of the astounding news.

Grumbkow had been out of temper, for several weeks. The return to the offensive by England, the renewing of the projects that he had regarded as definitely buried, and the important air of Degenfeld troubled him. He pretended that he wished to go away. "The good God," said he, "will surely point out to me a haven where I can retire from this drudgery." He still interested himself a little in affairs, "but it was to close the mouths of others," rather than to serve his master. He was worn out with the father and the son: "I do not believe there are

two other people in the world equal to them." He bluntly told Seckendorff "that he was disgusted with his majesty." "The king, dined here with me like a wolf, supped the same way, drank to excess and went off at midnight." Grumbkow was in this state of mind, when Seckendorff apprised him of the order from Vienna to sustain the English propositions. This "capped the climax." To ask Frederick William to work for the reconciliation of the Emperor and England, was treating him like a knave indeed. The king, said Grumbkow, "is not such a fool as they think. He will quickly see at what they are aiming." Then God knows what he will do! He is liable to break off all the marriages, that of the Crown Prince with Bevern, as well as that of Charlotte. Grumbkow would not meddle with the affair; he "withdraws his hand from the table." He even has honest scruples: "I am not one of these men who blow hot and cold with the same breath; I would rather die than advise my master to do a thing contrary to his honor." Besides he wishes to keep "the little that remains for his poor family." He was so angry that he forgot, at the close of his letter, where he declared his proud propositions of a loyal servitor, that he had expressed, at the beginning, his true sentiments: "I am disgusted with this Court," he had said, but added: "I am not with yours." And he asked for the reward of his good services. Modest as he was, he was not ambitious for great promises: "the least gift (douceur) that you will accord to me on your part will give me more pleasure than all the most far reaching hopes." [301]

Seckendorff was of Grumbkow's opinion about this

strange, sudden change of his Court, but he was obliged to execute the orders he had received. His colleague advised him to present the thing, in a jesting way, and not to insist, if the master became angry. One day as he seemed to be favorably inclined towards him, Seckendorff risked an insinuation, but the king was first "disturbed," then "confounded." Seckendorff represented that this proposition proved the sincere desire of the English to become reconciled with him, and that no one would lose in the combination. "The Princess Charlotte would become Princess of Wales, heiress to a crown and Charles of Bevern would marry the eldest of the princesses of England." "But," replied the king, "what would my dear Empress say to this, to whom the marriage will give so much pleasure? And Bevern? And Charles? What would they think at such a change of things?" He, however, desired a few days for reflection. As usual, he could not keep from seeking to draw some advantage from this new condition of affairs, but reflection only exasperated him the more. He imagined that England wished to compromise and "prostitute" him. He believed it to be a new intrigue of the prince, who, happily, was not within reach, and of the queen, whom he treated with the greatest harshness. It was she no doubt and his son who were leading this masquerade to catch "Amelia" again. "Very well," said he, "since they are so changeable, the Crown Prince shall not marry at all. I have yet three sons. I would rather see the destruction of my whole house. Then at least it will perish without censure of having changed the next day from what it desired the night before."

Never, and it is not a small thing to say, had he been seen in such a rage. He waited to be cured of the gout to fly to Potsdam, there to take refuge, where he never more wished to see anybody. All business was suspended.[302]

Upon these contradictions, Bevern, the father, whom the Court of Vienna had not deigned to take into her confidence, did not know what was going to become of his children, and wrote to the king to say, that he was paying no attention to what the malevolent dared to circulate in the world: "With divine assistance," said he, "we will see, in the month of June, my dear Elizabeth in the arms of the Crown Prince, and my eldest born, my dear Charles, will enjoy the fascinations of the amiable Princess Charlotte." The king sent a tender response. He assured him that he had "acted in the whole affair with the sincerity of an honest man," and that he (the king) would persist in it and was even anxious to hasten the nuptials. He wrote, in *post-scriptum* himself: "I have the gout, but I am true to you and yours even unto death. It must be quickly ended. This is my modest opinion."[303]

At last, to rid himself of importunities he made a great scene in the *Tabagie*: "No," cried he, looking fixedly at Grumbkow, "I can bear it no longer! To wish me to do a cowardly act! I! I! No! Never! Cursed intrigues! The devil take them! To wish to make me out a scoundrel!" And he said that if he was sick, this was the cause of it, that it was eating his very heart out and it would finally kill him. Grumbkow was congratulating himself upon not being compromised in this venture.

He was triumphing over the ill success of the Anglo-Austrian intrigue, and over the king, his master, who, after having desired to put him aside, now had recourse to him. "I know absolutely nothing about it," said he to the king, "but I can not comprehend your uneasiness, your majesty!" He kept a "regular and even temper" during this storm, and began again: "Why is your majesty so agitated? I do not understand what you mean, but your majesty is the master. You have honest men around you. . . ." "Yes, yes," replied the king, and little by little he allowed himself to be calmed by Grumbkow. So this minister was again in favor, but he feared or pretended to fear that the king would never pardon Seckendorff, of whom he had spoken insinuatingly in his burst of anger. Seckendorff repaired as well as he could the awkward mistake imposed upon him. He threaded his way carefully through an interview that his friend contrived to give him with the king. By degrees Frederick William restored him again to his good favor; he actually accepted an invitation to dinner. "At table, I hope that we shall make our peace," wrote Seckendorff to Prince Eugene, who was a little ashamed that "the mine missed fire," and recommended his agent to do everything to re-establish his and Grumbkow's reputation at Court.[304]

Affairs took up again their course towards the marriages of Charles of Bevern with Charlotte of Prussia, and the Crown Prince with Elizabeth of Bevern.

THE MARRIAGE.

The Crown Prince had some inkling of these intrigues and of these tempests. He certainly hoped to gain by

them but he remained quiet. His correspondence continued with the two dear generals, as if nothing unusual was passing. He had not enough expressions of gratitude for Seckendorff, and his imperial majesty, who showed him so much kindness. They had at Vienna the happy idea of giving a pension to poor Duhan, who was still in disgrace and poverty. "It is an action," wrote the Crown Prince, "worthy of the magnanimity and generosity of the Emperor." He professed his faith as a good imperialist: "I will make it a rule to show on all occasions, and as much as my duty will permit, the attachment and the high veneration that I have for the Emperor personally, and this more through report of his eminent qualities, than through regard for his exalted position."[305] He asked nothing better than to contract new debts, as he would be sure to pay them. "But, sir," added he, "there still remains another party to succor; my dear sister of Baireuth, whose very sad condition, cuts me to the heart. For the love of God, let there be some way of ameliorating her lot through the king! She has had very advantageous promises given her in his own hand-writing, but it has gone no further." "Through the king," was a delicate manner of expressing it: Seckendorff understood this new appeal to the Emperor's purse. The prince himself put in good condition by these kind proceedings, led to this benevolent physician those who were suffering with the same malady,—that is to say,—lack of money.[306]

Of course he claimed for himself the most care, being the principal invalid. The king sent him to Brunswick, to his betrothed, without offering "to make good" his

expenses. "I admit," wrote he to Seckendorff, "that I am very much embarrassed, finding myself short of cash. Here I acknowledge frankly, my dear friend, that you could draw me out of the difficulty, by lending me a certain sum." A short time after this another demand. The prince had quite caught the tone of an accomplished borrower. To be sure he could address himself to others: "But I would much rather trust in you, knowing you to be one of my best friends, than to any other." However, he would repay, as soon as he was able to do so,—when he was married, but he nevertheless would always be under great obligations to his very dear friend. Seckendorff responded in the tone of a skillful creditor. He called his packages of money a little aid, an allowance, a compensation. He had pretty schemes for sending it. The money will be sent to a *maître de poste* in a box of Spanish tobacco, addressed to the initials S. A. R.* The prince is requested not to be disturbed about the repayment: "There need be no haste, for the lender only asks a recognition proportionate to the interests of the house." He never answered by a refusal, he had the appearance always of anticipating the requests.

The king becomes restless. Grumbkow thinks him in imminent danger of becoming insane, so incapable is he of supporting a trouble. Does he not speak of abdicating and retiring to Verona, because they give him some disturbance in regard to recruiting? Neither is Seckendorff satisfied with Frederick William's health. He seemed to be very well in the spring of 1733, and had a good color, but his hearing does not return, his

* "Son Altesse Royale." French for His Royal Highness.—TRANSLATOR.

leg is swollen, he has bad nights, his blood is excited; to be brief, his majesty could be taken off in twenty-four hours; it is absolutely necessary to gain the prince. At the same time that he confided his uneasiness to Prince Eugene, he addressed to Frederick a recapitulation of the imperial favors, but in a very discreet way. He promised him others; they will do more for Duhan, whose condition is already improved. They will "do everything in the world for the consolation of the worthy Crown Princess," they will see if they cannot find near the Empress a few thousand florins for her. They will do other things if it is necessary: "Happy are those who have the good fortune to be esteemed by your royal highness. They will never be neglected by the imperial Court, because everyone knows that your royal highness only likes those people who have merit." Briefly, the prince can count upon the Emperor's assistance until the good God will change for the better his royal highness' position," which means,—when the king dies. Then, they are convinced that the prince will be, like his father, a friend to the Emperor. "The union and perfect good understanding between the houses of Austria and Brandenburg have procured, for more than ten years, such reciprocal advantages, that his imperial majesty will see with pleasure, your royal highness continuing in these salutary principles for the public good."

Seckendorff, by dint of repeating the anthem, ended in believing it. He found the prince charming, truly grateful for what had been done for himself and sister, really very cordial, *treuherzig*. He hoped not only that Frederick would acknowledge "the price and utility

of the very high imperial grace," but that the Princess of Baireuth would also act in the same sensible manner as her brother. Naturally Wilhelmina showed her gratitude also; flatterer, that she was, she promised that the Crown Prince, two years after his marriage, would have just as much love for his wife, as he then had aversion for his betrothed. Seckendorff still had some doubts,[307] but he allowed himself to be persuaded. Were it only through egotism, through a refusal to confess to himself that all his trouble at this Court had been useless, he had to believe in definite success.

Nevertheless the Crown Prince continued to indicate to Grumbkow alarming inclinations. At the hour of departure for a visit to his betrothed, he laments: "I do not feel great impatience for the trip to Brunswick, knowing already in advance what my mute will tell me. It is, however, her best quality, and I agree with you that a silly fool of a wife is a blessing from heaven. In short, I will play in the Brunswick comedy so that there will be nothing lacking." In the meantime, he was studying compliments for this visit by going to the wild-boar hunt, for "between Westphalians and swine (the Westphalian being born and reared among swine), there was no difference." Then followed facetious remarks upon the presents that the poor girl sent to him,—Brunswick sausages and a porcelain snuff-box: "My princess has sent me a porcelain snuff-box, which, on opening the package I found broken, and I do not know whether it is to mark the fragility of her. . . ,—of her virtue, or of the whole human body. I have taken it for a very bad sign, for a broken snuff-box, according to the occult philosophy of Agrippa, signifies illicit love."[308]

Notwithstanding, Frederick was resigned. He struggled no longer, and the day fixed for the marriage would have arrived without any obstructions in the way, if the Anglo-Austrian intrigue had not interfered once more. England did not let go her hold. She must have Frederick now for one of her princesses. When the marriage day of the prince was fixed and published, she exacted a new effort from the Court of Vienna. Now the King of Poland died February 1, 1733; Louis XV. declared that he would defend with all his power the freedom of the elections in Poland, and would consider a violation of this liberty as an attempt at the peace of Europe. Austria, who was under treaty with Russia, to prevent the election of Stanislas Leeszinski, felt the approach of war. She had need of pleasing the London Cabinet; Prince Eugene ordered a new step to be taken by Seckendorff with the king. This time Austria and England left Charlotte to the Prince of Bevern, but offered to the Crown Prince the hand of Amelia of England.

The order reached Seckendorff on the morning of the 11th of June, at Salzdalum in Hanover, where the ceremony was to take place. The two families had been together since the day before. Seckendorff, on reading the letter of Prince Eugene, was seized with terror. He was obliged to obey, and that immediately, but what was going to pass between the king and himself? He hurried to Grumbkow, and read him the dispatch, and asked a way to acquit himself of it. Grumbkow pointed out to him the dangers of this irrational proceeding, but he preached to a convert. Seckendorff told him so and claimed his aid. The old accomplice refused for

general political reasons and individual interest. He did not understand how Austria could employ herself in placing an Englishwoman upon the throne of Prussia; but after all it did not concern him: that which did regard and touch him, was the necessity where, in order to triumph over the politics against which he had always fought, he would have to humiliate himself before the faction of the other ministers, and expose his poor family to ruin and his neck to the knife. All that he could promise, to show his absolute devotion to his imperial majesty, was not to compromise the proposition, if the king asked his advice.

Seckendorff had to venture alone. He said to the king that he was charged by the Emperor, with an important communication, but not a disagreeable one. The king who was still in bed gave permission for him to enter. Seckendorff approached the bed, and with a smile upon his lips, told the king that he had received, by courier, a few moments since, the order to open propositions to him upon a very grave subject; he, however, dared not acquit himself of his commission, if his majesty would not promise him to listen with patience, and not become angry. The promise given he laid the affair before him. The king controlled himself and responded: "If I did not know, —if I was not sure of your being an honest man, I should think I was dreaming. If you had spoken in this way, three months ago, I do not know what I might have done through affection for his imperial majesty, although it is contrary to his interest and mine that my eldest son should marry an English princess; but now! I am here with the queen! All

Europe knows that the marriage will take place to-morrow. You see, this is the English artifice again, to make me pose before the world, as a man without honor or faith."

As, after all, the king still remained calm, Seckendorff, (no doubt very much astonished,) took up the thread of conversation again, and held it for some time, submerging in a flood of words the strange proposition. He acknowledged that he really was not of the opinion of his imperial majesty, that the two kings of England and Prussia should be closely united, but the welfare of Europe, and, particularly, the Germanic country, exacted this union, to which his imperial majesty sacrificed the advantage of his own house. The king continued to listen; Seckendorff said that he had upon his person a letter from Prince Eugene to his majesty, and a copy of this letter. According to his instructions, he should read to his majesty, with his permission, this copy; if the king thought that he could not accept the original, Seckendorff would not deliver it. The king, after having heard the reading, said that he had no scruples in accepting and answering it. Seckendorff then gave him the original, and began his discourse again. He represented that the animosity between England and Prussia would be greatly increased, after the king had repulsed this polite proposition. It is true, said he, that all the preparations are made for the marriage to-morrow, but he suggested a way not to lose everything and conciliate all parties. Instead of the Crown Prince and the Princess of Bevern, they could marry Charles of Bevern and Charlotte; then,

later, they could celebrate the nuptials of the Prince of Wales with the Princess of Bevern, and the Crown Prince with the Princess Amelia.

Frederick William let this effrontery pass, perhaps because while listening he was seeking once more a means of fishing in this troubled water. He opened the letter from Prince Eugene, and then returned it to Seckendorff, with the order to give it to Grumbkow and tell him the import of the response, that no advantage in the world would induce him to decide to stain his honor and forfeit his word. Nevertheless, he asked nothing better than to be on friendly terms with England. To please the Emperor, he would give to the Prince of Wales one of his daughters. He would even take an English princess for his second son, if England would elect him Prince of Courland so that he would be in a position to take care of his wife. Upon which, he took farewell of Seckendorff, telling him that he had executed the orders he had received like a man of honor.

Seckendorff repaired to the ministers, who wrote out the response. When they brought it back to the king, he gave full vent to his anger. Again he accused the queen and Crown Prince of complicity in the intrigue, and he sent Grumbkow to them to demand an explanation of it. The Crown Prince swore that he was innocent. He added that he could not comprehend at all the conduct of the Court of Vienna; as for him,—and he requested Grumbkow to tell the king,—that death alone would prevent him from keeping his word to the Princess of Bevern.[309]

Upon this assurance, the day ended tranquilly. That evening, there was, at the Court, a pastoral play; the Crown Prince played the role of a peasant-lover; Apollo, who unexpectedly arrived, gave him the prize. The next day, June 12th, the marriage was celebrated. At noon, the young husband wrote to his sister: "My dear sister, the ceremony has just been performed, and God be praised that it is all over." [310]

There was "one more unhappy princess in the world."

Elizabeth of Bevern did not merit this destiny. The testimonies of her contemporaries are all favorably inclined toward her; even the much-to-be dreaded sister-in-law, the Margravine of Baireuth is not very severe on her: "The Crown Princess," said she, "is tall; her form is not slender: she brings her body forward in such a way that it gives her a very bad carriage. Her complexion is of a glaring whiteness, and this fair skin is relieved by a high color. Her eyes are of a pale blue, not promising much intellect. Her mouth is small. All her features are small, without being beautiful, and the whole expression of her face is so *petite*, so infantile, that one would think that her head belonged to a child of twelve years. She has ash-colored hair which curls naturally, but all her beauty is spoiled by her black, uneven teeth. She does not know how to deport herself, nor has she the slightest idea of how to turn an expression, having much difficulty in making herself understood; one is obliged to guess at what she intends to say, which is most embarrassing." [311]

This portrait is completed by a few traits given in a letter to Grumbkow from his daughter. It states that

the betrothed princess was very timid in public, and before her mother: "When she is with her mother, she does not open her mouth, and blushes every time they speak to her, which shows that she is guarded very rigidly; and she has no liberty whatsoever, not even to receive ladies in her chamber. . . . As for me, I had the honor of speaking with her at an assembly, where she was alone and at her ease; I can assure you papa, that she does not lack either spirit or judgment and that she argues upon everything in a very pretty manner, and is pleasing and appears to have a very good disposition. She is exceedingly fond of diversion. . . . I can not say she has much style, she is too loose in her carriage. . . . If she had some one to tell her this, it would change her very much. . . ." The princess liked Berlin, and hoped to return soon and "wished" for the day of her marriage.[312]

A sad picture of a poor girl, neither ugly, nor stupid, who was reared by severe parents; child-like, delicate, pretty, and timid, and only asking to be re-assured, caressed, loved; and she was worthy of being loved, but life to her was going to be a long melancholy one, borne with the resignation of a saint and the dignity of a heroine.

In the history which we have just related, one person, alone is interesting: it is this unhappy bride.

The trio, Prince Eugene, Seckendorff, Grumbkow, were villainously ugly. The gravity of Eugene and Seckendorff gave to their hypocrisy a comical solemnity. Grumbkow was at least in good spirits; he half confessed his cynic philosophy and frankly refused to endanger

his head and the welfare of his poor family; but, like the two others, he spoke the language of "Tartuffe." God is the common resource of the three personages; when a thread of the intrigue threatens to break, Seckendorff recommends it to God. All three boast of their Christianity, and they always have at their tongues end the word "honesty." Eugene and Seckendorff agree that if they attain their end, they owe it, "to the honesty of Grumbkow alone, *Grumbkow's Ehrlichkeit.*" They owe, but they pay. Grumbkow received the little "*douceur*" that he hoped would be given him, 40,000 ducats,—besides his annual pension of a thousand. "If any man in the world merits a favor, it is he" said Seckendorff, in the plan of the budget he proposed to Prince Eugene.

In this budget, Grumbkow figures in singular company. Before him come the Crown Prince, and the Margravine of Baireuth specially recommended, for if any one is capable of instilling in her brother good "principles" it is this princess. After which, come the porter Eversmann, the confidential man of the king, who receives from Austria an income of 100 ducats, and Reichenbach, former minister of the King of Prussia to London. "With Reichenbach, his imperial majesty has reason to be very contented," said Prince Eugene "because he has worked to maintain and increase the misunderstanding between the two Courts of Berlin and London." These consciences were sold cheap. Reichenbach began by a salary of 600 thalers in 1731; he had 900, in 1733. It is true, that, if he is obliged on account of his zeal in the service of the Emperor, to leave that of the King of Prussia, he has promise of finding a good welcome in

Austria and a position of privy councillor; but Prince Eugene wishes that Reichenbach will not retire from Prussia until reduced to the last extremity, until that friendship which exists between the Emperor and the king assures him of advancement in Prussia.[33]

This is the very acme of perfidy.

Prince Eugene, Seckendorff and Grumbkow complained of the "dissimulation" of the prince,—of his "falsity." The most piquant thing is that they judged this deceitfulness by the favors that they showered upon Frederick. "He must be a hypocrite," said Seckendorff, "to write to Grumbkow in such obliging terms." But the Crown Prince, who knew them well, paid them back in their own coin. He knew the wickedness of his enemies, and at the same time, their folly, for, if it was odious to dispose, unceremoniously of these couples of young people that they married and remarried, -and to practice, in Christian Europe, a trading of princes and princesses, it was ridiculous to give themselves the trouble of these lies and all this stratagem, to assure themselves of the person of the Crown Prince. Grumbkow and Seckendorff watched the progress of the development of the betrothed's form, Seckendorff procured a dancing master for her, old Prince Eugene wished that she had a more artless manner, *etwas freieren Humor*, so that she would attract and retain "in the very high imperial interest," the one who was going to be Frederick the Great. What nonsense!

As to the King of Prussia, he maliciously married his son. He wished to get rid of him as he did Wilhelmina, but if it was his right as father and king to

interdict any marriage that would injure the interests of the crown, this forced marriage was an odious act of paternal tyranny.

The Crown Prince is very much to be pitied, since he espouses through force, a woman that he does not love; but who would pity him? Neither the intrigue of which he is the victim, nor the impossibility of striving against a brutal omnipotence, excuses the absolute submission expressed to the king by him, and at the same hour, his request to Grumbkow to resist for him. Not once, either by speech or letter, or by the most timid insinuation, did he allow the king to see his true sentiments. The cause was certainly worth the trouble. It did not concern him alone; it also concerned a woman; but the prince thought he must first marry, and then he would see afterward. In the sequel, he also counted upon avenging himself on the Emperor, but, in the meantime, he takes the Austrian gold and asks for more; he is meek in his letters to Seckendorff; he humbly expresses his gratitude toward the Prince of Savoy, and his admiration for the grand qualities of the Emperor.

He talked much, while this crisis of the marriage was pending, and his words have been preserved; we have many letters that he wrote. Not one of the lamentations he utters comes from the heart. He rails, he ridicules wonderfully well; I would rather see him shed tears. The day of his betrothal a tear did come to his eye. I should rather wish it to have been from sorrow, but I can not believe it. If one could only consider that his mockery of love, his obscenities upon marriage, so painful to hear from the lips of so young a

man, were only the ways of turning a phrase, imitations of France or Italy, reminiscences of theatrical erudition! But, apart from the style and the borrowed French manner of treating serious things, there yet remains an alarming something, which emanates only from him. One must not handle the French raillery except with precaution. In the dramas of Molière, to which Frederick refers his betrothed, there is upon the subject of love and marriage, a seriousness, even tears; this, it seems to me, he did not see.

CHAPTER VII.

CONCLUSION.

The 27th of June, 1733, the Crown Prince and the princess were solemnly married at Berlin. Before the Köpenick gate, were assembled for the annual review four regiments of cavalry, eleven regiments of infantry, and the corps of Hussars. The princess who was in an open carriage with the queen, was a spectator of the various exercises; the king, who was riding on horseback near the carriage, explained them to her. All the army defiled before the royal party and then the cortége, composed of sixty carriages with six horses attached to each, entered the city.

A few weeks afterward, the Crown Prince set out for Neu-Ruppin, (a little town situated ten miles from Berlin, where he was established in April, 1733, two months before his marriage,) and there took command of the regiment of infantry that his father had given him. In the spring of the following year, his father presented him with the estate of Rheinsberg, situated near the Mecklenburg frontier. The prince immediately ordered the work of repairing the castle, which was in ruins, and the gardens, which had been abandoned for a long time. He prepared the residence where he was to wait, "until God," as Seckendorff said, "would change his condition."

He will be very happy at Rheinsberg; he was so already at Neu-Ruppin. For the first time, he felt that he

was at home, far from "Jupiter," and he had a taste, in virtue of the adage; *Procul a Jove, procul a fulmine*, of the feeling of perfect security. He arranged his way of living very much as he liked, and this life appeared good to him. He called Neu-Ruppin the "dear garrison."

Frederick is entering upon a new period of life; we will soon follow him I hope; but the reader no doubt is of the opinion that we have already learned much about the personality of the Crown Prince.

This young man is handsome, refined, and delicate; the excessive fatigues, heavy wines, coarse nourishment, and the uncouth vulgarisms that his father loved, were repugnant to him. His taste was directed only toward the pleasures of the intellect; his inquiring turn of mind is interested in everything. Some say to-day that he was an "intellectualist."

The religious beliefs make no impression upon his soul. At twelve years of age, he writes his "Manner of Living of the Prince of a Great House," which is entirely evangelical; at fifteen, he signs himself "Frederick The Philosopher." God and religion are soon to be for him but obliging terms of royal phraseology.

He has no kind of morality. At fourteen, he, foreseeing the death or confinement of his father, plots with the foreign ministers, to whom he makes such confidences that they dare not trust them to writing. He is in friendly intercourse and intimacy with governments that the king considers his enemies. The abominable treatment that he received does not excuse his conduct; his conduct on the contrary partly explains his father's cruelty.

He has no generosity. The word generosity is not once pronounced, not even by those witnesses of his life, who judge him with the greatest benevolence. He loves his mother and sister, but they think and intrigue with him. He loves his friends, and goes so far as to speak of them in a peculiar tone of ardent tenderness, but friendship is not merited until a return of sacrifices is made for the joys which spring from it. Would Frederick have shown the same devotion to his friends, if they had claimed it? When he saw Katte pass by him, on his way to the scaffold, he offered, in order to save him, to relinquish his crown, and even to die; but several weeks after the tragedy, sure of living and released from his prison, he is "as gay as a lark."

He appears to have felt for a moment a sentiment which resembled love, but his heart was not entirely given up to it; it is the head of a scholar, of a young man of letters which furnishes the rhetoric and the poetry of his declarations to Madame von Wreech. He feels no pleasure in the company of women; he does not love them. He only wishes pleasure, "enjoyment," and after that, he "despises" them. The ideal wife that he described nearly resembles a public character. Love with this young man is but a vice; or perhaps merely a pretention to vice. A close observer of his actions states that he was very temperate. Frederick's manner of talking and thinking on this subject of love then, is a result or an indication of his moral deformity.

Frederick grew up in the midst of strange surroundings, in a tumult of villainous passions, in the company of ministers and valets sold to others besides their mas-

ter, in an atmosphere of gossip, of spying, and intriguing in the uncleanliness of a Court where perhaps the only honest man was the king. He never felt out of place. With the most crafty, he played a finer rôle, he was more deceitful than any of them. In the crisis of his marriage he alternates between refined lying and the audacity of giving expression to everything. Assuredly the tyranny of his father and the detestable example of his unhealthy environments were calculated to corrupt him, but nature had predestined him to be a master in the art of duping men.

He dissimulates so well that he hides from all the world a certain Frederick within him, that his father longed for and would have adored. He calls his uniform a shroud; when his father constrains him to learn his calling of prince in the Chamber of Domains at Cüstrin, he affects in his letters such an extraordinary amount of zeal, by means of such extravagant expressions, that the king can not help suspecting his hypocrisy. He would have been confirmed in this sentiment, if he had known in what a disdainful tone the prince was speaking of economy and treated of

> "La chambre et les commissaires
> Qui font le métier des corsaires."

The truth,—which is shown later,—is that the prince is an excellent colonel, and manages his regiment as well as any of them; that the lessons of Major Senning upon military art were given to a mind the most capable of loving, comprehending, practicing and surpassing them, that "the young *auscultator*" of the Chamber of Cüstrin has quickly comprehended all "economy." He is

sure to possess the art of reigning, and dreams already of the means of applying it to the detriment of others. He sees the whole future of politics and war, his whole reign and the whole destiny of Prussia.

He drew a large profit from the cruelty and despotism of his father. Half by nature and half by boastfulness he glided into a dilletantism; for a prince, heir to such a State, he loved his books, his flute and his dressing gown too much. He dressed and arranged his hair *petit maître* style, did not carry himself well, drifted along, was unconstrained. Undoubtedly the soldier and the man of State which, in him awaited the hour, would have met, had chance not willed, that Frederick, nearly upon the morrow of his accession, had to put into motion his innate and acquired powers. It did not find him in complete readiness. His first victory was a singular adventure; he fled from the battle field of Molwitz, so quickly and so far that he only learned the next morning of the victory carried off by his infantry, which his father had drilled and which did not know how to fly. From his own avowal, he is instructed in the school of his own faults. Would he have been surprised, by the flying hour of opportunity, if he had not employed his youth in reading poetry and playing duets with his sister Wilhelmina?

The resemblance to his father, that he concealed and denied, appears when he becomes master. Frederick William is represented in Frederick II., but Frederick II. has the genius, which was lacking in the father, and we have perceived the first rapid,

short flashes of it. He has intelligence and a taste for letters and the problems of philosophy. The "Muses" charm and console him, and make him think and speak of life like an ancient sage; they contribute to the strength of his mind. We have found in this young man a combination of epicurean and stoic which will again be discovered in the king, and this together with his genius, his virtues as a prince, his defects and vices, his contempt for all law, the cynicism of his perfidy, the sensibility of a humanitarian and yet the inhumanity indispensable to leaders of men, all coming from the head, not the heart, will unite to form—

THE GREAT FREDERICK.

END.

NOTES.

1. Duc de Broglie, *Frédéric II. et Marie Thérèse*, vol. I., pp. 30 and 43.

2. I propose to publish a history of Frederick, from his marriage to his accession. This second period of his life is very different from the first: Frederick, nearly free, intermingles politics with the study of philosophy and literature. He seizes upon ideas and plans. It is the awakening of the reign.

3. Among these works, the most remarkable is that of Herr Reinhold Koser, *Friedrich der Grosse als Kronprinz*.

4. This brochure is not to be obtained. I herewith express my thanks to Her Excellency, Mme. von Borcke, who kindly sent me a copy.

5. I mention this edition as it is the easiest to procure. I have said, in the course of this book, how far and with what precaution these *Memoirs* can be used. I intend to resume this subject in a critical dissertation.

6. Albert Waddington, *The Acquisition of the Crown of Prussia by the Hohenzollerns*, pp. 272 *et seq.*

7. Preuss, *Friedrichs des Grossen Jugend und Thronbesteigung*, pp. 4 and 5.

8. Letters of Frederick I. of January 30, 1712, in the *Miscellaneen zur Geschichte König Friedrichs des Grossen*, p. 435 and of February 8, and May 31, 1712, in Preuss, *Friedrich der Grosse, mit seinen Verwandten und Freunden*, p. 380.

9. See Fassmann, *Leben und Thaten des Allerdurchlauchtigsten und Grossmächtigsten Königs von Preussen Friedrici Wilhelmi*, the funeral ceremonies of Frederick I., pp. 42 *et seq*, and Förster *loc. cit.*, pp. 71 *et seq.*

10. Koser, *Friedrich der Grosse als Kronprinz*, vol. I., p. 2.

11. Koser, *op. cit.*, pp. 2–5; Bratuscheck *Die Erziehung Friedrichs des Grossen*, pp. 20 *et seq.*

12. Upon Duhan, see the academical eulogy that Frederick made to him, *Works of Frederick the Great*, vol. VII., pp. 8 *et seq.*

13. Upon Naudé, see Formey, *Eulogy on the Academicians of Berlin*, vol. I., pp. 270 *et seq.*

14. Upon La Croze, see Formey, *op. cit.*, II., pp. 63 *et seq.*, and the letter of Frederick to Voltaire, *Works of Frederick the Great*, vol. XXI., p. 327.

15. See, vol. XVI., of the *Works of Frederick the Great*, the correspondence of Frederick with "dear, good Mamma" Rocoulle, and the following note in verse, written by Mme. de Rocoulle, after the accession of Frederick, (she was then 82 years old):

Sur l'air: Mariez-moi.
Gaudias est un bon soldat,
Mais il hait le célibat.
Il vient vous prier
De le lui accorder.
Il voudrait se marier
Pour vous faire un grenadier.

16. Waddington, pp. 283 *et seq.*

17. Bratuscheck, p. 2.

18. See, upon Fink and Kalkstein, Friedrich Cramer, *Zur Geschichte Friedrich Wilhelms und Friedrichs II.*, pp. 39 *et seq.* I have only at hand the 2d edition of this work (Leipsic, 1833).

19. See, upon Anhalt, the article in the *Allgemeine deutsche Biographie*, and Carlyle, *History of Frederick the second, called Frederick the Great*, book IV., chap. ii.

20. The Instruction of Frederick I. (1695) is in Förster pp. 77 *et seq.*; the Instruction of Frederick William (August 1718), in Cramer, pp. 3 *et seq.* Upon the comparison of the two documents, Förster, pp. 354 *et seq.*

21. Förster, chapter already quoted, *Friedrich Wilhelm I. als Kronprinz.*

22. The regulation which follows is posterior to the Instruction. I quote it here, because it ends in giving an idea of the way in which Frederick William wished his son reared. It is published in Cramer, pp. 20 *et seq.* under the title: *Das Reglement, wei mein ältester Sohn Friedrich seine Studien zu Wusterhausen halten Soll.* The date given by Cramer (October 4, 1720) is corrected by Koser, pp. 6 and 7, and the Appendix, p. 223.

23. Ranke, *Zwölf Bücher preussischer Geschichte*, vol XXVII., of the *Sämmtliche Werke*, p. 80.

24. Förster, chap. quoted, *Friedrich Wilhelm I., als Kronprinz.*

25. *Memoirs of the Margravine of Baireuth*, 3d edition (1888), pp. 6, 7, and 17.

26. Ranke, *loc. cit.*, p. 82 and note 1. Letters of Frederick to his father, July 27, 1717; February 25, October 7, 14, 21, 1719; June 11, October 8 and 31, 1720; July 12, and August 25, 1721, in the *Works of Frederick the Great*, vol. XXVII., 3d part, pp. 3 *et seq.*

27. Cramer, pp. 25 and 26; the quotation at the end is in German.

28. This note, in French, is in Cramer, following *The way the Prince of a Great House Should Live.*

29. The note of Duhan and the marginal responses of the King are in French. Cramer, pp. 51-3.

30. Bratuscheck, p. 27, and note 46, p. 113.

31. *Tagebuch Heinrichs de Catt* (*Publicationen aus den* K. *preussischen Archiven*), p. 404.

32. The reign of Frederick William I. still awaits an historian. Professor Schmoller has treated of the most important part of the administration of this prince (cities, commerce, industry, finance, the army and colonization), in some very profound matter from which several excerpts have been published, notably the *Preussische Jahrbücher*, the *Zeitschrift für preussische Geschichte und Landeskunde*, the *Deutsche Rundschau*, the *Jahrbuch für Gesetzgebung, Verwaltung und Volkswirthschaft im deutschen Reiche.* See, upon all these works, an article signed R. K. (Reinhold Koser), in the *Historische Zeitschrift*, vol. LVII, p. 488.

33. The instruction is in Förster, vol. II, pp. 173 *et seq.* See Ranke, pp. 168 *et seq.*

34. These prescriptions upon the dinner are in a Cabinet order, Förster, II., 255.

35. The quotations in this part of the chapter, with the exception of those borrowed from Ranke, are taken from the ordinance.

36. Upon the army during the reign of Frederick William, see Schmoller's article (*Die Entstehung des preussischen Heeres* (1640-1740), in the *Deutsche Rundschau* (XII, 1877).

37. He consented to wait until March; he wrote then at the bottom of the order to send the woman and child: "Hurry; now it is good weather." Förster, II, p. 300.

38. Conversation at table reported by La Chétardie, French Minister at Berlin, Archives of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of France, Prussia, December, 24, 1735. I will henceforth indicate the documents borrowed from these Archives thus: F. A., and the date of the day and year.

The volumes of the diplomatic correspondence of the Archives of Foreign Affairs (France) bear the date of the year on the back. When the documents are taken from a Supplement, mention will be made of it.

39. Analysis of the *Cantonreglement* of 1733, in Förster, vol. II., p. 309.

40. Ranke, p. 159.

41. The Instruction for the Crown Prince, on his repairing to the army, is given in Förster, I., pp. 397 *et seq.*

42. Sauveterre, *Chargé d'Affaires* of France. F. A. Prussia. March 25, 1732.

43. Royal Order to the Chiefs of the Regiments, February 10, 1738 Förster, II., 315.

44. Dispatches from Rottenburg, F. A., Prussia, Feb. 19, April 31, May 14, Aug. 13, Oct. 15, 1726; Jan. 18, June 1, 1727; from Sauveterre, March 21, 1730; from La Chétardie, Jan. 4, 1734; Nov. 29, 1735.

45. Dispatches from Rottenburg, F. A., Prussia, Feb. 19, 1726; April 15 and 19, June 3 and 10, 1727; from Sauveterre, Jan. 8, 1730; from La Chétardie, June 12, 1734.

46. Dispatch from La Chétardie, F. A., Prussia, June 12, 1734.

47. Declarations of this kind are very frequent in the conversations of Frederick William. See the correspondence of Seckendorff with the Court of Vienna, Förster, vol. II., second part.

48. Conversation of the Prussian Ministers with Rottenburg, F. A., Prussia, March 8, 1726.

49. Rottenburg, F. A., Prussia, Feb. 18, 1727; La Chétardie, Aug. 29, Sept. 3, Oct. 15, 1733; Jan. 29, 1735.

50. Conversation of Frederick William with Rottenburg, F. A., Prussia, Oct. 20, 1725.

51. *Idem, ibidem.*

52. Rottenburg, F. A., Prussia, March 11, 1727; La Chétardie, Feb. 3, 1733.

53. Rottenburg, F. A., Prussia, Jan. 15, and April 15, 1727; La Chétardie, Dec. 21, 1733; Sept. 14, 1735.

54. Sauveterre, F. A., Prussia, Dec. 27, 1729.

55. Rottenburg, F. A., Prussia, Feb. 19, and June 21, 1726; Sauveterre, Aug. 28, 1731.

56. Sauveterre, F. A., Prussia, April 7, 23 and 29, 1726; Aug. 28, 1731; La Chétardie, Aug. 23, 1732; March 31, 1733.

57. Conversation reported by the King to La Chétardie, F. A., Prussia, Dec. 21, 1733.

58. Rottenburg, F. A., Prussia, June 28, 1726; Sauveterre, Aug. 26, 1727.

59. Rottenburg, F. A., Prussia, March 26, 1726; Sauveterre, May 27, 1730; La Chétardie, April 27, 1734, etc., etc.

60. F. A., Prussia, Supplement, vol. LXXVI., p. 101.

61. La Chétardie, F. A., Prussia, Aug. 23, 1732.

62. Rottenburg, F. A., Prussia, March 29, Sept. 27, Oct. 8, 1726; May 30, 1727; Feb. 3, 1733.

63. The original, often copied, of a portrait of Frederick William by Weidemann, is at the Palace of Berlin. The noble and solemn attitude given to the King is certainly false. In the Museum of the Palace of Monbijou, in one of the cases in the Gallery of Busts, is the mortuary mask in wax of Frederick William. This mask bears the imprint of illness; the features are drawn, the nose thin; the face enframed by a ring of fat, has the cheeks sunken in. Inconstancy and sharp gruffness are delineated in the lower part of the face.

64. Sauveterre, F. A., Prussia, Jan. 26 and March 1, 1732; June 1, 1734.

65. Sauveterre, F. A., Prussia, March 13, 1728.

66. Upon the kind of life led by Frederick William there are numerous anecdotes, but they are, for the most part, imaginary: a personage as extraordinary as he, lent a ready charm to the fantasy of the collectors of ana. Legend has not dealt kindly with Frederick William. A critical history of the legends in regard to him has yet to be written. I have taken from Fassmann (work cited) and Förster, art. 1st, chapters iii., iv. and vi., the proved facts and most probable anecdotes.

67. The order of the expulsion of Wolf, and the letters to recall him, are in Förster, II., pp. 353 *et seq.*

68. Förster, pp. 288 *et seq.*

69. The documents quoted upon the theatre in the time of Frederick William I. are in Förster, vol. I., chap. vi.

70. Sauveterre, F. A., Prussia, Nov. 12, 1729; La Chétardie, May 5, 1733. There was often question of the King's dinners in the correspondence of Seckendorff and Prince Eugene.

71. Kramer, *Neue Beiträge zur Geschichte A. H. Franckes*, p. 170.

72. Rottenburg, F. A., Prussia, Aug. 10, 1726.

73. Rottenburg, F. A., Prussia, Dec. 28, 1726; March 25, 1727; Sauveterre, April 3, 1728; March 1, August 23, 1729; Jan. 13 and 20, 1731; Feb. 9, 1732.

74. Sauveterre, F. A., Prussia, August 18, 1730.

75. Rottenburg, F. A., Prussia, April 22, 1726; June 21, 1727; Sauveterre, March 25, 1732.

76. Förster, vol. II., pp. 339, 340, 342, 343.

77. Kramer, *Neue Beiträge*, pp. 178–9.

78. Kramer, pp. 174 and 184. This journal of the sojourn of Francke at Wusterhausen, written by him, is an authentic document of great interest. For the projects of retreat, see *Memoirs of the Margravine*, p. 83. Several times there is question of these projects in the correspondence of the French Ministers.

79. Report of Suhm, Minister of Saxony, in Von Weber, *Aus vier Jahrhunderten* (*Neue Folge*), vol. I., p. 104.

80. Report of Seckendorff, Förster, II., 2d part, p. 43, and dispatches from Rottenburg, F. A. Prussia, March 26, December 28, 1726; April 26, 1727.

81. Koser, p. 25, and the corresponding note of the Appendix, 225, where mention is also made of the first debts of Frederick.

82. Report quoted above, p. 136 n. 1., from Seckendorff.

83. Koser, p. 8.

84. Kramer, *Neue Beiträge*, pp. 102–3.

85. Report of the tutors, Cramer, *Zur Geschichte*, p. 32.

86. Rottenburg, F. A., Prussia, March 26, 1726.

87. Kramer, *Neue Beiträge*, pp. 166, 177, 182, 185.

88. See, *Briefe Friedrich des Grossen und seiner erlauchten Brüder . . . an die Gebrüder F. W. und F. L. F. von Borcke.* These letters are written in French.

89. The description that the Margravine gives of her mother (p. 15) is exact enough. See Koser, pp. 11–13.

90. Francke remarks that when the Queen presides at table, in the absence of the King, she speaks "oftener in French."

91. Förster, I., p. 350.

92. *Memoirs of the Margravine*, p. 95 *et seq.*

93. Order of the King, Förster, I., p. 225.

94. Words of the Queen to Grumbkow, Förster, III., p. 111. The Queen spoke also of Monbijou "and that she was very much in debt."

95. Förster, I., p. 348.

96. It is very legitimate to question the Margravine, at least in regard to herself. Upon a criticism of the *Memoirs*, see Ranke, *Zur Kritik Preussischer Memoiren*, vol. XXIV., of his *Sämmtliche Werke;* Droysen, *Geschichte der Preussischen Politik* (IV., 4); Pierson, *König Friedrich Wilhelm I., von Preussen, in den Denkwürdigkeiten der Markgräfin Wilhelmine von Baireuth.*

97. *Memoirs of the Margravine*, pp. 33 *et seq.*

98. Seckendorff, in a report to Prince Eugene, Förster, III., 339, confesses his admiration for this behaviour.

99. *Memoirs of the Margravine*, pp. 45 *et seq.*

100. *Memoirs of the Margravine*, pp. 2 and 3.

101. *Memoirs of the Margravine*, p. 28.

102. Kramer, *Neue Beiträge*, p. 165.

103. Upon the marriages, see the correspondence of Seckendorff with Prince Eugene, in Förster, vol II., 2d part (*Urkundenbuch*), and vol. III., from p. 75; extracts from reports of the Ministers of Prussia at London, in Raumer, *Beiträge zur Neueren Geschichte* III., pp. 493 *et seq.* I referred principally to the unpublished correspondence of the French Ministers at Berlin, F. A., Prussia, years 1725 to 1732. See Koser, pp. 14, *et seq;* Ranke, pp. 91 *et seq.*

104. La Chétardie, who had never seen "so many excellencies in such a small place," draws the portraits of the Ministers of Prussia; among them he counts Seckendorff, F. A., Prussia, Oct. 11, 1732.

105. The whole correspondence of Seckendorff is filled with these unscrupulous negotiations. See Koser, p. 15.

106. Upon Grumbkow, see the dispatch of La Chétardie, Oct. 11, 1732, quoted above.

107. Förster II., *Urkundenbuch*, p. 138.

108. Dispatches from Rottenburg, F. A., Prussia, April 1, 2, 1725; October 8, 1726; July 15, 1727; from Sauveterre, Nov. 9, 10, and Dec. 27, 1727. The dispatch wherein Rottenburg relates his conversation with the King in the garden at Wusterhausen (Oct. 8, 1726) is very curious. The King confesses to Seckendorff himself the desire he had for the marriages: "It is true I have been a good Hanoverian on account of the marriage . . ." Förster, III., 339.

109. Rottenburg, F. A., Prussia, Oct 3, 1725; Feb. 2, 1726.

110. Rottenburg, F. A., Prussia, April 19, May 24, 1726; Sauveterre, Oct. 8, 1727.

111. Rottenburg, F. A., Prussia, May 29, 1726; Sauveterre, Oct. 8, 1727.

112. Upon the family scenes, Rottenburg, F. A., Prussia, Oct. 20, 30, 1725; Feb. 21, April 19, June 21, Aug. 12, 1726.

113. Rottenburg, F. A., Prussia, June 21, and Oct. 19, 1726; Mar. 8, and June 21, 1727.

114. *Idem*, July 16, 1726.

115. Rottenburg, F. A., Prussia, May 25, 1726.

116. Rottenburg, F. A., Prussia, Nov. 12 and 26, 1726.

117. *Idem*, Dec. 3, 1726; June 1, and July 12, 1727.

118. Rottenburg, F. A., Prussia, Nov. 12, and Dec. 5, 1726.

119. See p. 136.

120. Seckendorff is posted about everything, as all of his correspondence proves. See, for example, a very interesting dispatch to Prince Eugene, of Jan. 22, 1727. Förster, III., 333 *et seq.*

121. F. A., Prussia, Aug. 1, Dec. 26, 1726.

122. Bratuscheck, *op. cit.*, p. 34.

123. *Briefe Fr. des Gr. an F. W. und F. L. F. von Borcke* p. 10.

124. Bratuscheck, *op. cit.*, pp. 39 *et seq.* and the notes.

125. Sauveterre, F. A., Prussia, Jan. 17, 1728.

126. Sauveterre, F. A., Prussia, Feb. 3, 1728; and Bratuscheck, pp. 34–5.

127. Koser, in the Appendix, 225.

128. *Memoirs of the Margravine*, p. 101.

129. *Memoirs of the Margravine.*

130. *Briefe Fr. des. Gr.*, pp. 12 *et seq.*
This, as well as all of Frederick's writing in this book, is in bad French. Voltaire said (I quote from Edward Everett), that "there was not a sentence which you would not know to be the language of a foreigner." And this referred, of course, to a still later period. TRANSLATOR.

131. *Works of Frederick the Great*, vol. XXVII., 3d part, pp. 9 and 10.

132. Report of Suhm, Droysen, IV., pp. 398–401.

133. Later, we find Keyserlingk among Frederick's most intimate friends. This young officer had a brilliant mind; after his studies at the University of Königsburg he had traveled. The King, in placing near the Prince, as he said, this "alert" young man, certainly wanted to give his son pleasure.

134. Koser, pp. 24–5.

135. For documents relative to the marriage, see p. 159, note 1.

136. Koser, pp. 31–32.

137. Sauveterre, F. A., Prussia, Feb. 7, 1729; a long dispatch wherein is a complete resumé of the resumption of the marriage negotiations.

138. At the same time of the dispatches from Sauveterre follow those of the Ministers of England, Raumer, *Neue Beiträge, loc. cit.* The Queen is the principal source of information. She tells everything, even the most private scenes.

139. Sauveterre, F. A., Prussia, Dec. 17 and 20, 1729; Jan. 14, Mar. 4 and 19, Apr. 8, 1730. The menace, "to turn all Europe upside down," is in a letter addressed to "a person in the city, of which Sauveterre gives a copy.

140. Sauveterre, F. A., Prussia Aug. 13 and 30, 1729. Jan. 3 and 15, Feb. 4 and 28, Aug. 13, 1730. *Memoirs of the Margravine*, years 1729 and 1730, notably pp. 140, 141, 150.

141. Sauveterre, F. A., Prussia, Feb. 7, 1729.

142. *Memoirs of the Margravine*, p. 123.

143. F. A., Prussia, 1730.

144. *Memoirs of the Margravine*, pp. 110, 133, 134.

145. Koser, pp. 25, 26.

146. *Memoirs of the Margravine*, pp. 129, 130.

147. *Memoirs of the Margravine*, p. 132. All these scenes are most likely to have occurred. See also pp. 151 and 152.

148. Sauveterre, F. A., Prussia, June 25, Dec. 6, 1729; Feb. 15, 1730. Koser, pp. 29 and 30.

149. F. A., Prussia, July 8 and 15, 1728.

150. *Memoirs of the Margravine*, pp. 156, 157.

151. Koser, in the Appendix, pp. 226, 227.

152. *Memoirs of the Margravine*, pp. 138, 139.

153. *Memoirs of the Margravine*, and Sauveterre, F. A., Prussia, Jan, 25, and Feb. 7, 1730.

154. This strange scene was related by Hotham to Sauveterre (F. A., Prussia, April 8,) who was kept informed by Hotham, Du Bourgay and Cuyphausen of all that happened during Hotham's stay. See the English dispatches in Raumer, *Neue Beiträge, loc. cit.*, and Carlyle, book VII.

155. Sauveterre, F. A., Prussia, April 8, 1730.

156. Dispatches of Grumbkow and Reichenbach, in Carlyle, book VII., 2.

157. *Memoirs of the Margravine*, pp. 165, 166.

158. Sauveterre, F. A., Prussia, April 8, 1730.

159. Sauveterre, F. A., Prussia, April 22.

160. Dispatch from Hotham, April 5. Raumer, *loc. cit.*

161. Droysen, *op. cit.*, IV., III., p. 89.

162. Hotham, April 25, 1730, Raumer, *loc. cit.*

163. Correspondence of the month of April, 1730. Carlyle, *loc. cit.*

164. Correspondence of the month of May, *ibid.*, and Sauveterre, F. A., Prussia, May 26, 1730.

165. Letter communicated by Hotham to his Court, Carlyle, *loc. cit.*

166. Upon these fêtes, see Carlyle, VII., 3.

167. Koser, pp. 37, 38.

168. Sauveterre, F. A., Prussia, July 11, 1730.

169. See the documents of the affair, in Carlyle, VII., 4.

170. Sauveterre, F. A., Prussia, July 15, 1730.

171. All the facts of this Chapter are studied with a remarkable exactitude and perfect precision, by Koser in Chapter II of the book cited. A complete bibliography of the documents is given by him in the Appendix, pp. 236-242. These documents are in part unedited: the Archives of the Royal House contain seven vols. in-fol. of the Acts of the trial of Frederick and his accomplices, which Koser has studied. Among the published documents, the most important are the *Informatio ex actis*, a short resumé of the acts, given by Preuss, *Friedrich's des Grossen Jugend* pp. 87–93, and above all the *Vollständige Protokolle des Köpenicker Kriegsgerichts über Kronprinz Friedrich, Lieutenant von Katte von Kait u. s. w.*, published by Danneil. The recitals of this trial establish with certitude the sequel of facts. I refer once for all to Koser's chapter, in the *Informatio* and *Protokolle*. I will indicate, in their respective places, the other documents used.

172. Dispatches from Hotham and Guy Dickens, June 16 and 18, 1730. Raumer, pp. 516, 517.

173. Sauveterre, F. A., Prussia, July 18, 1730.

174. See statement dictated by the King to Mylius, in the Appendix to the book by Koser (pp. 261, 264).

175. Report of Seckendorff to the Emperor, August 14, 1730. Förster, III, pp. 1 *et seq.* This report must be consulted for the whole history of the attempt at escape.

176. Guy Dickens, August 19, Raumer, pp. 518, 519; Sauveterre, F. A., Prussia, August 21, 1830.

177. August 19, 1730. *Works of Frederick the Great*, XXVII, 3rd part, p. 10.

178. Koser, p. 49.

179. Guy Dickens, August 19, in Raumer, pp. 518, 519; Sauveterre, F. A., Prussia, August 10, 1730.

180. There is a legendary story about the arrest of Katte. Those who were ordered to arrest him, gave him notice and retarded the execution of the Royal Order, so as to give him time to leave. Katte remained for various reasons, that Théodor Fontane, to quote him only, gives in the *Wanderungen durch die Mark Brandenburg*, vol. II (4th edit), pp. 307, 308. Koser dispels this legend (Appendix, p. 232), but I cannot explain to myself that Katte could have been able to destroy papers at the time of his arrest, *bei der Arrestirung*, as the Köpenick trial stated.

181. The Margravine relates (pp. 192 *et seq.*) that a casket, filled with letters written by the Queen, Crown Prince and herself, was mysteriously brought, before Katte's arrest, to the house of Countess Fink, who remitted it to the Queen; and that these letters were destroyed by the Queen and herself, and replaced by others. Although the details are uncertain the fact is authentic; it came to the knowledge of Seckendorff.

182. The scene was undoubtedly a most violent one. Guy Dickens, Sept. 3, 5, 1730; Raumer, p. 525, and Sauveterre, F. A., Prussia,Sept. 7, 1730.

183. Preuss, *Urkundenbuch zu der Lebensgeschichte Friedrichs des Grossen*, II, pp. 156–7.

184. Sauveterre, F. A., Prussia, Sept. 11, 1730. See Koser, Appendix, p. 233.

185. Sept. 7 and 8, 1730, Preuss. *Urkundenbuch, loc. cit.* pp. 150, 151.

186. Sept. 19, 1730, *Urkundenbuch*, vol. II, p. 153.

187. Sept. 20, 22; Oct. 5, 1730. Preuss, *Urkundenbuch*, vol. II, pp. 154 and 159.

188 Sept. 6, 1730, Preuss, *Urkundenbuch*, vol. II, p. 150.

189. Order to the Resident at Hamburg, Sept. 27, 1730, *ibid.*, p. 156. Sauveterre, F. A., Prussia, Sept. 11, 17, 1730.—Bratuschek, pp. 53, 54.

190. Guy Dickens, Sept. 7, Raumer, pp. 527–30.

191. Dispatch of the Minister of Sweden at Berlin, communicated from Stockholm to Versailles, F. A., Prussia, Oct. 25, 1730.—See also Guy Dickens, Sept. 30, Raumer, p. 541.

192. Guy Dickens, Oct. 3, 17, 21: Raumer, pp. 542–4: Sauveterre, F. A., Prussia, Oct. 25, 1730.

193. Sauveterre, F. A., Prussia, Sept. 7, 1730.

194. Communicated by Sauveterre, F. A., Prussia, Sept. 26, 1730.

195. Guy Dickens, August 19, Raumer, p. 521.

196. Guy Dickens, Sept. 25, 1730, Raumer, p. 541.

197. The reports of Guy Dickens and Sauveterre, in Sept. and Oct. 1730, are full of details upon the attitude of Grumbkow and Seckendorff.

198. Guy Dickens, Sept. 16, 1730, Raumer, *loc. cit.*, pp. 522–4, reports a curious conversation of Seckendorff upon King Frederick William's state of mind.

199. Letter of the King of Sweden, August 25, 1730, in Raumer, pp. 536, 537. Letters of Degenfeld, Sept. 19, 29; Preuss, *Urkundenbuch*, vol. II., pp. 156–7 and 160.

200. Sauveterre, F. A., Prussia, Sept. 27, Oct. 3, 1730.

201. Preuss, *Urkundenbuch*, vol. II, p. 150.

202. The Court of France never encouraged Frederick's flight. Sauveterre writes, it is true (F. A., Prussia, July 18, 1730), that at the time of the departure upon the journey to Anspach, a "friend" announced to him the intention of the Crown Prince to fly and resort to France. He answered that "we (France) would be pleased to see and take care of him and that he would be well received." He referred to a dispatch from his Court: "You have remarked the same thing to me, in one of your letters." But he made a mistake. The dispatch of which he speaks, F. A., Prussia, Feb. 26, 1730, was written in response to the communication made by Sauveterre, *ibid.*, Feb. 15, of a projected trip of the Crown Prince, made with the consent of the king. It states therein: "They" (France) "would have liked to see him." It would have been a very happy thing, had he visited this country earlier. We report the response made to Rottenburg, when he spoke of the projected flight of Frederick. See also F. A., Prussia, Sept. 7, 1730, the dispatch from Versailles: "Whatever may be the affair in connection with the Prince of Prussia, we have assuredly taken no part."

203. Sauveterre, F. A., Prussia, Sept. 23, Oct. 3, 9, 1730; Guy Dickens, Sept. 30, in Raumer, pp. 511-13; the King to Degenfeld, Oct. 14, in Preuss, *Urkundenbuch*, vol. II., page 160; Koser, pp. 59 and 60.

204. *Protokolle des Köpenicker Gerichts* p. 34.

205. Words of the King, spoken at table, *über öffentlicher Tafel*, reported by Seckendorff, Nov. 11, 1730. Förster, III., p. 15.

206. *Protokolle* p. 35.

207. *Protokolle* pp. 35, 36.

208. Fontane, *Wanderungen*, II., pp. 316–17.

209. Nov. 3, 1730. Förster III, p. 14.

210. Koser, in the Appendix, pp. 236–37.

211. There exists a report upon the last days and execution of Katte, addressed by Major Schack to Lieutenant-general Katte, the greater part of which is in Fontane, *loc. cit.*, pp. 317 *et seq.* I analyse this report here.

212. Fontane, *loc. cit.*, pp. 318, 320.

213. This sort of testament destined for the prince is inserted in a report of Pastor Müller to the King, *Beitrag zur Lebensgeschichte Friedrichs des Grossen, welcher einen merkwürdigen Briefwechsel über den ehemaligen Aufenthalt des gedachten Königs zu Cüstrin enthält.*

214. Sauveterre, F. A., Prussia, Sept. 27, and Oct. 21, 1730.

215. *Works of Frederick the Great*, XXVII, 1, p. 3.

216. The contemporaneous documents do not report in the same way the words of Katte to the Prince. Guy Dickens (Raumer, p. 546), and Sauveterre, who, during those days, was evidently inspired by his colleague of England, gives this dialogue: "My dear Katte, I earnestly beg your pardon for having brought you to this misfortune." "There is no reason why Your Highness should do so. — *Monseigneur il n'y a pas de quoi.*" See in Koser, Appendix, pp. 237–41, the bibliography of the execution of Katte.—Katte and Frederick spoke in French.

217. The whole narration of the communications of the Prince with Müller are founded upon the curious documents contained in the brochure already cited (p. 297, No. 1). This brochure contains, besides the letter of the King which is about to be quoted here, five letters of Müller to the King (Nov. 6, 7, 8, 10, 14,) and three letters of the King to Müller (Nov. 8, 12, 17).

218. The father of Katte, in a heart-breaking letter to one of his relatives, gives, among his reasons for consolation, the following: "Is it not consoling that the execution had to take place at Cüstrin, for the world to understand, why my son had to be sacrificed, *warum er ein Sacrifice;*" Fontane, *loc. cit.*, p. 238.

219. Reports of Seckendorff, Oct. 9, 28, 31, in Förster III, pp. 9, 10 and 12. Letter of the King to the Emperor in Preuss, *Urkundenbuch*, vol. II, p. 169, to his ministers at Vienna and St. Petersburg, in the Appendix of Koser, pp. 241–2.

220. The "project" for the pardon of the Prince by Seckendorff is in Preuss, *Urkundenbuch*, *loc. cit.*, pp. 164–6.

221. Letter of the King of Nov. 21, 1730, analysed in Koser, pp. 71, 72.

222. *Wo er ein honet home wird daran ich sehr zweifle ist es vor ihn ein Glück.* Letter of Nov. 16, 1730, *Zeitschrift für preussische Geschichte und Landeskunde* IX., p. 594.

223. Hille to Grumbkow, Dec. 19, 1730, Koser, p. 242. The correspondence of Hille, Wolden and Grumbkow is in French. Frederick always wrote in French, except to his father.

224. Koser, p. 74.

225. The King to Wolden, Nov. 29, Koser, pp. 76–77. The words in italics in the King's letter are in French.

226. For this correspondence, see Koser, pp. 77–78.

227. See, for this correspondence, Koser, pp. 79–82, and Förster, III, pp. 40 *et seq.*, ten reports of Hille and Wolden to Grumbkow.

228. Memorandum of Hille, Dec. 1730, Koser, pp. 93–4 and Appendix, p. 247.

229. Wolden to Grumbkow, April 28, 1731, Förster III, 41–2.

230. The memorandum of the Prince is of January, 1731; the letter of the King, February 2, Koser, p. 79.

231. For this correspondence, Koser, pp. 83 4. The last letter of the King is dated August 5.

232. This whole scene is related in a protocol written the next day, by Grumbkow for Seckendorff, Förster III., p. 50. Grumbkow was present at the interview.

233. Instruction for Wolden, Aug. 21, 1731, Förster I., pp. 386, *et seq.*

234. *Id., ibid.*

235. Hille to Grumbkow, Aug. 20, 21, 1731, Förster, III., pp. 58–9.

236. Grumbkow's Instruction for the Crown Prince of Prussia, Förster, III., pp. 54 *et seq.* This document is in French.

237. The King in an order, Nov. 1730, had given permission for the Berlin and Hamburg journals, and, in a general way, the *Intelligenzblätter*, Koser, Appendix, p. 244.

238. Seckendorff to Prince Eugene, June 19, 1731, Förster, III., p. 75.

339. Koser, Appendix, pp. 265, 266.

240. Fontane. *Wanderungen*, Vol. II., pp. 347 *et seq.*

241. Correspondence of Frederick with Madame von Wreech, *Works of Frederick the Great*, Vol. XVI., pp. 9 *et seq.*; Koser, Appendix, pp. 245-6; Fontane, pp. 369 *et seq.*

242. The Prince to the King, Aug. 18, 21, 1731. *Works of Fr. the Great*, Vol. XXVII., III., pp. 15–18.

243. Sept. 1, 1731, *ibid.*, pp. 21–2.

244. Sept. 8, 1731, *ibid.*, p. 23.

245. Sept. 22, 1731, *ibid.*, pp. 26, 27.

246. Sept. 29, Oct. 6, 1731, *ibid.*, pp. 28–30.

247. This letter of Aug. 28, 1731, is probably the first which was written after the visit of the King to Cüstrin; it follows up the sermon of Aug. 15; *Works of Frederick the Great, loc. cit.*, pp. 18, 20.

248. This part of the *Memoirs of the Margravine* (year 1730) is very much contested by Droysen (*loc. cit.*) and Pierson, *König Friedrich Wilhelm in den Denkwürdigkeiten der Markgräfin Wilhelmina von Baireuth.* Of course there are to be found in it many exaggerations and a few inventions, but there still remains considerable truth. I have taken from it the facts which appear probable to me and have stated the numerous and important places, where the testimony of Wilhelmina has been confirmed by others. For the marriage negotiations, see the dispatches of Sauveterre, F. A., Prussia, Dec. 2, 12, 30, 1730; Jan. 13, 16, March 17, May 15, 19, June 2, 4, 17, 23, July 31, Oct. 13, Nov. 10 and 20, 1731.

249. Guy Dickens relates, in a dispatch May 19, 1731, "that the King threatened to shut Sonsfeld up in a Magdalen Asylum, if she did not make Wilhelmina obey him," Raumer, p. 559.

250. Sauveterre, F. A., Prussia, May 19, 1731, speaks of this scene, after which, he says, that the Princess remained three days without food or drink.

251. Guy Dickens, June 2, 3, 1731, Raumer, pp. 559 61. Guy Dickens relates, in the same dispatch, the scene at the review. For the scene at dinner, he invokes the testimony of those present.

252. Guy Dickens, *ibid.*

253. Guy Dickens, *ibid.*

254. See pp. 121–2 of this volume.

255. I give this detail because I believe it to be true, strange as it may be. The Queen was capable of such aberrations. (See p. 266, her proceedings after the arrest of her son). Wilhelmina manifestly invents in this part of her *Memoirs*, the story of the couriers arriving from England and intercepted or retarded by Grumbkow. But the dispatches of Sauveterre, F. A., Prussia, May 19, June 21, Oct. 13, 1731, prove that the Queen continued to negotiate at London. In the dispatch of Oct. 13, Sauveterre writes that Guy Dickens thinks the negotiation relative to the marriage could easily be renewed. After the marriage, he speaks (Dec. 18, 1731) of the steps taken, three weeks before the nuptials, to gain the Prince of Wales. "As a final result, however, the negotiations were broken because the King of England persisted in the double marriage." The Queen continued to intrigue and hope to the very last moment.

256. See, in the *Memoirs of the Margravine*, the whole year of 1731. In the preceding pages, and those which follow, I have sometimes employed the expressions used in the *Memoirs*.

257. See, for this psychology of the Margravine given by herself, pp. 262, 266, 267, 268, 269, 281, 282.

258. Letters from Hille to Grumbkow, May 19, 26, June 5, 1731; in Förster, III., pp. 44–5, 48–9.

259. Dispatches of Guy Dickens, Aug. and Nov., 1731, in Raumer, pp. 561–3.

260. Dec. 8, 1731, *Works of Frederick the Great*, Vol. XXVII, III., pp. 33–4.

261. Dec. 18 and 22, 1731; Jan. 22 and 29, 1732. *Ibid.*, pp. 35, 39, 49, 50, 51 2. See, besides, all his correspondence.

262. See note 261.

263. Dec. 25, 1731, and Jan. 17, 1732, *ibid.*, pp. 41, 45.

264. Hille to Grumbkow, Apr. 28 and June 5, 1731, Förster, pp. 40–1, 49.

265. Koser, Appendix, pp. 266–67.

266. Hille to Grumbkow, Apr. 28, 1731, Förster, pp. 40–1. See, besides Hille's letters, three reports of Schulenburg, Förster, III, pp. 65 *et seq.*

267. Jan. 19, 1732. *Works of Frederick the Great*, XXVII, III, pp. 47–8.

268. Hille to Grumbkow, Sept. 30, 1731, Förster, III, p. 63. See, in reports of Schulenburg cited above, notably pp. 55, 65, 69 and 72.

269. *Works of Frederick the Great*, vol. XVI, pp. 15–17.

270. Koser, p. 95.

271. *Works of Frederick the Great*, vol. XXVII, III, pp. 36–39. *Plan wegen des Commercii nach Schlesien.*

272. Letter of the Crown Prince to Natzmer, Feb., 1731. *Works of Frederick the Great*, vol. XVI, pp. 3–6.

273. Prince Eugene to Seckendorff, Förster, III., p. 99.

274. Prince Eugene to Seckendorff, Dec. 12, 1730; *ibid*, p. 16.

275. Hille to Grumbkow, Dec. 18, 1730, Koser, p. 98.

276. Frederick's project in the letter of Hille to Grumbkow, April 11, 1731; letter of Grumbkow to Hille, April 14, 1731; letter of Seckendorff to Prince Eugene, April 17, and response of Prince Eugene, May 12, 1731; Förster, III., pp. 21–24, 26–28.

277. Letters of the King to Wolden, May 25, 1731; from Hille to Grumbkow, May 26; from Wolden to Grumbkow, June 2, 1731; Förster, III., pp. 45–8.

278. Seckendorff to Prince Eugene, June 19, 1731, after he had received from Grumbkow a report of the visit he had made to Cüstrin, Förster, III., p. 75.

279. Hille to Grumbkow, Sept. 30, 1731, Förster, III., p. 62, and narration of Schulenburg cited above.

280. Two letters of the Prince to Grumbkow in the beginning of January, 1732, Koser, p. 99.

281. Prince Eugene to Seckendorff, Jan. 29, 1732, Förster, III., pp. 76–7.

282. See p. 373.

283. *Works of Frederick the Great*, vol. XXVII., III., pp. 53 4.

284. The letters written by Frederick to the King and Queen (after the letter of the King of Feb. 4, 1732) are lost. We have the Queen's answer to her son. She congratulates him with doubtful sincerity, upon his submission to his father, which "in this instance is glorious." *Works of Frederick the Great*, vol. XXVI., p. 65. Letters of the Prince to Grumbkow, Jan. 9, 1732, in Koser, p. 100, and of Feb. 11, 1732, *Works of Frederick the Great*, vol. XVI., pp. 36–39.

285. Seckendorff to Prince Eugene, Feb. 1732 (*Relation über den Briefwechsel des Kronprinzen mit Grumbkow*), Förster, III, pp. 157–160. Grumbkow to the Crown Prince, Feb. 20, 1731. *Works of Frederick the Great*, vol. XVI, pp. 43–4.

286. Letter quoted above from Grumbkow, Feb. 20, 1732.

287. Feb. 19, 1732, *Works of Frederick the Great*, vol. XVI, pp. 41–2.

288. Feb. 22, 1732, *Works of Frederick the Great*, vol. XVI, pp. 43–8.

289. Grumbkow to Seckendorff, Feb. 23, 1732, Koser, p. 108; Seckendorff to Prince Eugene, March 14, Förster, III, 83; the Prince to the Margravine, March 6, 24, *Works of Frederick the Great*, pp. 4–5.

290. Seckendorf to Prince Eugene, Feb. 23, 1732, Förster, III, 78–83.

291. Prince Eugene to Seckendorff, March 9, 15, 23, 26, April 16, 30, Förster, III, 84, 86, 90, 98, 105.

292. Seckendorff to Prince Eugene, March 29, April 1, 5, 8, 28, 1732, Förster, III, pp. 91, 93, 94, 96, 105.

293. Grumbkow to Seckendorff, May 17, Aug. 17, 1732, Förster, III, 108, 110

294. *Memoirs of the Margravine*, pp. 375–6

295. Grumbkow to Seckendorff, May 17, Aug. 20, Oct. 4 and 7, 1732, Förster, III, 108, 111, 115, 116; Seckendorff to Prince Eugene, Apr. 5, 8, 28, 1732, Förster, III, 94, 96, 105.

296. Seckendorff to the Prince, April 6, 1732, and response (not dated) of the Prince, *Works of Frederick the Great*, vol. XVI, pp. 27–8; Seckendorff to Prince Eugene, April 28 and Sept. 18, 1732, Förster, III, 105, 113.

297. The Prince to Grumbkow, Sept. 4 and 29, 1732, *Works of Frederick the Great*, vol. XVI., pp. 56–8, 64.

298. Seckendorff to Prince Eugene, Sept. 18, 1732, Förster, III., 112.

299. Koser, pp. 168 *et seq.*

300. Seckendorff to Prince Eugene, April 8, 1732; Prince Eugene to Seckendorff, April 16, 30, 1732; Förster, III., pp. 96, 98, 105.

301. Seckendorff to Prince Eugene, Nov. 4, 1732; Grumbkow to Seckendorff, Nov. 4, and report of Grumbkow, Nov. 8–24, Förster, III., pp. 116, 128.

302. Seckendorff to Prince Eugene, Nov. 26, 1732, Förster, III., p. 118.

303. Letter of the Prince of Bevern to the King, Nov. 22, 1732, in French, quoted in a letter from Seckendorff to Prince Eugene, of Nov. 30, 1732, and the King's answer to the Prince of Bevern, in French, attached to a letter from Seckendorff to Prince Eugene, Dec. 17, 1732, Förster, III., pp. 120, 140–1.

304. An account of the *tabagie* of the 6th of Dec. 1732, by Grumbkow; Seckendorff to Prince Eugene, Dec. 6, 9, 13, 16, 20, 22, 27, 1732, and Prince Eugene to Seckendorff, Dec. 6 and 17, 1732, Förster, pp. 135, 137, 138, 139, 141, 142, 144, 145.

305. The Prince, who found this expression very good, repeated it to Grumbkow, Dec. 14, 1732. (*Works of Frederick the Great*, vol. XVI., p. 74.)

306. The Prince to Seckendorff, Dec. 26, 1732, *Works of Frederick the Great*, vol. XVI, pp. 30–1.—See the letter of the Crown Prince to Grumbkow, of Oct. 19, 1732. "If I knew how to make gold, I would communicate my science, first of all, to my poor sister of Baireuth .... I wish with all my heart that her father-in-law would step off. He would be easily enough consoled, I think, if he had the assurance that they distilled whisky in heaven." *Ibid.*, pp. 67–8.

307. Seckendorff to Prince Eugene, Feb. 28, and April 11, 1733, Förster, III., 146, 148; Seckendorff to the Crown Prince, April 1733, *Works of Frederick the Great*, vol. XVI., p. 33.

308. The Prince to Grumbkow, Jan. 25 and 27, 1733, *Works of Frederick the Great*, vol. XVI, pp. 77, 79.

309. Report of Seckendorff to Prince Eugene, June 13, 1733, Förster pp. 148-155.

310. The Prince to the Margravine, June 12, 1733, "at twelve o'clock," *Works of Frederick the Great*, vol. XXVII, (1st part), p. 9.

311. *Memoirs of the Margravine*, p. 401.

312. Letter in French to Grumbkow, Förster, III, pp. 175 6.

313. Secret accounts of Seckendorff; letter of the same to Prince Eugene, Oct. 4, 1733; letter of Prince Eugene upon Reichenbach, July 4, 1731, Förster, III, pp. 231-34.

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